00036955

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 05 October, 2018

LECTURES

TO

AMERICAN AUDIENCES.

BY

EDWARD A. FREEMAN, D.C.L., LL.D.,
HONORARY FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD.

I. THE ENGLISH PEOPLE IN ITS THREE HOMES.

II. THE PRACTICAL BEARINGS OF GENERAL EUROPEAN HISTORY.

VV-6-29

PHILADELPHIA:
PORTER & COATES.
LONDON:
TRÜBNER & CO.

36955

Free/Lee
36955

00036955

PREFACE.

THESE two series of Lectures were read in several American cities in the course of the autumn and winter of 1881–1882. The first course was read before the Lowell Institute at Boston and the Peabody Institute at Baltimore, and, in a condensed shape, at New York. The second course was read at Ithaca, New Haven, and Philadelphia, and some parts of the last lecture were read at several other places. Each course was meant to have a distinct character of its own. The first was meant to be of a more popular kind; the second, intended originally for the members of Cornell University, was meant to have more of an academic character. But I was both surprised and pleased to find it appreciated as it was by large and more general audiences, both at Ithaca and elsewhere.

Each course has a distinct subject of its own, and forms a whole by itself. But as the two subjects to a certain extent overlap, some matters will be found dealt with in both. Still, as they come in naturally in both

courses, and as they are looked at from different points and dealt with on different scales, I saw no reason to cut out any part of either course because some of the same general thoughts and statements were to be found in the other also.

In reading the lectures in different places, some matter of a specially local character was necessarily left out and put in at each. Things for instance which had a special fitness at Boston had no special fitness at Baltimore. In revising the lectures for the press, I have for the most part kept such local references as belonged specially to New England. In the first series there are naturally a good many of these, and that from two causes. The lectures were written first of all for delivery at Boston; and it will be further easy to see that, for the particular purpose which I had in hand, the name, the institutions, and the history of New England supplied me with much that specially suited my object.

In some parts of the second course, especially in the last lecture, I have got upon questions of modern politics, though not on the immediate politics either of the United States or of Great Britain. The last lecture, it will be seen, is of unusual length. The whole of it was not delivered in any one place; but parts of it were read and spoken in different places. It was first written in November 1881, when the resistance of the South-Dalmatian highlands to Austrian oppression had not very

long begun. This struggle, it must be remembered, began before the revolt in Bosnia and Herzegovina, which arose out of it, and which drew to itself much more general attention. Of the later stages of the struggle it is very hard to say anything. For the Austrian government, by arresting and expelling Mr. Evans and forbidding Mr. Stillman to enter the country, has thoroughly succeeded in its attempt to hinder all truthful reports from reaching any Western land. But there is, I believe, no doubt that the Austrian troops have occupied Crivoscia, but that, in so doing, they have simply occupied a desert. The whole population, men, women, and children, rather than submit to foreign tyranny, have left their homes, and here taken shelter with their free fellow-countrymen in Montenegro. Francis Joseph now reigns in Crivoscia as Xerxes once reigned in Athens. May the possession of the one despot be as short-lived as that of the other.

The United States, as far as my experience goes, contain no native partisan of either Turk or Austrian. That such is the case forms one of the many ties which bind me to a land to my sojourn in which I shall always look back as one of the brightest times of my life. I cannot let this little book go forth from an American press without expressing my deep-felt thanks for the kindness which I received wherever I went, from New York to St. Louis. But where every memory is pleasant, I can-

not help picking out a few memories which are the pleasantest of all. While giving my best thanks to my American friends everywhere, I cannot help adding a small special tribute to my friends at Ithaca and at New Haven.

SOMERLEAZE, WELLS, SOMERSET,
July 11th, 1882.

CONTENTS.

I. THE ENGLISH PEOPLE IN ITS THREE HOMES.

LECTURE I.

PAGE

OLD, MIDDLE, AND NEW ENGLAND..... 7

LECTURE II.

THE ENGLISH NAME..... 38

LECTURE III.

THE FIRST VOYAGE AND THE SECOND..... 68

LECTURE IV.

THE OLDEST ENGLAND AND THE SECOND..... 99

LECTURE V.

THE ENGLISH IN THEIR SECOND HOME..... 135

LECTURE VI.

THE SECOND VOYAGE AND THE THIRD HOME..... 169

II. THE PRACTICAL BEARINGS OF GENERAL EUROPEAN HISTORY.

LECTURE I.

PAGE

CAUSES AND THEIR EFFECTS..... 205

LECTURE II.

THE DEMOCRATIC CITY..... 238

LECTURE III.

THE ARISTOCRATIC CITY..... 277

LECTURE IV.

THE RULING CITY AND ITS EMPIRE..... 311

LECTURE V.

THE ELDER AND THE NEWER ENGLAND..... 358

LECTURE VI.

ROME TRANSPLANTED..... 400

THE ENGLISH PEOPLE

IN

ITS THREE HOMES.

THE ENGLISH PEOPLE

IN

ITS THREE HOMES.

LECTURE I.

Old, Middle, and New England.

THE subject which I have chosen for the course of lectures which I am now called upon to give before you is not a new theme in my hands. It may almost seem rash on my part to choose for my first audience beyond the Ocean a subject on which my pen and my voice have so often been busy in my own hemisphere. Can I find anything new to say about the English people, their origin, their later history, unless I seek to say something new by unsaying and refuting all that I have ever said before? Now I am certainly not going to seek for newness by that course. I do not suppose that I shall, in the course of these six lectures, say many things before you here in Boston which I have not said, and often said, either before some gathering in my own island or in some of the many writings with which I have cumbered the earth. But change of place will, I trust, bring somewhat of newness with it. The same subject, dealt with on a new side of

Ocean, will be in some sort a new subject. The things and persons spoken of may be the same, but they will put on new relations and proportions. We may speak of no fresh things, of no fresh persons—we may bring in no names that we have not often heard before; but we may have to speak of some of them in such a way that the last may become first and the first last. The side of things which is most prominent when they are looked at from European soil may not always be the most prominent when they are looked at from American soil. When two great societies of men have for many ages a common history, and when at a certain point the common history parts into two distinct histories, both should alike look back to the common possession, both should alike cleave to the common possession, both should feel that it is a common possession and not the exclusive right of either. Yet the later separation, the new thoughts, the new feelings, which cannot fail to follow on that separation, are sure to cause the older and common possession to be looked on with somewhat different eyes by those who, from the point of parting have walked in one direction, and by those who have walked in another.

I stand before you this day as a member of one great community, addressing members of another great community, both of which communities have an equal right in such a common possession as I speak of. And that common possession is no mean one. It is no other than the history, the tongue, the laws, the freedom, of the English folk, from the first moment when history or legend gives us any glimpses of the English folk in any of the homes which they have made their own. In these later times those homes have become many; but in the

long course of the history with which we have to deal there are some, there are three, which stand forth conspicuous above all others. The title which I have chosen for our subject of these evenings is "The English People in its Three Homes." I trust that there is no one here who will not take my words as they are meant to be taken—I trust that there is no one who will not welcome me as I ask to be welcomed—when I say that of these three homes I am now standing in the latest and the vastest. I have more than once said, sportively yet in all seriousness, that what I have to speak of is Old, Middle, and New England. That, here in Boston, I am standing on the soil of New England I need not go about to prove. But I would ask, even in Boston, to be allowed to use that familiar name in a somewhat wider sense than that which it technically bears. I think that the New England of the seventeenth century, the New England of the eighteenth, can afford to allow me, for the nonce at least, to extend its name to all the independent English-speaking lands on its own side of Ocean. The New England of which I have to speak—of which I have to speak in its relations to two older Englands—can acknowledge no bounds narrower than those of the United States of America.

Now New England, by its very name, implies an older England. And the older England which that name implies is the England which is my own home and birthplace. And it is of the ties which bind this newer England to that older one, that older England to this newer one, that I have now mainly to speak before you. I have to speak of all things, past and present, which can set forth those two great communities, older and younger, as alike members of one yet greater whole.

I have to set forth whatever can serve to draw together the two communities and those who form them—whatever can serve to draw the greater child to its elder parent, the elder parent to its greater child. I have to enlarge on all that can draw together those whom geographical position, whom historical destiny, has parted asunder into two distinct political societies, but who ought still to deem themselves one, as brethren in a higher brotherhood, born of one ancient stock, speaking one ancient tongue, sharers under different forms in one ancient freedom—a freedom that was struggled for and won by the common forefathers of both. All this is part of my subject, its highest and worthiest part. But it is not the whole of my subject; it is not, in historical order, its earliest part. If I ask you in this newer England to look back to the older, I have to ask that older England in its turn to look back in the like sort. If I call on you here in this newer England to look to the rock from whence you were hewn and to the hole of the pit whence you were digged, I have to preach the same lesson to the men of my own older England also. If I ask you to look to the land which is truly your motherland, I must ask both you and the men of the motherland herself to look to the land which is truly the motherland of the mother. Mark that, while I have spoken of your land as the New England, I have not ventured to speak of my own land as the Old. I have spoken of an older and a newer England, but I have not ventured to speak of that older England as *Old England*. For the true history of our race, the true history of our own branch of that race, will never be fully taken in unless we ever bear in mind that, beyond that England which with most

of us passes for Old England, there is an older England still.

You will bear with me while I speak of your newer England as the child and colony of my older England, if I speak of my own older England as itself the child and colony of that oldest England of all. That oldest England sent forth her sons to the shores of the isle of Britain, as in after-times the isle of Britain sent forth her sons to the vaster mainland of America. In the general history of our race, as part of the general history of the world, while I call on you—not only here in Massachusetts and her immediate neighbours, but through the whole length and breadth of your vast Union—to look on yourselves as men of a New England, I cannot claim the name of *Old England* for the land which I ask you to look on as a motherland and to look on her sons as brethren. The island from which I come, the island from which your fathers came, is, in the general history of our folk, not *Old England*, but only *Middle England*. For Old England in the strictest sense, for the oldest England of all, for the first land in which we know that men bore the English name and spoke the English tongue, you must, when you have crossed the Ocean to come to us, again cross that narrower arm of Ocean which parts the great Teutonic island from the older Teutonic mainland. In the true historic map of the English folk, between the Old England on the mainland of Europe and the New England on the mainland of America, lies that England which is the child of the one, the parent of the other, the Middle England in the isle of Britain. You are well pleased, and rightly pleased, to tell the tale how your fathers came from the isle of Britain to plant the

first germs of the mighty fabric of this New England on American soil. And so we of the Middle England must not forget, and along with us you of the New England must not forget either, how our forefathers, your remoter forefathers, came in the like sort from the continent of Europe, from the oldest England of all, to plant the germs of the Middle England, and thereby of the New England also, upon the conquered shores of Britain. We must go back together to those early days of our race when

> "From the east hither
> Angles and Saxons
> Up became.
> Over broad sea
> Britain they sought."

And we must remember that in crossing the sea, in seeking Britain, if they founded the great settlement of the English folk in our European island, they founded also, as a germ that was to bear fruit after many ages, this vaster settlement of the English folk on your American mainland. In founding the kingdom of England and all that that name implies, they founded, not in a figure, but as a remote father may be said to found his remote children, the confederation of the United States of America and all that that name implies.

I can well believe that I have just now said some things which may to some sound startling; I have indeed purposely thrown some things into a somewhat startling shape. I may have said some things already—I shall certainly say some things as I go on—which to some minds may sound doubtful, and which may seem capable of being

met by argument. Be it so; any old arguments I think I can answer; to any new arguments I shall be ready to listen. But let us not have them yet. I shall come to the stage of disputation later. I ask leave, first of all, to tell my tale—if it be so, to set forth my paradox—in my own way, and to keep clear of disputings, and even of arguments, on this our first night of meeting. I trust that I have already made plain what I mean by my parable of Old, Middle, and New England; I trust that I have pointed out beyond chance of mistake where the three homes of the English people are to be looked for. We have found one England on the mainland of Europe, another in the isle of Britain, a third on the mainland of America. Let me now go on for the rest of this first lecture to work out this general sketch in somewhat more of detail. And I will ask leave to do this somewhat positively, somewhat dogmatically. I will ask leave to state my own view with some confidence, taking for the present very little heed to the views of others. Let me say my own say to-night on this my first appearing before a gathering here on the soil of the third England. In other lectures I may come to such difficulties, such objections, as I have as yet heard of. If any fresh difficulties or objections should be brought to my knowledge before I next meet you here, it may be hard to grapple with them at such short notice, but I will at least do my best.

Let us then, before we go into any details, disputed or undisputed, take a wide and general view of the history of the English people. I say the English people, because so to speak best sets forth what

I have in my own mind. I cannot, with any accuracy, speak of the English *race;* that would be claiming for ourselves too great a place among the nations of the earth. The English people, in its three homes, is, after all, but one member of a greater family; we are not a race, but only part of a race. Wider than the bond which binds together all the speakers of the English tongue, narrower than the bond which binds together all the nations of Aryan Christendom, comes the bond which binds, or should bind, together all the many branches of the Teutonic race. Of that race we are one great division, or rather, in truth, we are a division of a division. On the other hand, I could not, for my present purpose, speak, with any accuracy, of the English *nation.* For the word *nation* has in practice taken to itself a meaning which is not implied in the word itself, a meaning partly local, partly political. It commonly means that those to whom it is applied live under one common government; indeed it almost seems to imply that they occupy a continuous territory, or, at all events, a territory whose parts do not lie far asunder. I think we never apply the word *nation* to people who are under different governments, unless we mean to imply, or at least to suggest, that they ought to be under one government. If I speak, as I often have spoken, of the Greek, the Servian, or the Bulgarian nation as divided among several governments, I have always meant to imply that that division is a wrongful thing, and that the whole of each of those nations ought to be united under one common national government. Now assuredly there is nothing further from the thoughts of any sane man on either side of Ocean

than to wish to see all the speakers of the English tongue united under one common government. Some perhaps might even wish, without losing the character of sane persons, to see the number of independent English-speaking governments in the world greater than it now is. And the geographical position of the countless speakers of the English tongue is such that each creation of a fresh English-speaking government would be the creation of a fresh English-speaking nation. As there is now one independent English-speaking nation in Britain, another independent English-speaking nation in America, I know not why there should not be a third such in Australia, perhaps even a fourth in Africa. I must therefore speak of you, citizens of the United States, as members of an English nation, as members of one English nation, while I am a member of another. I cannot use the word *nation* so as to take us both in. It implies a political and a local connexion which cannot exist between two independent political societies with the Ocean rolling between them. But, if we do not belong to the same nation, I do hold that we belong to the same people, or rather, to use a word of our own tongue, to the same *folk*. By that I mean that we come of the same stock, that we speak the same tongue, that we have a long common history and a crowd of common memories. I mean, in short, that we are one folk in all things except that local and political separation which the hand of nature and the facts of history have wrought. And these ties of blood and speech and memory surely rise above the lesser facts of local and political separation to make us feel ourselves in the highest sense one people.

We dwell in different quarters of the globe, but we are surely more to one another than dwellers in the same quarter of the globe who do not come of the common stock, who do not speak the common tongue. Let me say that the words "foreign" and "foreigner" are words which should never be spoken between men of the English folk in Britain and men of the English folk in America. It grates a little on my ear when I see in some of your newspapers news from the British England set down among "news from foreign lands." Yet this may perhaps be borne; the mere land may in a sense be called "foreign." It grated much more on my ear when, in an American edition of a little book, not of my own writing, but one in which I have a kind of fatherly interest, I saw its author spoken of as "a foreign writer." This, I must say, was too much. It grated even more on my ears when I heard myself, in a speech otherwise highly honourable to me, spoken of as one of a "foreign nationality." But I was relieved and comforted by the hearty zeal with which the rest of the company accepted my strong disclaimers of anything foreign about me, and welcomed me as one of their own kin. "Foreign," "foreigner," "foreign nationality;" away with such forms of words! You are not foreigners; we do not look on you as foreigners, when you come to visit the older England in Britain. And I am not a foreigner, I will not deem myself a foreigner, I will not bear that you should look on me as a foreigner, when I come to visit this newer England in America. Here on your soil I am not indeed in mine own home, but I am none the less among mine own folk. I am among men of mine own blood and mine

own tongue, sharers in all that a man of either England deems it his pride and happiness to share in. How can we be strangers and foreigners to one another, how can we be other than kinsfolk and brethren of the same hearth, when we think that your forefathers and mine may have sailed together from the oldest England of all in the keels of Hengest or of Cerdic—that they may have lurked together with Ælfred in the marshes of Athelney—that they may have stood side by side in the thick shield-wall on the hill of Senlac—that they may have marched together as brethren to live and die for English freedom alike on the field of overthrow at Evesham and on the field of victory at Naseby?

I surely need not remind you that the whole heritage of the past, the history, the memories, the illustrious names, which belong to the earlier days of the English folk in Britain, are yours as well as ours. They are in the stricter sense your own. The men who piled up the mighty fabric of English law and English freedom were your fathers, your brethren, no less than ours. In the long line of hero-kings who built up the kingdom of England you have as full a share as we have; in building up the kingdom of England they were building up the commonwealth of America. If yours is the king who lurked in Athelney, yours too is the king who won the fight of Brunanburh. Yours are the king who waged the year of battles with the Dane and the king who waged the day of battle with the Norman. And if the kings are yours as well as ours, so are the men who curbed the power of kings. Yours are the men who wrung the Great Charter from the kingly rebel; yours are

the men who dictated the Provisions of Oxford and the men who gathered round the victor of Poitiers on the nobler field of the Good Parliament. Your share is alike with ours in every blow struck on behalf of freedom, from the day of Lewes to the day of Marston. And if we boast that we won to ourselves the men of other lands, if we changed the Dane and the Norman into Englishmen as true as if their forefathers had first seen the shores of Britain from the keels of Hengest, the work was yours as well as ours. The strangers whom we made specially our own, they whose names we rank alongside of the noblest of our native worthies, the men who came from the beech-clad isles of Denmark, from the deep Alpine valley of Aosta, from the Strong Mount that guarded the land of France against the Norman, to become Englishmen on English soil, Cnut the King, Anselm the Bishop, Simon the Earl,—they are yours by the same law of adoption that makes them ours. And when the course of our history parts asunder, when the English people become two nations instead of one, if the history which you have wrought in America is no longer ours, if the history which we have wrought in Britain is no longer yours, in the same sense as is the common history which we wrought together in earlier times, still, we have a common interest, a common fellow-feeling, the feeling which follows the deeds of friends and kinsfolk with a different eye from that with which it follows the deeds of strangers, in all that men of English blood have done on American soil since the older and the newer England parted asunder. And you too, I trust, have not ceased to look with the like feeling on all that men of English blood have done

on British soil since the day when the newer England bade farewell to its political connexion with the elder, but did not, I trust, bid farewell to the far higher tie of a common blood, a common speech, the long glories of a common history.

Let me now go back to the earliest of those deeds in which I have just said that your forefathers and mine may well have shared together. I said that they may have sailed together from the oldest England of all in the keels of Hengest or of Cerdic. What then is the difference between us on the eastern side of Ocean and you on this western side? It is simply this: that you have taken two great voyages, while we have taken only one. And the first of those voyages we assuredly took together. The men of New England and the men of Middle England assuredly started together from the shores of Old England. Not that we all started in one company. Both those great voyages were made up of many smaller voyages. The Englishmen who settled in Virginia and the Englishmen who settled in Georgia sailed with a considerable interval of time between their sailings. But both sailed on the same errand; both set forth from the same island to seek for new homes on the same continent. So it was in that more ancient voyage which led the forefathers of both to the island from which they sailed. It took a good many voyages from the oldest England on the European mainland before the second England in the isle of Britain became an English land. But what I say is that, in those earliest voyages of all we who went no further than the second England, and you who ages afterward pressed on to make a third

England, had an equal share. So comparatively short a time has passed since the second of those great voyages that there must be many a man here who knows perfectly well who his forefathers were who first came to this third England, and from what part of the second England they came. So long a time has passed since the first of those great voyages that a man must be wise indeed—wise, I should think, beyond anything that is written—if he can profess to know from what part of the oldest England his forefathers came, and whether they made their voyage with Hengest or with Cerdic or with any older or later captains. My position is only that, though we can none of us tell exactly whence our forefathers came or under whose leadership, we can at least say with a very large amount of likelihood that they came from some part or another of a certain region of the European continent, and under the leadership of some one or other of those chiefs whose coming changed Britain into England.

It is true that, for reasons of which I shall speak another time, it might be rash for each particular man to say this of his own particular forefathers. But the English people, as a whole, may say it with the most perfect confidence of the forefathers of the English people as a whole. My position is that those among the English people who shared in the second voyage, and those who did not share in it, all shared alike in the first voyage. The forefathers of those who abode in the second England and the forefathers of those who went on to make the third England alike set forth in the beginning from the first England of all. In some or other of the keels which crossed the narrower Ocean from the first Eng-

land to the second sailed the forefathers of Washington and the forefathers of Chatham. Whether they sailed in the same keel or not the most prying genealogist cannot tell us. It is enough that they both sailed in some keel or other. What then is the history of the three homes of the English people? What is the history of Old, Middle, and New England? It may be summed up in a few words. We all set forth from a continent and sailed to make a new home in an island, leaving, be it ever remembered, a good many of our kinsfolk in the old home on the continent. We all stayed together in the island till we had pretty well forgotten from what parts of the continent we severally came. After a time, while some of us stayed in our second home, some of us sailed forth yet again from the island to make a third home in another continent. Or shall I put it more briefly? We all took one voyage from the mainland of Europe to the isle of Britain. Some of us abode in that isle, while others took a second voyage from the isle of Britain to the mainland of America. Or shall I put it more briefly still? We all sailed together a little way westward. Then some of us thought we had had enough of sailing, while others sailed on a long way farther westward still.

Now about the second voyage no one doubts for a moment. Every man in Britain and in America keeps it in his memory. It is about the first voyage that some of us are less clear. Indeed, in one sense all of us must be less clear about it. None of us can have that minute knowledge of the first voyage which some of us have of the second. But I mean that some of us are less clear about it in another sense—that some of us hardly take it

in as a fact, and certainly do not carry it about in their memories as they do the fact of the second voyage. It is neither wonderful nor blameable if it be so; it is but few of us who are likely to dwell with the same kind of memory, I might say with the same kind of affection, on a distant fact, to be made out mainly by curious research, and on a comparatively recent fact whose results thrust themselves on our notice at every moment. My own thoughts, my own studies, have made the earlier fact seem as natural, as familiar, to me as the later fact. But I cannot expect this to be so with every one, or indeed with many people. Still, the fact is none the less a fact; and we ought to keep that fact as clearly and as constantly in our memories as its nature will allow us. I wish just now specially to bring out the fact, to bring it out in the broadest and simplest way, that there was such a first voyage, that there is such an older home of our people, that there is a land which once stood to the British home of our people in the same relation in which the British home of our people stands to this American home. Mark, I say, "which once stood;" I cannot venture to say "which still stands." There are a crowd of points of unlikeness between the two cases, the natural result of historical causes—points of unlikeness some of which will doubtless at once occur to you, and of some of which I shall myself speak hereafter. But I have now to speak of the points of likeness, not of the points of unlikeness. I have not now to dwell on the vast differences of detail between the first and the second migration, between the ancient settlement of the English in Britain and the later settlement in America. I have now simply to insist on

the fact that there was such an earlier settlement—that we had an earlier home, and moved from that earlier home, and to assert that the general history of the whole English people is not rightly understood unless those facts are constantly and carefully borne in mind.

As then your history, the history of that part of the English people which settled on American soil, does not begin on American soil, as you have an equal right with us in the history of our common forefathers on British soil, so that common history in which we have a common right did not begin on British soil. As the fathers and founders of this English nation in America brought with them their tongue, their laws, their national being, from an older home, so our common fathers and founders, the fathers and founders of the English nation in Britain, brought with them their tongue, their laws, their national being, from an earlier home still. If you are a colony—the word, if rightly understood, is not a disparaging one—we are a colony also. If the English settlements in America were, in times which seem almost recent, colonies of the older England in Britain, so those settlements in Britain which made that older England were themselves colonies of the still older England on the continent of Europe.

I have used the word *colony*, and I have said that I do not use it in any disparaging sense. You will feel that I do not do so when I apply it equally to my own England and to yours. I use the word, because I have no better word to use, and because the word, if rightly defined, perfectly suits my purpose. I have simply to guard against what I hold to be an abuse of it. The

word *colony* to most minds perhaps suggests, if not bondage, yet imperfect freedom. It suggests the notion of a body of settlers from some country who still remain in a state of greater or less dependence on the mother-country; it suggests communities which are not free and independent states in the highest sense. Now this is an use of the word which may do very well in the colonial office of any country which has dependent colonies: it will not do for the purposes of the historian. For we have no other word than *colony* to express settlements the very essence of which was that they were independent of the mother-country from the beginning. We speak of *colonies* in the days of ancient Greece. Syracuse was a colony of Corinth; Tarentum was a colony of Sparta; Milêtos was a colony of Athens. That does not mean that those cities were from the beginning dependencies of Corinth, Sparta, and Athens; the very name implies that they were independent from the beginning. As a mere matter of etymology, the word *colony* represents, or rather is, the Latin *colonia;* but in neither of its uses does it represent its meaning. A Roman colony was not a colony either in the sense in which Syracuse was a colony of Corinth, or in the sense in which the English settlements in Australia are colonies of Great Britain. A Roman colony was not, like the Greek or the English colony, a settlement in a land either uninhabited or inhabited by men of some wholly alien and commonly inferior race. A Roman colony was in its beginning a Roman garrison planted in some other Italian town to keep that town in obedience to Rome. The colonists were not settlers in a new land who had

to create everything for themselves: they took possession of houses and lands already built and tilled—the houses and lands in many cases of men of their own blood and speech. Such a colony has nothing in common with the colonies of modern Europe. *Colony* in the modern sense and *colonia* in the Roman sense mean two different things. But *colony* in the modern sense represents, or ought to represent, the Greek *ἀποικία*. That word, expressing the settlement of men who go from one home to another, is the word which describes the relation between Syracuse and Corinth, between Milêtos and Athens. It is, I venture to think, the word which expresses the relation between this newer England and the older one. Once on a time thirteen famous colonies of the older England voted that they were and ought to be free and independent States. By that vote they ceased, in the sense of a colonial office, to be English colonies any longer. In the sense of history they became English colonies more truly than before. As long as they were dependent, they hardly deserved the name; it was only when they won independence that they became, in the full sense, *ἄποικοι*, dwellers in another home. In the language of history, by winning independence they ceased to be *provinces;* they did not cease to be *colonies*. It was independence only which made them colonies of England in the highest sense—which made them in the truest sense a new England, the peer of the elder England. As the Greek colonies in Southern Italy came to bear the name of the Great Greece, so it may be that this newer England on the American continent is fated to be the Great England, in distinction from what is certainly physically the smaller England in its European

island. But whether less or equal or greater, the thirteen colonies, and the later States which have sprung up around them, did not, in becoming free and independent States, cease to be, in the true sense, colonies of the older England. And in that sense the settlements which made up that older England were themselves colonies of an older England still. As Massachusetts and Virginia were colonies of the second England in the European island, so Wessex and Northumberland were colonies of the first England on the European mainland.

Now, when I speak of the first England on the European mainland, I must ask, for the purposes at least of this first lecture, to be allowed the same kind of geographical licence which I took in speaking of the third England on the American mainland. As there is a certain part of the American continent to which the name of New England belongs in the strictest and most familiar usage, so there is a certain part of the European continent to which the name of Old England belongs, perhaps somewhat less strictly, certainly somewhat less familiarly. I mean the land of *Angeln* on the borders of Germany and Denmark. *Angeln* and *England* are truly the same name; or, more truly still, there is just that difference between the two names which marks England as a colony of Angeln. *Englaland, England,* is strictly the land of the *Engle, Angli, English;* the name of the people is on the face of it older than the name of the land; the land simply takes its name from the people. It is therefore not wonderful that we do not find the name England in use till some centuries after the settlement of the English had given a part of Britain the right

to bear it. But *Angeln* is one of those cases in which the name of the land and the name of the people are in the strictest sense one and the same. It is so with not a few names in old Greek and in modern German. *Preussen, Sachsen, Hessen*, are at once the names of the people and the names of the land. We may be sure that in all these cases the name of the people is really the older, and that the land did take its name from them; but the fact is not so openly proclaimed as it is in the case of names like England, Scotland, Finland. So in names within the isle of Britain, *Wessex, Sussex, Essex*, are strictly the names of the people—*West-seaxe, Suð-seaxe, East-seaxe.* We use exactly the same form when we speak of *Wales* as a land; for *Wales* is simply the name which we have chosen to give to the British people, the *Wealas* or strangers. Now all these names passed, so to speak, of themselves from the people to the land; there is no distinction whatever between the name of the people and the name of the land. But there is a kind of consciousness about such a name as *England* when given by a people to their own land. It was gradually found that the Teutonic settlements in Britain needed a common name, and the common name that they took was the name of the greatest tribe among them. It is quite fitting that such a primitive form as *Angeln* should be the name of the old motherland, the land of those who stayed behind—though it is said that in Angeln, strictly so called, nobody did stay behind—and that such a form as *England*, a later form—I might almost say a colonial form—should be the name of the land of those who left the old home to plant colonies in the isle of Britain. And mark that much the same thing has happened with the northern part of the

island as with the southern. That northern part we call *Scotland*, but the older home of the Scots was in Erin or Ireland. From that older home they planted a colony in the isle of Britain. Now we never call the old home of the Scots by the name of *Scotland*: we give that name only to the land occupied by the Scottish colony in Britain, exactly as we give the name of England to the land occupied by the English colony. There is then a real and fitting distinction between *Angeln*, the older name of the motherland, and *England*, the much later name of the colony. But, as names of two successive homes of the English people, each implying in different ways that the land so called is the land of the English, we may count *Angeln* and *England* as the same name, as opposed to the names of any other people and their land, as opposed to any other names of our own people and our own land. And when I wish to group our three homes and their names in an emphatic way, it certainly answers my purpose better to speak of Angeln as Old England than to speak of England as *New Angeln*. Our name is the same in either land; how we came by the name I will not too curiously inquire. Those who said that we were called Angles because we lived in an *angle* or corner of the land, and those who said that we were so called from our *angelic* faces, both simply showed that they had learned more Latin than was good for them. Whether any of us, in either of our homes, will be better pleased to think that we may be called from an *angle* or a hook, I will not take upon myself to determine. It is enough for my purpose that we are the *Engle*, *Angli*, *English*, and that *Angeln* and *England* are alike names of lands in which the folk of the *Engle* have dwelled. And I do

not think that I take an unwarrantable liberty in calling both lands by the more familiar form of the common name, and in speaking of the land of *Angeln* as *Old England.*

But I have said that I mean to take a real geographical liberty in the old world, as I have already done in the new. As I have, for the purpose of these lectures, ventured to give a wider sense than is usual to the name of New England, so I must venture to give a like wide sense to the name of Old England. As I cannot at all afford to shut up the name of New England within the narrow bounds of the lands which are specially known as the New England States, so I cannot at all afford to shut up the name of Old England within the much narrower bounds of the proper Angeln in a corner of the duchy of Sleswick. As I must ask leave to carry, for my special purposes, the name of New England beyond the Alleghanies, beyond the Mississippi, beyond the Rocky Mountains, and to give it no boundary short of the Eastern Ocean, so I must ask leave to carry the name of Old England beyond the Eider, beyond the Elbe, beyond the Weser, to the shores of the lake which burst its bounds and became the Zuyder Zee. Nay, I shall not quarrel with any one who will allow me to carry the name further still beyond the mouths of the Scheld, perhaps even to the mouth of the Somme. I do not mean that there ever was a time when the name of England, or even the name of Angeln, was ever applied to these lands, any more than I mean that the name of New England is commonly applied to the whole extent of your North American Union. I only mean that, as it is historically accurate to give the name of

New England the wider sense, so it needs but a very slight historical licence to do the like by the name of Old England. The wider and unfamiliar sense serves best to suit my immediate purpose; it more forcibly sets forth the historic truth which it is my present object to set forth. That object is to point out that what the isle of Britain was to the continent of North America, a certain part of the continent of Europe was, ages before, to the isle of Britain. That part of the continent of Europe it is perhaps easier to point out than to define. Among the Teutonic settlers in Britain some tribes stand out conspicuously; Angles, Saxons, and Jutes stand out conspicuously above all. The Jutes led the way; from the Angles the land and the united nation took their name; the Saxons gave us the name by which our Celtic neighbours have ever known us. But there is no reason to confine the area from which our forefathers came to the space which we should mark on the map as the land of the continental Angles, Saxons, and Jutes. So great a migration is always likely to be swollen by some who are quite alien to the leading tribe; it is always certain to be swollen by many who are of stocks akin to the leading tribe, but who do not actually belong to it. As we in Britain are those who stayed behind at the time of the second great migration of our people, so I venture to look on all our Low-Dutch kinsfolk on the continent of Europe as those who stayed behind at the time of the first great migration of our people. Our special hearth and cradle is doubtless to be found in the immediate marchland of Germany and Denmark, but the great common home of our people is to be looked on as stretching along the whole of that long coast where

various dialects of the Low-Dutch tongue are spoken. If Angles and Saxons came, we know that Frisians came also, and with Frisians as an element among us, it is hardly too bold to claim the whole Netherlands as in the widest sense Old England, as the land of one part of the kinsfolk who stayed behind. Through that whole region, from the special Anglian corner far into what is now northern France, the true tongue of the people, sometimes overshadowed by other tongues, is some dialect or other of that branch of the great Teutonic family which is essentially the same as our own speech. From Flanders to Sleswick the natural tongue is one which differs from English only as the historical events of fourteen hundred years of separation have inevitably made the two tongues—two dialects, I should rather say, of the same tongue—to differ. From these lands we came as a people. That was our first historical migration. Our remote forefathers must have made endless earlier migrations as parts of the great Aryan body, as parts of the smaller Teutonic body. But our voyage from the Low-Dutch mainland to the isle of Britain was our first migration as a people. It was our first migration after we had worked out for ourselves a separate being and a separate tongue. It was the first migration of men, some of whom already actually bore the English name, while others bore the names of those kindred tribes which joined with the proper *Engle* to make up the English nation. The forefathers of Angles, Saxons, Jutes, Frisians, must once have dwelled in Eastern Europe, even in central Asia. But Angles, Saxons, Jutes, Frisians, as nations or tribes distinguished by those names from other Aryan, from other

Teutonic, nations or tribes, cannot be traced further away from Britain than the old Angeln, the old Saxony, and the other neighbouring and kindred lands. From those lands their first voyage led them into the isle of Britain, some to make that isle their home for ever, some to make it a halting-place of ages before they started on a second and longer voyage.

The history of our people then begins in the Low-Dutch lands of the European mainland. It there parts off into the history of those who went forth to win for themselves new homes in Britain, and the history of those who abode in the old continental home. The history of those who went forth to win for themselves new homes in Britain again, after many ages, parts off into the history of those who went forth to win for themselves new homes in North America, and the history of those who abode in the old island home. Such is our history in few words. The tie which thus binds together the Middle England and the New, the England in Britain and the England in America, is, I trust, not hard to understand, not hard to feel. It is, from obvious reasons, not so easy to understand or to feel the tie which should bind both Middle England and New to the oldest England of all. It is a tie which it needs some searching to find out, one which does not, like the other, force itself upon the mind by the most obvious witness of language, of history, of all that makes divided brethren to be brethren still. But the tie is still real; it is still living. Let us look back to the earliest times when we have any sure knowledge of our own people. Let us look to the first century of our æra, to the early days of Imperial Rome. Let us seek for a

national hero in those days. It will be easy to find him; but we may be tempted to look for him in the wrong place. We may be tempted to see him in the hero of another race who fought for a land which was in after-times to become England, rather than in the hero of our own race who fought for a land which, in a wide sense, was England then. We may be tempted to see him in Celtic Caractacus rather than in Teutonic Arminius. Yet Arminius was a man of our own blood; Caractacus was a man of another blood. The deeds of Caractacus had no visible effect on our English history; the day when Arminius smote down Varus was one of the greatest days in the history of our race. Had the Roman overcome northern Germany as he overcame southern Britain, the English people could never have been what it was in later history, or, more truly, the English people could never have been at all. I have little doubt that, if the distinction is to be drawn at all, Arminius and his fellows would be found to belong to the Low-Dutch rather than to the High-Dutch division of the Teutonic race. But it may be safer to look on that distinction as one of later date, and to say that, up to the fifth century, the Teuton whose descendants were to abide in Germany and the Teuton whose descendants were to make the voyage to Britain had one common history, exactly as, up to the seventeenth century, the Englishman whose descendants were to abide in Britain and the Englishman whose descendants were to make the voyage to America had one common history. In any case, if the Roman power had in the second century incorporated Germany as it incorporated Gaul and Spain, no English people, no Teutonic people of

any kind, could have grown up as they did grow up. The men by Elbe and Weser, instead of being ready to bring Teutonic speech, Teutonic law, Teutonic freedom, into the isle of Britain, would have been mere Roman provincials, among whom freedom would have been a name, and who could have known no speech or law but the speech and law of their conquerors. In this sense Arminius saved the national life, the national freedom, of the English people, before it had become the English people, no less truly than those who saved the national life and freedom of the fully-grown English people of later times. In this sense the old Cheruscan hero, the liberator of Germany, may claim a place in the annals of our race alongside of Ælfred and Dunstan, alongside of Stephen Langton and Simon of Montfort, alongside of Pym and Hampden, alongside of Halifax and Somers, alongside of Washington and Hamilton. In this sense we of the English folk on either side of Ocean may praise famous men and our fathers that begat us, even while we speak of the men of days when the special English nation had as yet no being, but when there was already work to do for the greater race of which the English nation is but a part.

And as with fathers, so with brethren. Of all parts of the European mainland, we should surely look with the keenest interest on the lands which are still inhabited by those men of our own race who stayed behind. To this day in a large part of that long line of coast from whence our fathers came, dwell men who come of our own stock, and who speak tongues near akin to our own—who more strictly speak our own tongue in another shape. And the history of those lands is no mean history. The his-

tory of the Hanseatic League, the history of the United Provinces, is one of which we may well be proud to think that it has been wrought by men of our own kin. Nowhere on the mainland of Europe, save in the eternal democracy of the Swiss mountains, did the old freedom linger on to a later day than it lingered in the Frisian sea-lands. Nowhere did men wage a better fight for ancient rights than the men of Ditmarsch waged against the counts of Holstein and kings of Denmark. An historian of your own has told the tale of the men who, driven to strive alike against nature and against man, knew how to win the free soil of Holland and Zealand, first from the sea and then from the Spaniard. But it adds a deeper charm to that tale if we bear in mind that it is part of the history of our own people—if we think that the men who wrought that work among the dykes and channels of the old Frisian shore were not only fellow-workers in the same cause, but were in truth kinsfolk of the same household, as the men who wrought the same work in the British island and on the American mainland. You, men of the second colony, will, I trust, allow that you did not take away all the goodness of the old stock from what to you is the elder home. Something was, I trust, left behind in the isle of Britain to do deeds in yet later times not wholly unworthy of the long earlier history which we have in common. And so we, men of the first colony, and you, men of the second colony, also, may well bear in mind that something was left in the oldest home of all to do deeds not unworthy of the common stock of all.

And, speaking on this side of Ocean, I cannot forget that, in one part of your land at least, there are men in

whose history the first and the second voyage are the same—men whose fathers came straight from the oldest England to the newest, without ever passing through the middle home of our folk. I cannot forget that alongside of New England specially so called lies the land which once was New Netherlands. I cannot forget that there are still in your land not a few whose names and pedigrees proclaim them to belong to that branch of the common stock by which New Netherlands were settled. For, from my point of view, the men of New Netherlands are as much a branch of the common stock as the men who settled in Maine or in Georgia or the men who stayed behind in Britain. You, men of Boston, proclaim by the name of your city that your motherland was the British Holland, that Holland of which the elder Boston is the head. Those who came to New Amsterdam from the other Holland on the European mainland did but make the same journey more speedily, in a single pull instead of two. There are vessels which start from the havens of the elder Saxony, which halt in Britain on the West-Saxon shore, and which then make their way, it may be to New England strictly so called, it may be to what was New Netherlands. The every-day course of a North-German steamer is in truth a type of the history of our race. It starts from the oldest home of our blood and speech to make its way to the newest. But it begins by making its way, in the very wake of Cerdic and Cynric, to the home which lies between the two, the Middle England on the British soil.

The tie which binds the New England to the Middle is indeed, from many causes, far closer than that which binds the Middle England to the Old. But this last tie,

far less close as it is, is equally real. We shall not rightly understand the history of our people if we forget either. I have said that, when the keels of Hengest drew near to the Kentish shore, they bore with them the germs of the American commonwealth as well as the germs of the English kingdom. I will go further back. When Augustus vainly called on Varus to give him back the legions which had fallen beneath the Cheruscan sword, he was mourning for an event but for which we could never have stood here as we now stand. But for that memorable day in the childhood of our people, neither the League of the Hansa nor the Union of Utrecht, neither the Great Charter of England nor the Federal Constitution of America, could ever have had a place on the page of history.

LECTURE II.

The English Name.

I ASKED in my first lecture that I might, for that once, be allowed to say my say after my own fashion, and that I might keep objections and answers to objections for another time. I said that, though I did not believe that I should say anything new, I should most likely say some things that might be startling, some things that might easily seem open to objection. Now I am so old a stager in controversy, I am so used to assaults of all kinds, reasonable and unreasonable, that I think I pretty well know the kind of objections which are likely to be brought. I may even go a step further. I have already ventured to say that I believe I know the answers to those objections. I am not at all clear that I could not write a fairly plausible answer to myself; only I am much surer that I could write a rejoinder to that answer which should be something more than plausible. So, as I asked to be allowed to enjoy a dogmatic evening the other night, I shall venture to treat you to a controversial evening now. But, in disputing, I wish as far as possible to dispute about things and not about names. I say as far as possible, because one cannot help to some extent disputing about names. We must do so for this reason, that in very truth names are things. In itself it is a

matter of indifference by what mere sound anything is called. It is merely through the course which the history of language happens to have taken that a certain meaning has come to be attached to one sound and another meaning to another. But when the meaning is once attached to the sound, the name becomes something more than a sound; it becomes a thing, a fact. So long as an accurate impression of facts is conveyed, it does not matter in the least by what words—that is, by what sounds—that impression is conveyed. That is, it does not matter as far as the facts are concerned; it may matter on some other ground, as a matter of metrical harmony or of literary style. On some of these latter grounds I may have a pet word, and another man may have another pet word; but if his word and mine convey the same idea with equal clearness, one word is as good as the other for the purpose of conveying knowledge. The question between them is strictly a question of words; it is a purely literary question, not a question of history or science. But when meanings have got so closely attached to words that one word gives a correct impression of facts while another word gives an incorrect impression, then the question between the two words is no longer a mere question of words; it becomes a question of facts. Let me take an example which will at once plunge us into the midst of the controversies which I have promised you for this evening's entertainment. Suppose I say that "the English people" or "the English folk began," while another man says that "the Anglo-Saxon race commenced." Wherever my words differ from his, I like each of my words better than his, and I can tell you why I like each of them better. But my reason for

liking them better would not be the same in all three cases. I like "begin" better than "commence" on a purely literary ground. For the purpose of conveying the meaning one word is as good as the other. But I like the sound and the associations of the word "begin" better than the sound and the associations of the word "commence." When a Teutonic and a Romance word each expresses the same idea equally well—how much more then when the Teutonic word expresses the idea much better—I like to use the Teutonic word better than the Romance word. But the question between "begin" and "commence" is purely a question of words; it has nothing to do with facts. But when I speak of "the English people" or "the English folk," and the other man speaks of "the Anglo-Saxon race," I hold that it is no longer a mere question of words, but that it has become a question of facts. The thoughts of the man who uses the other formula may be every whit as accurate as my thoughts; but I maintain that he does not choose the words that are most likely to convey his thoughts accurately to others. I maintain that, though he may thoroughly know the facts himself, he is likely to give to others a wrong impression of the facts. In this sense I hold that the question between "English people" and "Anglo-Saxon race" is not, like the question between "begin" and "commence," a mere question of words; I hold that it touches, not words only, but facts also.

We have now fairly reached the domain of controversy; but before I say anything at all controversial, or even apologetic, about my subject, may I say a word or two about myself? A great many strange things have been said of

me in Middle England; for aught I know some strange things may have been said of me in New England also. I know that strange things have been said of me, possibly in Old England in the wide sense in which I have defined Old England, certainly within those once Slavonic and now Teutonic lands which lie beyond Old England. I once saw a book of mine reviewed in the High-Dutch tongue, in which review I was throughout spoken of as though I belonged to New England and not to Middle. I was American, and I showed it in every page—"er bleibt immer Amerikaner." Better to carry out this theory, the Cambridge in England at which I have had the honor to show myself once or twice was taken to be your neighbouring Cambridge on the other side of your river. Well, here I had nothing to complain of, except the complaint that one brings against every statement of the thing which is not. It might just as well have been as the Berlin critic fancied; only it was not so. It is much harder when I am told that I am "the great enemy of the name Anglo-Saxon," or of the name "Charlemagne," or of any other name. It is hardest of all when I am told that all that I have ever done has been to "alter the spelling of the names of the Anglo-Saxon kings." Now as for spelling, I have always preached the extremest doctrine of liberty of spelling. At the utmost, I have only asked to be allowed to indulge my own fancies and to allow other people to indulge theirs. I did not at all know that I had altered the spelling of the names of the Anglo-Saxon kings. I thought that I had spelled them as my predecessors and teachers, Kemble and Lappenberg, spelled them before me. At all events, I was vain enough to think that

if I had done that, it was not all that I had done; I really believed that I had done one or two things besides. Anyhow, when I learn that I have changed or invented or done something strangely and dangerously novel in this very small matter of spelling—and in one or two other matters—I can only guess that my critics have not read the writings of the scholars who went before me; I am quite certain that they have not read mine. In short, with all the advances which our age has made in natural science, mental science, social science, and all the other sciences, it still remains what, if I were to use a hard word, I might call a mythopœic age. Certainly it grows quite as thick a crop of legends as ever grew in the days of Homer or in the days of Beowulf. Of such legends I have had the honor to be myself the subject of several; and, as I dabble a little in comparative mythology, I believe that I can take a calm, and even a scientific, view of a legend about myself as well as of a legend about anybody else. In such legends I can often see, as in other legends, the small kernel of truth round which the mythical details have gathered; sometimes I cannot see even that. But there is one common saying about me which I sincerely hope is in no sense legendary, but rather that it is true to the letter. It has often been said in Middle England —it may, for aught I know, be said in New England— that I am a pedant. Well, in the sense in which that word is used, I will not speak so highly of myself as to say that I am a pedant; but I will say that I do my best to be one. What I understand by a pedant in such cases is a man who first tries to think accurately—that is, to make his thoughts conformable to facts—and who then

tries to speak accurately—that is, to make his words conformable to his thoughts. Now this twofold process takes some trouble; therefore the man who feels that he has not taken this trouble, and who is in his heart ashamed of himself for not having taken it, relieves himself outwardly by calling the man who has taken it a pedant. I warn you then that, at all events in this present lecture, when I shall have, more than in the others, to say something about words and names, when I shall perhaps have to draw some distinctions which, to those who are not pedants and do not try to be pedants, may seem to be distinctions without differences, I shall treat every word, name, and thing as pedantically as I know how. I shall at least strive in all things to come as near to the honourable character of a pedant as the measure of my natural gifts will enable me to come.

To speak then with as near an approach to pedantry as I can reach to, it is certainly true that I have, in my former lecture and in many other places, used the word "English" where many people would have used the word "Anglo-Saxon." I can even believe that some people may have been surprised, that some may even have been puzzled—I will not believe that any one can have been offended—at my using the one word rather than the other. I have known people surprised and puzzled at it in Middle England; and here in New England I think I can see rather obvious reasons why it may grate on a natural vein of feeling for which there is no room in Middle England. Now I use the one word rather than the other, for the very simple but undoubtedly

pedantic reason that it better expresses the facts of the case than the other, that it is less likely to lead to confusion and misapprehension than the other. But in no case can I allow that its use is any peculiarity of mine, any invention of mine, any novelty of my own personal devising. In using the name *English* as the name of our people in all its homes, from our first appearance as a people to this day on which we are now met, I have simply followed those who have gone before me, those from whom I learned most in earlier days: I have followed the teaching, though not the practice, of Sir Francis Palgrave; I have followed the practice of my still more immediate master, Dr. Guest. If any one has been guilty of innovation, that deadliest of crimes in a world which is always changing, in this simple matter of nomenclature, it is they who are the offenders, and not I. It seemed to me that they had good reasons for the rule which the one laid down and which the other followed; therefore I followed it too; but on the score of invention, innovation, and so forth, I certainly deserve neither praise nor blame; the praise or blame must all go to my teachers.

I am half ashamed to be talking and disputing so much about a name; but, after all, the question is not merely a question of names; and I fancy moreover that the question naturally comes in a rather different light on the two sides of Ocean. It may therefore not be wholly useless to speak a little more fully on this very pedantic question of nomenclature.

First then, I altogether disclaim the character which has been laid upon me of "the great enemy of the name Anglo-Saxon." Unhappily, there are so many things in

the world of which one cannot help being the enemy that I can hardly fancy myself finding time to become the enemy of a name, except so far as it may, instead of representing a fact, represent the opposite to a fact. Least of all should I pick out for my enmity a name which not uncommonly forms part of the royal style of Glorious Æthelstan and his successors. Kind people have before now got together for my benefit a large number of instances to prove the use of the word "Anglo-Saxon" in the tenth and eleventh centuries. But they might have spared their trouble; I have already got together the same instances and more also in the Appendix to the first volume of my History of the Norman Conquest. Nobody who knew anything of ancient documents ever doubted that the name "Anglo-Saxon" was in established, but by no means common, use in the tenth and eleventh centuries. My contention is simply this; because a certain name was used in one sense—a perfectly clear and very narrow sense—in the tenth century, it does not follow that it is well to use it in the nineteenth century in two senses, both of which seem to me to be misleading, and which certainly are quite different both from one another and from the ancient sense. I do not think that such an use of language can be the use most likely to lead to clearness and accuracy of thought. Let me run shortly through the plain facts of the case, though I have, in different shapes and at different lengths, gone through them a thousand and one times already.

Among the Teutonic tribes which settled in Britain, two, the Angles and the Saxons, stood out foremost. These two between them occupied by far the greater part of

the land that was occupied at all. Each of these two gave its name to the united nation, but each gave it on different lips. The Saxons were the earlier invaders; they had more to do with the Celtic remnant which abode in the land. On the lips then of the Celtic inhabitants of Britain, the whole of the Teutonic inhabitants of Britain were known from the beginning, and are known still, as *Saxons*. But, as the various Teutonic settlements drew together, as they began to have common national feelings and to feel the need of a common national name, the name which they chose was not the same as that by which their Celtic neighbours called them. They did not call themselves *Saxons* and their land *Saxony;* they called themselves *English* and their land *England*. I used the word *Saxony* in all seriousness; it is a real name for the Teutonic part of Britain, and it is an older name than the name *England*. But it is a name used only from the outside by Celtic neighbours and enemies; it was not used from the inside by the Teutonic people themselves. In their mouths, as soon as they took to themselves a common name, that name was *English;* as soon as they gave their land a common name, that name was *England*. And that usage has gone on to this day, without break or change, without variableness or shadow of turning. At no time, in the ninth century or the nineteenth, would a Teutonic inhabitant of Britain, if asked his nationality, as opposed either to the inhabitants of some other land or to the Celtic inhabitants of his own land, have called himself by any name but *Angle, English*. The English name is general, it is national; the Saxon name is only local. The English name is constantly used so as to take in the Saxon; the

Saxon name is never used, on Teutonic mouths speaking the Teutonic tongue, so as to take in the Angle. And this is the more remarkable, because the age when *English* was fully established as the name of the people, and *England* as the name of the land, was an age of Saxon supremacy, an age when a Saxon state held the headship of England and of Britain, when Saxon kings grew step by step to be Kings of the English and lords of the whole British island.

In common use then, the men of the tenth and eleventh centuries knew themselves by no name but *English*. When, in the latter half of the eleventh, they had more need of a national name than ever, when they needed a name to distinguish themselves from foreign conquerors in their own land, that name was English, and none other. In romances and romantic histories you find a strong opposition drawn between "Normans" and "Saxons." The Norman is supposed ever to have on his mouth the name "Saxon" as a name of contempt; he gibes at the "Saxon churl;" perhaps he even goes out to hunt the "Saxon swine." I have lived a good deal in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and I think that I know how men spoke then. I know no reason to think that a Norman settled in England ever spoke of his English neighbours as swine; I have no reason to think that he ever spoke of them as churls, unless when they really were of the degree of a churl, and not of any higher or lower degree. And I am quite certain that if he spoke of them as either churls or swine, he spoke of them not as *Saxon* churls or swine, but as *English*. During the time when any distinction of the kind needed to be drawn in common usage—and a wonderfully short time

that was—the distinction was always between *Normans* and *English*. During the much longer time during which the distinction, practically forgotten, went on as a survival in legal formulæ, the legal phrase always distinguished *French* and *English*. Why French? some may ask; for assuredly each particular Norman was hardly more likely to call himself a Frenchman than an Englishman was. But *French* was the only general name which could take in all William's French-speaking followers, not a few of whom were far from being native Normans. The opposition then, as long as any was made, was made between "Norman and English," between "French and English;" never between "Normans and Saxons." The distinction died out as the Norman born on English ground learned to feel as an Englishman, to call himself an Englishman. Of this I am certain: no native of England speaking his own tongue ever spoke of himself as a Saxon, unless, as belonging to the strictly Saxon part of England, he wished to distinguish himself from an Angle or a Jute.

Still less did any man ever call himself an *Anglo-Saxon*. I feel sure that no man, in the times of which I am speaking, ever did call himself so; but, if he did, I am sure he must have meant to say that one of his parents was an Angle and the other a Saxon. By *Anglo-Saxon* many people mean Englishmen living before the year 1066, as distinguished from Englishmen living after that year. I need hardly stop to prove that no man, either before or after the year 1066, could ever have called himself an Anglo-Saxon in this sense. Neither did any man of those days call himself an Anglo-Saxon, meaning thereby a Saxon in England as dis-

tinguished from a Saxon in Germany or elsewhere. This is another modern use of the word, quite different from that in which its use ends at the year 1066. The one use is chronological; the other is geographical. And I have often wondered how it is that "Anglo-Saxons" and "Anglo-Normans" seem to mean Saxons and Normans settled in England, while "Anglo-Indians" and "Anglo-Americans" seem to mean English settled in India or America. The truth is, that no one man ever called himself an Anglo-Saxon at all in any sense. But it is undoubtedly true that, in a certain sense and under certain circumstances, men did speak of the nation as *Anglo-Saxons*. But it is only in one very distinct sense and under somewhat restricted circumstances. The common every-day name was *English; Anglo-Saxon* was a grander and more formal name, used only now and then. Let me tell you how it is used. First, in England itself it is invariably used in the plural; one Anglo-Saxon, all by himself, seems to have been a thing unheard of. Secondly, it is very seldom used, except in the royal style. We hear not uncommonly of a King of the Anglo-Saxons; but, as we never hear of one Anglo-Saxon all by himself, so we very seldom hear of the whole company of Anglo-Saxons except in reference to their king. Thirdly, while the phrase is not uncommon in Latin, it is excessively rare in English, and the two or three times when it is found in English it is in the royal style. Fourthly, even as a Latin style of the king it is all but wholly confined to formal documents, and even in those it is rare compared with the simpler name "English." In ordinary writing it is excessively rare, even in Latin, and it is absolutely unknown in English.

I mean that the king, in a solemn Latin document, not uncommonly called himself King of the Anglo-Saxons—that for him to call himself so in a solemn English document was not absolutely unknown—but that an historian, telling his story himself, very seldom used the word, even if he were speaking of the king in Latin, and that in ordinary English narrative it was never used at all. With the smallest possible chance of exceptions, we may say that on English mouths the name *Anglo-Saxon* is confined to the royal style and the Latin language, and is comparatively rare even there.

Now, in what sense is the word used on those rare occasions when it is used? Not surely to mean Saxons in England as distinguished from Saxons in Germany; still less, by any prophetic insight, to mean Englishmen before 1066. If Æthelstan called himself King of the Anglo-Saxons, he did not mean to say, Remember that I, King Æthelstan, lived before the Norman Conquest. The phrase is simply a contraction. *Rex Anglorum*, King of the Angles or English, was after all an inadequate description of a prince a large part of whose subjects were Saxons and not Angles, whose immediate kingdom was Saxon, and who came of a Saxon stock. His truer and more formal title was *Rex Anglorum et Saxonum*, King of the Angles and Saxons. And, by a not very wonderful abridgement, that title sometimes became *Rex Anglo-Saxonum*, King of the Anglo-Saxons. That is simply all; the word is a contracted form, which, in England at least, was never in ordinary use, but which was not uncommonly used in the more stately language of the royal style. And it was meant

to describe the nation formed by the union of Angles and Saxons under one sovereign.

On the other hand, the name is used somewhat more freely by foreign writers, and they do sometimes use it as meaning Saxons in England as opposed to Saxons in Germany. This use is not wonderful. To a writer in England that distinction was of no importance, or at least he expressed it in another way. The West-, East-, and South-Saxons in Britain were fully distinguished by their local names from the Old-Saxons who abode in Germany. To a writer in Gaul or Germany, as part of Britain began to be known, first as Saxony, then as England, it would seem natural enough to distinguish its people from the older Saxons in Germany as Saxons in England. I have no doubt that in these continental writers the name *Anglo-Saxon* is sometimes used in that sense; and I have once, only once, found in a foreign writer a case where the name is used in the singular. But the name went out of use; by the twelfth century, at the latest, *Anglia*, *Angli*, *Anglici*, *Angligenæ* were the only names by which the Teutonic part of Britain and its people were known both at home and abroad. And from that day to this, *English*, and *English* only, has been the natural name, the name which comes first to every man's mind and tongue, as the name of the inhabitants of Teutonic Britain and of the lands which have been colonized from Teutonic Britain. When any other name is used, it is used consciously, of set purpose, with a view to draw some distinction or to meet some objection. *English* is equally the name by which we are known to men of other nations, always excepting the Celtic inhabitants of the British islands; to them, at least when

they speak their own tongues, the Englishman is still the Saxon.

I said that, when any other name than English is used, it is used consciously with some definite purpose. And I think I can see the purposes with which the word "Anglo-Saxon"—a word never in common use in any age, which was used in a special and narrow sense in the tenth and eleventh centuries, and which was quite forgotten in the twelfth—has been artificially called up for use in the nineteenth. It is called up for two wholly different purposes, to be used in two quite different senses—senses which have nothing to do either with one another or with the narrow ancient sense. One sense is that in which Englishmen who lived before the year 1066 are distinguished from Englishmen who lived after the year 1066 by being called, sometimes "Saxons," sometimes "Anglo-Saxons." The object here, I suppose, is to mark off Englishmen who lived before that year as being somehow a different set of people from Englishmen who lived after it. But the main object of my teaching on this subject is to insist on the fact that Englishmen before 1066 and Englishmen after 1066 are not two different sets of men, but the same set of men. Because therefore I wish before all things to set forth English history as one unbroken story—because I wish to set forth the Englishmen of a thousand years back as the forefathers of Englishmen now, and Englishmen now as the children of Englishmen a thousand years back—because I wish to bring these simple but misunderstood facts home to every English mind on either side of Ocean,—I like to use the name which clearly expresses the truths on which I wish to insist, rather

than the name which practically denies or confuses those truths. Following then my great teachers, I must have one and the same name, not two different names, to mean Englishmen who lived before the coming of William the Norman and Englishmen who lived after his coming. And to that end I prefer to use the name by which Englishmen have uninterruptedly called themselves on both sides of that event, and not by some other name by which they never called themselves. Holding that the personal identiy, so to speak, of the English people has remained untouched ever since they made the first of their two great voyages fourteen hundred years back, I must call them throughout those fourteen hundred years by some one name, and to that end I must choose the name by which they have called themselves from the earliest time when they found it needful to have a common name. The subject of Edward the Confessor called himself an Englishman, as the subject of Queen Victoria calls himself an Englishman now. Why am I to call the subject of Edward the Confessor a Saxon or an Anglo-Saxon, unless I am to call the subject of Queen Victoria a Saxon or an Anglo-Saxon also?

But haply some one will tell me that I shall do well to call the subject of Queen Victoria an Anglo-Saxon, above all when I speak of the subjects of Queen Victoria in that special light in which I wish the subjects of Queen Victoria to be looked on here. I shall be asked whether "Anglo-Saxon" is not the right name to set forth the brotherhood of the speakers of the English tongue all over the world. I answer that for that purpose too I rather choose the name *English*. And I do this on

more grounds than one. First of all, it is the name which has always been used. No one ever talked of "the Anglo-Saxon race" and the like till quite lately; no one does it quite naturally; it implies a conscious object, a special desire to express something, to avoid something. It is at best an ornament of style; it is not the first word which would come into a man's head as the obvious name for all men of English blood and English speech. Again, it is an ambiguous word; it is a word used in two senses. Sometimes, as we have seen, it means Englishmen before 1066 as distinguished from Englishmen after 1066. Sometimes it means men of English speech all over the world now in 1881. I do not see why we should use the same word to express these two very different ideas, or why we should express either of them by a word which hardly exists except in the royal style of the tenth century. Surely the simplest, plainest, most natural, most obvious name, the name which springs most naturally to our tongues, the name which calls up the oldest, the noblest, the most thrilling, associations, is the best of all. We wish to set forth that we in our island, you on your continent, we in Middle England, you in New, are brethren in one common heritage, sharers in the common English blood, the common English speech, the common English traditions, the common English glories. We wish to set forth that all that is ours is yours also, that you have an equal share with us in every memory, in every possession, of which we are proud, for which we are thankful. How then can we refuse to you, how can you refuse to accept from us, the common name which for a thousand years has expressed the common brotherhood? I will

not cast about for some curious, artificial, technical, term, dug out of some corner by antiquarian research, and choose that as the sign of our ancient and unbroken brotherhood. I will rather choose the name which comes straightest from the heart, which springs most readily to the lips. Men of New England, I claim you as Englishmen. Sprung as you are of English blood, speakers as you are of the English tongue, sharers as you are in the great inheritance of English law, neither my feelings nor my reason will allow me to call you by any other name. What we are, you are; for thirteen hundred years our forefathers and yours lived together, worked together, suffered together, conquered together. And all that they did they did under one name, the name which alone can mark that we are alike children of one common stock, whose sons, in whatever quarter of the globe they light their fires, have all kindled them from one common hearth. Speakers of the tongue of Cædmon and of Milton, inheritors of the freedom for which Godwine strove in one age and Hampden in another, I claim you as brethren, I call you by the one name which can express that brotherhood: if you cast aside that old familiar name, there is none other that I can offer.

But it may be asked, How can two wholly distinct political societies, on opposite sides of the Ocean, be united under one common name? Some one here on American soil may say to me, No; you are English in England, we are Americans in America. I answer back again, No; we are alike English, in whatever quarter of the globe we dwell; we are English in Britain, you are

English in America. As we did not forfeit the name by staying behind, neither did you forfeit it by going forth. Nor did you forfeit it, you rather showed more fully your title to it, when you did as Englishmen have done in every age, and drew the sword against unrighteous rulers. Washington did not cease to be an Englishman because he withstood George the Third, any more than Hampden ceased to be an Englishman because he withstood Charles the First. I have his own witness. I doubt greatly whether Washington or any other of the leaders of your War of Independence ever used the word "English" as the distinctive name of those against whom they acted. So far as I have seen, the name that was then used in that sense was "British." And that was the word which exactly expressed the truth. The strife was not a foreign war between the English and some other people; it was, like civil wars of earlier times, a strife between two branches of the English people. It was a strife, if you will, between British English and American English; *British* therefore, and not *English*, was the name by which the champions of freedom spoke of their enemies. But more than this, as far as I have seen, "British," not "English," was the word always used on your side of the Ocean, as the name of the enemy, not only in the War of Independence, but in the far more unhappy war of 1812. It is for you to tell me, rather than for me to tell you, when and why the more modern usage began. Anyhow, for the Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, as a power—a power not wholly English, but made of English, British, and Irish elements—the proper political and geographical adjective is that which Washington used, the adjective *Brit-*

ish. But for the English folk, wherever they dwell, whatever be their form of government, whether they form one political society or two or many, the true national adjective is *English.* We may be parted by outward and accidental differences, but the inward essence is the same. Some of us are British subjects, some of us are American citizens, but both alike are something which takes in both; both are alike English brethren.

And where, I would ask, is the great difficulty, the great wonder, in applying a common name to members of two distinct political communities? There is no lack of precedents for such an use of names. I will not refer to the cases of Germany and Italy, both till our own day divided—Germany to some extent divided still—among a number of separate states. For in those lands it has been the great work of our own day to bring the divided brethren together—to work a nearly perfect union of Italy, to work a nearer approach to a perfect union of Germany than has been known for many ages. But the union of Germany and of Italy was desirable and possible because geographical conditions allowed it, while any real political union between the United States of America and the kingdom of Great Britain is a thing which geographical conditions forbid. Still the German and Italian examples prove thus much, that men may belong to different political societies, and yet may bear a common national name, and may feel for many purposes as members of one nation. But the real parallel is to be sought for in much earlier times. It is to be sought for among the people who of old time played in a narrower sphere the same part which we have played in a wider one. I must come back to a matter on which I said something

in my first lecture. I then spoke of the true meaning of the word *colony;* I maintained that, when the Thirteen States declared themselves to be free and independent, they did not thereby cease to be English colonies, but became English colonies in a truer sense. I illustrated that seeming paradox by the colonies of ancient Greece. Let me now carry out that illustration a little further.

What the Greek of old was to the shores and islands and peninsulas of the Mediterranean, the Englishman of the last three centuries has been to the shores and islands and peninsulas of the Ocean and to boundless continents beyond them. Each crossed the sea in ships to win for himself a new land, and, wherever he won for himself a new land, he made that land a new Greece or a new England. In the language of ancient days, Greece, Hellas, was not a single land with a boundary to be diplomatically fixed. Wherever Greeks dwelled, they remained Greeks—Greeks by name, Greeks by feeling; wherever they dwelled, they took Greece and the name of Greece with them. Wherever Hellênes dwelled, there was Hellas. Outlying spots in Africa, in Gaul, in Spain, on the furthest shores of the Euxine, high up among the isles of Dalmatia, were as truly parts of Greece, their people were as truly Greeks, as Athens, Sparta, and Argos, and the Greeks of those older cities. Men went forth to some distant land, and there they enlarged Hellas by a new city, a new member, a new independent member, of the common Hellenic body. The younger cities were as truly distinct and free political communities as the older ones; the colony, independent from its birth, owed to its metropolis love and reverence, but it owed nothing more. From her child Syracuse the mother Corinth

asked only love and reverence, and love and reverence she received in full measure. From her other child Korkyra she asked for something more than love and reverence, and bitter hatred and bloody wars were the fruits. So might it have been with us, if we had had the wisdom of the men of those old cities—if we had not so long carried about with us that strange superstition which teaches that Englishmen who settle in distant lands, instead of forming free English communities from the beginning, must needs everywhere remain subjects of the sovereign of that part of the English people which has gone as far as the isle of Britain and no further. Thirteen—at least twelve—renowned homes of Englishmen along this eastern shore of your great continent might have been free and independent States, united by a federal bond, in the seventeenth century instead of in the eighteenth. You might have been from the beginning to your Corinth as another Syracuse; you would not have been driven to be, for two unhappy moments—I trust never again to be since those two unhappy moments—as another Korkyra. Those moments I will pass by. I will deem of myself standing here as a man of Corinth speaking to men of Syracuse. I will deem of myself as speaking to men of the same stock, of the same speech, in a wide sense of the same nation—men sharing in the same history, the same memories, parted indeed into separate political bodies by the physical cause that we are parted by the great and wide Ocean, but none the less united by every tie that can make us in the highest sense one and the same people. So, in the teeth of distance, of jealousies, of often cruel wars, each branch of the scattered folk of Hellas felt toward every other

branch. So should every branch of the scattered folk of England feel toward every other branch. They, scattered and divided as they were, were still bound together by the common name of Hellênes. So should we, scattered indeed more widely than they were—for our world is a greater world than theirs was—but far less divided than they were in speech and history and feeling, be bound together by the common name of Englishmen.

When then the Thirteen States declared themselves free and independent, they in truth became for the first time colonies of the elder England in the worthiest sense. By that act they rose to the level of the ancient settlements of Greece in other lands; they rose to the level of Syracuse and Massalia—colonies, new settlements, children of full age enjoying the freedom of full age, peers of the mother-state, owing to the mother-state, not the forced obedience of a subject, but only the willing and kindly respect of a full-grown son to his father. By that act the people of those true English colonies, those free and independent States, did not cease to be Englishmen, but became Englishmen in a truer and a higher sense. By independence, and by independence only, you, Englishmen in America, rose to the level of your fellow-Englishmen in Britain. And, if the same promotion should ever come to other settlements of Englishmen in distant lands, one of the many gains of such an event will be that it will enable the English of Britain and the English of America more fully to feel their common brotherhood. As long as there are only two independent English nations in the world, there is an unavoidable tendency to dwell on points of difference, perhaps even to call up points of

jealousy. When there are three, four, five, independent English nations, we may fairly hope that such tendencies will die out, that they will be merged in the tendency to acknowledge the brotherhood which will bind together those three, four, or five nations, in distinction from all others.

But as long as things remain as they are, if I speak of you as Americans, I mean the phrase to be elliptical; I mean "American English" as distinguished from "British English." And now let me again for a moment speak of myself, and tell you a story about myself. I was once taken to task by a publication on this side of the Ocean—not indeed in my own person, for the offence was done in an anonymous writing—for saying sportively that, in the mouth of a man of New England, the proper name for a man of Middle England was a "Britisher." I was thought by that saying to mean something offensive to the men of New England. No innocent man was ever more cruelly misconstrued. Instead of anything offensive, I meant all that was kindly, respectful, brotherly. I meant that you did right to call us by some name which, if it did not assert, at least did not deny, the common English brotherhood. Now, if you call yourselves "Americans," and call us "English" in opposition to "Americans," you do in effect disclaim the English name. You reproach us as it were with being the only English, while we wish to receive you as nothing less English than ourselves. But if you call us "Britishers," you allow, at least you do not shut out, all that I ask for. Perhaps the name "Britisher" does not sound very elegant, perhaps it does not exactly belong to the high-polite style; but never mind that, if it is at

least patient of the better sense which I wish to put upon it. If you call yourselves Americans and us "Britishers," I understand by "Britishers" Englishmen born and dwelling in Britain, as distinguished from Englishmen born and dwelling in America. I know a novel written long ago in Middle England, where an American merchant-captain is made to set down in his log, "Met a Britisher; treated politely." The time, it should be noticed, was in the great war between Great Britain and France, when neutral vessels were not always treated politely. Now you know better than I do whether such a captain was likely, then or now, really to set down in his log, "Met a Britisher; treated politely." All that I say is, that, if he did so, I for one do not object to the name, but accept it as the name best describing the facts of the case. I will accept it till somebody better solves what is the real difficulty of the case. We need a substantive to match the adjective *British.* If "Britisher" is rejected as vulgar, "Briton" must be rejected as something worse, as distinctly inaccurate. In my own island I should greatly object to be called a Britisher, or even a Briton; in Britain either name would be a mark of race between two races of men dwelling in the same island. But here in America we wish to distinguish, not between two races of men in the same land, but between men of the same race in two distant lands. The American, in short, is the American Englishman, the Britisher is the British Englishman. I was called a Britisher the other day, and I did not feel angry. If the American editor who spoke of the little book which I mentioned as "foreign" will strike out that ugly word "foreign," and put instead

"British," or even "Britisher," I will embrace him as an English brother.

One word more of graver import. An event has lately happened—it has happened since I began to put pen to paper for the writing of the present lecture—which, sad in every other aspect, has been joyful in this, that it has brought the two great divisions of the English folk nearer together in heart and feeling. We have been made as one man by a common sorrow. It is not very long since the hearts of all the world were stirred by the tale of a great and illustrious monarch struck down by the murderer's hand in the streets of his own capital. That was the recompense for a life given for the good of his people; that was the reward of the prince who had raised millions of his own subjects for the first time to the full rank of human beings—the prince who, while he set free the bondsman in his own realm, forgot not to set free the bondsmen of his own race beyond the bounds of his own realm. We mourned for Alexander the Liberator, liberator of Russia, liberator of Bulgaria, as it was fit to mourn for a noble man doomed to an unworthy fate. Since that day we have had to mourn again, to mourn for a man no less noble, cut down no less unworthily, cut down when he had just stretched forth his hand for a mighty and a noble work. And this time our mourning has been deeper. It has been deeper, because this time we have been mourning for one of our own selves; we have been mourning for a brother; we have been sharing in the mourning of brethren. We mourned for the man of our own blood as we could not mourn for the

stranger. We could not mourn for an Emperor of all the Russias as we could mourn for the chosen leader of a mighty commonwealth of our own people. We could not mourn even for Alexander the Liberator as we could mourn for James Abram Garfield. All the signs of grief and kindred feeling, the people of one political body watching day by day for the least news of the welfare of the chief of another political body, watching as though they had been watching by the bed of a father or a brother—the breathless eagerness to hear of every turn for the better or for the worse—the prayers sent up from the temples of various forms of the common faith for a Christian brother and a Christian ruler—the marks of sorrow when all was over, the sermons, the speeches, the muffled bells, the flags half-mast high, the telegraph-wires flashing messages of sympathy, the court of Britain in the unwonted garb of sorrow,—what does all this prove? It proves indeed honour and sympathy for a noble man cruelly and foully wronged. But that we felt for the murdered Emperor no less than for the murdered President. This time it proves something more; it proves that a President of the United States can be something to us Englishmen of Britain which an Emperor of all the Russias cannot be. We felt for one of ourselves; I cannot say for a countryman—that geography forbids—but for a man of our own blood and our own speech. We could write over the grave of Garfield as we could not write over the grave of Alexander, "The man is near of kin to us." We felt, we mourned, for one who in himself deserved our sympathy and our sorrow; but that sympathy and sorrow were all the keener because he who

called them forth was a brother called to be the head of a commonwealth of brethren. We felt for the man in himself, but we felt yet more for the people who had freely placed their destinies in his hands. Surely never have Englishmen on either side of Ocean been more closely drawn together than they have now been drawn together in watching and in mourning beside the bed, over the grave, of the chief, the chosen chief, the worthy chief, of one of the two great divisions of the English people.

I have gone thus far, not at all forgetting that all I have been saying goes on certain assumptions. In arguing that you, English-speaking dwellers in this western continent, are, not less than we, English-speaking dwellers in what to you is an eastern island, are parts of one common English people, brethren of one common English family, I have throughout assumed that there is such a thing as a common English people, such a thing as a common English family. Now I am so used to controversies of all kinds that I shall not be greatly surprised if some one on either side of the Ocean should deny my assumption, and maintain that there is no English people at all. Some of us, I have often found occasion to notice, have a wonderful fancy for arguing that we are not ourselves, but somebody else. I know not a few who, so far from believing in an older English people on the European mainland—so far from believing in a younger English people on the American mainland—will hardly allow that there is an English people in the isle of Britain itself. At least they will not allow that the English people has had an

unbroken being in the isle of Britain from its first coming into it till now. This is a peculiarly English fancy; I know of no other people who have the same singular taste for turning their backs upon themselves. Other nations have rather a fancy for claiming more than their due; the English alone—I suspect I may extend the remark to some on both sides of the Ocean—have this self-effacing zeal to claim less than rightly belongs to them. If I may have to persuade some here that their history did not begin in the seventeenth century, so I have to persuade some at home that their history did not begin in the thirteenth century or in the eleventh. The better to do this, I must ask both them and you to come back with me to the real beginning, the common beginning, of both of us in the fifth century. I am prepared to be told both that you here are not strictly an English people, and that we in Britain are not strictly an English people. I am prepared to be told that, alike in America and in Britain, the Teutonic blood of the fifth century has been so mixed with other elements, that the nature and proportion of the mixture has been so different in the two cases, that, instead of one fairly homogeneous race, we have become in truth two distinct mixed races. I shall be prepared to admit all the facts, so far as they are facts, on which this doctrine is grounded; but I shall be also prepared to deal with those facts in quite another way. In one sense we are a mixed race, because, in one sense, every nation on the face of the earth is, and must be, a mixed race. And it is no less certain that this mixture has not taken exactly the same course in Britain and in America. But I am also prepared to maintain that we are not mixed in such a way

or to such a degree as to deny our national identity—that we are not so mixed, either in Britain or in America, as to make us some other people or some two other peoples, and not the one people that we were from the beginning. And I shall be prepared to argue another point. I shall not be surprised if some, either here or there, find a difficulty in admitting the analogy which I have assumed between what I call the first voyage and the second, between the process which colonized Britain in the fifth century and the process which colonized America in the seventeenth. Now I see the differences, many and great, as clearly as any man; I only maintain that the likenesses are yet more and greater. This evening I have had largely to speak of a name, but it has been of a name which is in truth no small fact. At our next meeting we will go on to look a little more narrowly into the facts which that name sets forth, the facts which show that I who speak and you who listen to me, I of the European island, you of the American mainland, are in truth brethren of one house, sharers in one heritage, the heritage of those bold colonists fourteen hundred years ago whose calling it was to change so large a part of Celtic Britain into Teutonic England.

LECTURE III.

The First Voyage and the Second.

LET me begin the present stage of our argument by stating as strongly as may be the manifest points of difference between the colonization of Britain in the fifth and sixth centuries from the European mainland, and the colonization of America in the seventeenth century from the isle of Britain. Those differences, as I have already said, are neither few nor slight. The connexion between the English people in Britain and the English people in America is plain on the face of it. Everybody admits it; it needs no proof. That the North American States were settled by English-speaking colonists from Britain, that those States proclaim to this day the memory of the fact by keeping on the unbroken use of the English language, are points which I need not stop to make good by witnesses. I who speak and you who hear are ourselves the best witnesses to the fact. We exchange our thoughts without an interpreter; we each speak to the other in our own tongue in which we were born. I need hardly take much time to answer some arguments—I am tempted to call them cavils—which I have known brought to prove that Britain and America have ceased to speak a common language. Some small differences in accent, some small differences in vocabulary, are eagerly pressed into the service of this fallacy. I

have been gravely told that "English" and "American" are two different languages because one speaks of a "shop" and the other of a "store," because one speaks of a "railway-carriage" and the other of a "railroad-car." Now people who talk in this way cannot know the real nature of differences of language, or even of differences of dialect. Differences of this kind are not differences of language; they are not even differences of dialect. They are merely differences of local custom, often to be easily accounted for by differences of local circumstances. I have not the slightest doubt that a "store" in a newly-founded New England town differed a good deal from a "shop" in an old-standing town in the older England. It was likely to have, far more than the other had, the nature of a store in the strict sense; it was doubtless called a "store" because that was the name which best expressed what it was. I could myself greatly enlarge the list by words which I have myself heard since I came into America, but I have heard no difference of language, no difference of dialect. I can mark differences of dialect between different parts of the United States, as I can mark differences of dialect between different parts of England; but a general American dialect of English, as distinguished from a general British dialect of English, I have not marked. I have indeed marked a good many differences of local usage, not a few of which are good seventeenth-century words and uses of words which lived on here after they were dropped in Britain. I have heard one word only that did not at once convey its meaning. The word "rare," applied to meat not cooked enough, did sound really strange to me; but an eminent citizen of yours pres-

ently showed me that it had for it the authority of Dryden. And a neighbour of my own at home presently wrote to rebuke me for not knowing a word which was in daily use in the county of Somerset. But the attempt to prove difference of language from simple difference of local use proves too much. That kind of argument might be just as easily turned to show that there are half a dozen or more languages spoken in the elder England itself. A hackney-carriage is; or lately was, best known in London as a *cab*, in Birmingham as a *car*, in Manchester as a *coach*, and in most other places as a *fly*. I do not doubt that there is a real reason for every one of these small differences of usage; at any rate, there is something that savours of poetry or metaphor in the fly, and something that savours of slang in the cab. Or again, I remember a foolish man in England publishing his travels in America, and setting down as "Americanisms" the use of such words as "fall" and "bottom." I wonder whether he thought that "fall" and "bottom" were "American" words invented since the Declaration of Independence, which have taken the place of "English" words—perhaps Latin "autumn" and "valley"—which were in use before that event. Now I might very well question the fact whether "fall" and "bottom" are in any way distinctive of America. "Bottom," in much the same sense as "dale" or "combe," lives both in local nomenclature and in our common translation of the Bible; and if "fall," as a season of the year, has gone out of use in Britain, it has gone out very lately. At least, I perfectly well remember the phrase of "spring and fall" in my childhood. But I grant that, if there be this difference in the use of

words like "fall" and "bottom," it does come a degree nearer to the real difference of language or dialect than differences in the use of words like "store" and "car." "Fall" and "bottom" are words which belong to the very essence of the language. We must, from the very beginning of things, have some names for the seasons of the year and for the marked features of nature. If it could be shown that we do habitually call the mass of objects of this kind by different names, it would go some way toward proving a difference of language, or at least of vocabulary. But even then it would not go very far, unless the names used on each side were names which were altogether unintelligible on the other side. If sun, moon, and stars, earth, air, fire, and water, father and mother, son and daughter, brother and sister, ever come to be habitually called on one side of the Ocean by names which are not understood on the other side, then I shall allow that there is an English and an American language distinct from one another, but not till then.

A statesman in England, lately deceased, once spoke of the United States as a country which had borrowed its language and several other things from another country. What did he think that you, men of New England, were? It is hardly possible that he looked on the people of the United States as Red Indians who had learned English. Yet his words, taken literally, could hardly bear any other meaning. Truly there is no borrowing in the case: you did not borrow from us any more than we borrowed from you. Each division of the English folk, each on its own side of the Ocean, kept the possession which was common to both

of equal right, and, as not the least precious part of that common possession, each kept the old Teutonic mother-tongue. Men who speak different languages need an interpreter; men who speak different dialects of the same language often understand one another with difficulty, but there is commonly some intermediate form of the common tongue which they both understand with ease. But we, Englishmen of the two sides of the Ocean, are not driven to any shifts like these in holding converse with one another. We speak the same tongue, with the same grammatical forms, the same essential vocabulary. We have a common possession in the older literature of the common tongue, older than the days of separation. And we have a common possession too in the literature which since the separation has grown up on the two sides of the Ocean. English books are read in America, American books are read in England, not as books belonging to a foreign literature, but as parts of a literature which is equally at home in both lands. Between good writing and speaking in England and good writing and speaking in America, there is, I maintain, no difference whatever in point of language, strictly so called. That there should be a certain local flavour about each, a certain style and taste and manner, which may show to which side of the Ocean the writer or speaker belongs, is in no way wonderful, in no way matter of blame on either side. But differences of this kind are not real differences of language. Nor is it at all wonderful if bad writers in England and bad writers in America should sometimes be bad with different and characteristic kinds of badness. That proves nothing

for the present argument; it proves no more than the doctrine which was old in the days of Aristotle, that there is only one way of being right, but that there are many ways of being wrong. The truth that there is not even a dialectic difference between the tongue of Middle England and the tongue of New England may better come home to you if you compare the case of British and American English with a case of real dialectic difference. Take the case of the Northern and Southern types of English within Britain itself. In the last century—it may even have been so within the present century—a literary Scotsman habitually used two dialects of the same tongue. He spoke his own natural tongue, the Northern form of English, a much truer and purer form of English than the Southern English which we speak. But he wrote, or tried to write, Southern English, according to the received models of Southern English. And this he did consciously, giving his mind of set purpose to eschew the peculiarities of his own natural dialect, and to employ in their stead the peculiarities of the dialect which formed his literary ideal. I will not insult you by supposing that a good American writer has any need to do anything of this kind. He has no need to imitate the English of Britain; he has simply to write in its purity the common language of Britain and America. To that end he will eschew all forms of speech which depart from that purity, whether they are of British or of American origin. But he has no need to eschew any forms simply as being American, or to adopt any forms simply as being British. He has simply to write the common speech, adopting whatever is good, eschewing whatever

is bad, from whichever side of Ocean the good and the bad may come.

Now, after comparing New England and Middle England in this matter, let us go back and compare Middle England and Old England. We shall now find another state of things. Allow me again to take in under the name of Old England, not merely the older Angeln or the older Saxony, but the whole Nether-Dutch-speaking coast of the European continent. Anywhere in that region, if I choose to say that the tongue is the same as the tongue of Middle and New England, I shall be saying what is perfectly true in a certain sense. But it will not be true in the same sense as that in which I say that the tongue of Middle and of New England is the same. The truth of this last proposition is not a matter of any special learning; it is not a kind of inner doctrine taken in by those only who are masters of some special learning: it is a matter of every-day experience about which every man's common sense can judge. But if I say that the tongue of Angeln, or of the Old Saxony, or of Friesland, Holland, and Flanders, is the same as the English tongue common to Britain and America, I am saying what is perfectly true as a matter of learned inquiry, but what is not true as a matter of every-day experience. The common tongue of Britain and America is not practically intelligible in those Nether-Dutch lands, and the speech of those Nether-Dutch lands is not practically intelligible in Britain and America. I say not practically intelligible; I do not say that they are utterly unintelligible to one another, like two tongues which have no kindred between them at all, or no nearer kindred than is

implied in common Aryan origin. The philologer recognizes the near kindred at a glance, and there are a crowd of stories which show that the likeness between the tongues strikes even those who are not philologers. One constantly hears stories how an Englishman in Flanders or Holland, or even in Denmark, contrived, while speaking his own tongue, to make himself understood by the men of the land. But tales like these are always told as something remarkable, something which we are expected to be rather surprised at hearing. The truth is that the Nether-Dutch of the European mainland and the Nether-Dutch—that is, the English—of Britain and America have long ceased to be mutually intelligible, but that they can again become mutually intelligible under certain circumstances. I can believe that it may happen through happy accident. I can believe the story of the Englishman in Holland—how he wanted warm water—how he found that, when he asked over and over again for *eau chaude*, nothing came of it—how he at last cried out "warm water" in a kind of despair, and then the thing that he wanted was at once brought to him. I know by experience that, in the city of Hamburg, where, though the polite and literary speech is High-Dutch, the natural speech of the people is Nether-Dutch, if you speak English slowly and carefully, choosing your words well and uttering them distinctly, you will be understood by a common man in the streets of the Hanseatic city. But you will not—at least I did not—understand what our Nether-Dutch kinsman says back again, because he will not pick his words carefully or utter them slowly. Practically therefore the two languages are no longer one. Practically

they have become two languages. They have passed the stage of dialectic difference. They are for practical purposes mutually unintelligible, and there is no third or intermediate form of speech which is intelligible to both. The tongues have no common literature. He who speaks one of them by nature, and wishes to read books in the other, must learn that other tongue as a foreign language. The unity of speech between Middle England and New is an unity of every-day usage which every man can feel and understand. The unity of speech between Old England and Middle is merely an unity of philological curiosity which it needs special teaching to feel and understand.

I might carry on this same kind of contrast through many points of detail, the result of all of which would be to show in the same way that there has been for ages a division between the English in Britain and their nearest kinsfolk on the European continent of quite another kind from the division which parts the English in America from the English in Britain. This wide difference is owing to the widely different circumstances under which the earlier and the later colony was founded. First of all, the settlement of the English in Britain took place fourteen hundred years ago; the settlement of the English in America took place less than three hundred years ago. It is only natural, from a mere reckoning of years, that the earlier colony should have parted off much more widely from the metropolis than the later colony has done. But the mere reckoning of years is not all; it might so happen that three hundred years should work a greater amount of change than fourteen hundred. The

real cause is to be found, not so much in the mere difference in the number of years as in the fact that the later settlement was the work of a nation which had long been fully formed, while the earlier settlement was the work of a people whose national being was not yet fully formed, or, rather, whose national being derived its fully developed shape from the fact of the settlement itself. At the time of the English settlement in Britain, the consciousness of distinct national life could hardly have begun among the Nether-Dutch people; their language, their institutions, were still only forming, not yet formed; their literature, if it had begun, was still only a literature of traditional poems, and it was presently to receive a deadly blow through the teaching of Christianity. A part of this young and unformed people parted off from the general mass to occupy seats in a new land. The colonists who were thus parted from their motherland did not forget whence they had come; but, in the nature of things, they could not keep up the same connexion with that motherland which the colonists of the seventeenth century, no less naturally, did keep up with theirs. And to the simple minds of the fifth and sixth centuries the thought never suggested itself that Angles and Saxons who left the mainland to settle in Britain owed any political allegiance to the old Angeln or the old Saxony on the mainland.

But nothing tended so greatly to part off the earlier settlers from their motherland as the nature of the land in which they made their settlement. Their colonies were planted in Britain; that is, in an island, in a great island, an island which was traditionally looked on as another world. There is no fact in the whole history of

our people more important than the fact that our first great settlement was made in an island. No migration to any other part of the continent could have had the same consequences as our migration from the continent to the isle of Britain. At an early stage of our national life, we planted ourselves in a new world, carrying with us our infant tongue, our infant institutions, all the elements out of which national life grows. In that new world they grew up to their first perfection. The English of Britain first became a nation within the four seas of Britain. Our insular position determined our history and determined our national character. All the circumstances of their later history tended to separate the insular and the continental branches of the Nether-Dutch stock. The insular Teutons, settling in an island from which Roman rule had passed away, and who had to make and to defend their settlement by long wars against a stubborn and restless enemy, lived quite another historic life from any of their fellows. Their position was equally unlike that of the Teutons who abode on Teutonic soil and that of the Teutons who made far easier settlements in the provinces of the Roman Empire. In their island world the English lived on, severed from their continental kinsfolk and placed out of reach of the chief influences which affected them. They grew up apart, remaining in many things more strictly Teutonic than their continental kinsfolk, needing a twofold conquest, spiritual and temporal, to bring them in any measure within the verge of the Latin world of Europe. And, when the Romance influence came upon England, it came in a shape in which it never affected any other of the kindred lands. For it came in the form of a con-

quest, but a conquest of so peculiar a character that in the end it rather strengthened the national life than weakened it. The English of Britain, in short, were parted at so early a stage from the English of the continent that their history took a wholly distinct course. They grew up as a wholly distinct people, keeping up a constant intercourse with some of the kindred nations, but only the intercourse of strangers and foreigners, of men of another nation and another speech.

In opposition to all this, the second migration of the English folk, the migration which made a large part of the North American continent an English land, was made when the English nation was in every sense fully formed, when its language, its literature, its institutions, had put on their distinct and characteristic shapes. There was no need for a new nation to be formed out of as yet unformed elements; there was no need for new institutions to be developed out of unformed germs; there was at most an existing nation to undergo a geographical and political cleaving asunder, but with no further change than was involved in that geographical and political cleaving asunder. The English settlers in America did not, according to the strange delusion of the statesman whom I quoted some time back, borrow the laws, language, and institutions of some other country; they took with them, ready made, from their old to their new country, their own laws, language, and institutions, which were equally their own in the old country and in the new. Some things doubtless needed to be changed by reason of the mere change from an island in the old world to a continent in the new; some things again needed to be modified when the colonies of England be-

came more truly colonies of England by independence. But all such changes were in truth reforms of an old fabric, not the creation of a new fabric. The work was already done; the fabric was already reared; the English nation had been formed and had waxed to its full growth on British soil; there was no need, no possibility, that another nation in the same sense, or in any sense but the strictly political sense, should grow up on American soil. The old tongue, the old memories, the old life, lived on in both the divided branches of the English nation. There could not be, the facts of history would not allow that there should be, the same amount of change, the same amount of separation, between the second England and the third as the facts of earlier history had wrought between the first England and the second.

And yet there are not lacking some points of direct likeness between the older and the later settlements. I have spoken of the insular position of the English in Britain as having had no small effect on their history and national character. Shall you be surprised if I say that a position not wholly unlike in some respects has had no small effect on the history and national character of the English in America? Looking on the map, on the vast extent of the North American continent, and considering further how few, compared with some other parts both of the old and the new world, are the islands of any size which lie along your coasts, I can hardly call the United States an insular power. But I shall hardly be wrong in calling them an isolated power. You live in a world of your own, as the English did

when they first left the continent for the great island. You are as distinctly the first power in your own world as the elder English were the first power in their own world. And if we overleap mere political boundaries,—if we take in all the English-speaking inhabitants of North America, both in the lands which have become truly a new England and in the lands which still lag behind that standard—North America is so pre-eminently an English land that its other inhabitants, whether remnants of earlier races or settlers from other parts of the old world, seem something exceptional beside its English-speaking people. So it was in the isle of Britain itself. The kingdom of England—after the union of many small kingdoms and principalities had formed the kingdom of England—was not the only English power in the isle of Britain. The kingdom of Scotland, often politically the enemy of England, was still practically an English kingdom; among the three elements in the population of Scotland, it was its English element, the men of Teutonic Lothian, that made Scotland all that it historically became. In measuring Teutonic settlement and Teutonic influence in Britain, we must take into our reckoning, not only the kingdom of England politically so called, but also the dominant English element in Scotland. And, taking in the two, the Teuton becomes distinctly dominant throughout the island; the Celt is something exceptional. Thus, alike in the European island and in the American continent, the English settlers were predominant in a world of their own. In both they were dominant; in both they were isolated. Neither had, like the nations of continental Europe, powers of equal rank, but foreign in every sense of the

word, close on their borders. Neither has ever known the experience of lands like France, Germany, and Italy, which have had to live with other great nations, alien and rival nations, marching on them through a long frontier. The English people, both in Britain and in America, would most likely have been in some things a different kind of people if they had gone through that experience. And if our Nether-Dutch kinsfolk on the European mainland have not gone through altogether the same experience as France, Germany, or Italy, it has been from a cause exactly opposite to those which affected us in Britain and in America. Their fate was ruled, not by isolation, but by lack of isolation. They have had too many neighbours, and neighbours often too strong for them. In the long line of their coast, some of them passed under the rule of France and some under the rule of Denmark. The greater part has been merged in the closely-allied, but still quite distinct, speech and nationality of the High-German. On the whole continent of Europe there is left only one independent land wholly and avowedly of the Nether-Dutch speech and kin. That land is one with which Englishmen both in Europe and in America have had much to do both in war and in peace. We sent them Wilfrith to preach to them the faith and Sidney to die for their freedom. And they sent us William of Orange, if not to die, yet to live for ours. And, on this side of the Ocean, as I have already pointed out, they were the original settlers of the greatest city and of one of the greatest States of your Union. The truest representative of the oldest England on the European continent is the modern kingdom of the Neth-

erlands, once famous by the more glorious name of the Seven United Provinces.

I have sometimes been asked, in a kind of mockery, whether I should wish the history of England or the language of England to have been the same as the history and the language of the Netherlands. The question is commonly put with reference to the effects of the Romance element in England—above all, to the effects of the Norman Conquest. If there had been no Norman Conquest, or if Romance influences had not made their way into England in some other shape, England, we are told—and therefore, remember, America too—would have been no more in the world than the Netherlands have been. Our tongue would have been no more harmonious, our literature would have been no greater, than the one independent Nether-Dutch language and literature now to be found on the mainland of Europe. Now this kind of comparison savours a little of that kind of condescending benevolence toward the rest of the world of which I remember a good instance in a child's story. A child points out to his mother that a man who is passing by is a Frenchman. The mother answers, "Yes, poor man; but he can't help it." I do not suppose that any of us here, from whichever side of the Ocean, would wish to change either with the Frenchman or with the Hollander. But I do not know that that proves of itself any inherent superiority on our part over the Frenchman or the Hollander. It is quite possible that he would be just as unwilling to change with any of us, and we should not like the inference that might thence be drawn the other way. I certainly think—and you,

countrymen of Motley, may be inclined to think with me—that the history of the Netherlands is not quite so contemptible as the question which I have quoted seems to imply. Still I freely allow that I should not wish to exchange the history of England for the history of the Netherlands. But I should be neither offended nor astonished if the Hollander proved just as little willing to exchange his national history for mine. About the language I cannot speak so freely. I know next to nothing of the language, and nothing at all of the literature. My very small dabblings in continental Nether-Dutch have been made in other dialects of the common tongue. But I believe the popular notion is that the Nether-Dutch of Holland and the other six provinces is a grotesque kind of language, something like English, something like German, but not exactly like either, and that it is to be looked on as something queer and outlandish, because it is not exactly like either. Now I cannot admit that every Teutonic language is necessarily bound to conform to one or other of two types, English and High-German. The tongue of Holland may surely have struck out a line of its own, and it may be just as good in its own line as the tongues of the two greater countries on each side of it. As for the literature, it is not in the nature of things that the literature of the Seven Provinces should hold the same place in the world's esteem as the literature of England or France, of Germany or Italy. He who speaks in the tongue of Holland does not speak to the same vast audience of men of his own tongue as he does who speaks the tongue of England; still less does he speak to the same audience of men of tongues not his own as he does who speaks

the tongue of France. He thereby loses one great incitement to excellence; he knows that it is only within a very narrow range that he can be listened to. But why may not a poet, an orator, or an historian, in the Nether-Dutch tongue of Holland, in himself and for his own people, be as good a poet, orator, or historian, as if he wrote in English or French or High-German? I will not here enter on the question of the good or bad effect of the Romance infusion into our language. But the analogy of other tongues seems to show that a state on the scale of England would in any case, with or without any alien infusion, have developed for itself a literature on a different scale, so to speak, from the literature of the Seven Provinces. And this at least I know, that there is nothing grotesque or contemptible, nothing unworthy of being the vehicle of the very greatest literature, in the tongue of England before the Romance infusion made its way into it. Have we not our Homer after Homer in the heroic lay of Beowulf? Have we not our Milton before Milton in the sacred song of Cædmon?

But all this is not the real answer to such questions as whether England, left to her own Teutonic being, without any Romance elements brought in by conquerors or others, would not have been as Holland now is. Now if it is ruled to be so specially sad a fate to be as Holland, I admit, as fully as my questioner can wish to imply, that the greatest case of Romance influence in England, the Norman Conquest of England, effectually saved us from being as Holland. I fully admit, in the words of Gibbon, that England was a gainer by the Norman Conquest. But I must be allowed to put my

own meaning on Gibbon's words. What that meaning is I hope to show hereafter. I will here only state my paradox. I believe that we have been, in the long run, more Teutonic, more truly English, than if Romance-speaking invaders had left us to ourselves. I believe that it is largely owing to the Norman Conquest that we, on both sides of Ocean, may fairly boast ourselves as a greater and truer representative of the old Nether-Dutch stock than any nation now left on the European mainland. That doctrine, that paradox, I have maintained in five large volumes; I have also maintained it in one very small volume indeed.

But the question, captious as it is, at least assumes my main point. It assumes that the English people is a Teutonic people, a Nether-Dutch people, a kindred people with the men of Holland and with all other men of the Nether-Dutch stock on the European mainland. It is strange that one should have to argue such a point as this, that one should have to go about to prove that we are ourselves and not somebody else. But there are so many odd confusions about in the world that it may be needful, for the ten thousandth time, to say something about this matter also. I may not unlikely be told—it will be very far from the first time, if I am—that we are not ourselves, that we are hardly so much as somebody else, that we are, in truth, nobody in particular; in other words, that we are a mixed race. Now in a certain sense this is true; all races are mixed; no nation in the world ever was, or ever will be, or ever can be, of absolutely pure descent; there is none which does not number some members, many members, who

do not come of the original stock by blood, but who belong to it only by the law of adoption. If we wish to establish the purity of descent of any people by that kind of physical proof which would satisfy the physiologist, or that kind of legal proof which would satisfy the genealogist, we shall not find it in the case of the English people; but then we shall not find it in the case of any other people. If this kind of proof is needed, we may give up talking about races and nations altogether; we may give up all national feelings, all national pride, all national traditions. But, if we admit the law of adoption, all becomes clear. Here is a certain collection of men called a nation, presumably—for we can get no further—of kindred blood in the first instance. The nation is marked off by the common marks of a nation, above all by the possession of a common language. In process of time this society admits, one by one, or at all events in numbers which bear no proportion to its own, certain adoptive members. They come in, possibly by adoption in the strictest sense, perhaps by conquest, perhaps by migration. And the conquest may be either conquest wrought or conquest undergone; migration too, like conquest, may happen either way—that is, the nation may adopt some members from the people in whose land it settles, and it may adopt other members from among those who at a later stage settle in its land. Such adoptive members are adopted in the sense of the old Roman law of adoption, when a Roman citizen chose to himself a son out of another Roman *gens*. They become for all practical purposes part of the nation; they accept its language, its feelings, its traditions; in a generation or two they are lost in its general mass; they

become undistinguishable in any way from the hereditary members of the body into which they are adopted. If such adoption as this is held to destroy the purity of a nation, then it is no use talking about nations at all. Every nation has gone through the processes of which we have just spoken in a greater or less degree. And the greater part the nation has played in the general affairs of the world, the more largely its history has affected the history of any other nations, the more largely will it be found to have gone through them. Absolute purity of blood, I repeat, will be found nowhere; but the nearest approaches to it must be looked for among those nations which have played the least figure in history, those which have moved least, those which have had least effect on the history of other nations. The Basques must be a nearly unmixed people; so must those Albanians who have not migrated into Greece; so, I should think, must have been the old Prussians, till the Teutonic Knights ate them up. Among nations of higher historic fame, the Norwegians must have received a smaller infusion of foreign blood than most other European nations, simply because, for a good many centuries past, they have played only a secondary part in Europe. And, judged by this standard, the English must certainly rank among the more mixed nations; we cannot claim the approximate purity of Basques and Albanians. All the various forms of adoption have been largely practised and largely undergone by the English people—some in their third home, some in their second, some, I do not doubt, in their first home also. In this sense we must plead guilty to being a mixed race; we must admit the crime, if crime it be, of having on both sides of the Ocean turned many

men into Englishmen who were not Englishmen by natural descent.

But we may now fairly ask whether we are more mixed than those other nations of Europe who have played an equal part in general history. Let us compare ourselves with two of the foremost. We cannot take a place alongside of the Basques and the Albanians; let us see how we stand alongside of the Germans and the French. I assert fearlessly that we are not more mixed than the Germans, and that we are a great deal less mixed than the French. If this last fact is held to prove that the French are a greater people than either Germans or English, then the Frenchman in my child's story is avenged: the Germans and the English, poor fellows, cannot help it. We are told that the English are not a pure Teutonic people, because, in the course of the conquest of Britain, they must have assimilated many men of British, some perhaps of Roman, blood. But look at the map of Germany. Look at it in the fourth century, when the German lands west of the Rhine and south of the Danube are still thick with Roman cities. Did no Roman blood, no Celtic blood, no blood of the earlier inhabitants, whoever they may have been, find its way into the veins of the Teutonic conquerors who won or won back those lands for Germany? Look again to the east in the days of Charles the Great and later still. See all the lands east of the Elbe, and some to the west of it, occupied by the Slavonic nations. To this day there are large districts within the German Empire whose speech is still Slavonic, and German-speaking lands are still ruled by dukes who can trace up an undoubted pedi-

gree to old Slavonic kings. And the Prussians too, whose name so large a part of Germany has consented to take, surely some of them must have been Teutonized; they cannot every one have been devoured. No one, I think, can doubt that the amount of Slavonic blood among the modern Germans must be far greater than the amount of Celtic blood among the modern English in Britain and America. Yet, in the teeth of all this, the Germans are Germans; they are, for all essential and practical purposes, a Teutonic people. Celts, Slaves, Prussians, have become Germans; the Germans have not become Celts or Slaves, or, in anything but name, Prussians. And within the Teutonic pale, crowds of men of our own immediate branch of the great stock, men of the Nether-Dutch stock—Englishmen, that is, who stayed behind—have, for all practical purposes, passed over from the Nether-Dutch stock to the High. But as the modern Germans, notwithstanding admixture from outside, are still a Teutonic people, so, notwithstanding admixture from inside, they are still a High-German people. And, if we have thus to speak of Germany, what shall we say of France? Surely that very eminent German writer who called the French a mixed folk—a *Mischvolk*—in a very special sense said no more than the truth. Here is a people of whom we see at the first glance that their name comes from one source and their tongue from another, while their blood must come mainly from a third source or from many other sources. The people of Gaul have learned the tongue of one set of conquerors; they have taken the name of another. Save in a few corners, the whole land has adopted the tongue of the Roman, and the land and its folk alike

have taken the name of the Teutonic Frank. But the great mass of the French people must spring, neither from Franks nor from Romans, but from those who were in the land before Franks or Romans came into it. And who were they? Celts, we may be sure, in the greater part of the land, but by no means in all. South of the Loire, still more south of the Garonne, we are in lands which have absolutely nothing in common with the northern parts of Gaul, except the facts that they were united under Roman rule and that they have been united again in later times. In northern Gaul the people must be mainly Celts, with a considerable infusion of Frankish blood; in southern Gaul they must be largely Iberians, Ligurians, other nations who are neither Celtic, Roman, nor Teutonic, with a much slighter infusion of Gothic and Burgundian blood. Add again Teutonic infusions of other kinds—add the Germans who in Cæsar's day were already on the left bank of the Rhine, the Nether-Dutch settlements which once pressed far to the south of all that for some ages has been called Flanders, the Saxon settlements in various parts of northern Gaul, and the greater Scandinavian settlement which grew into the duchy of Normandy,—all this gives us a picture of a mixture of blood which I must think far surpasses anything to be found in either England or Germany. I believe that the French are, even as a matter of blood, far more mixed, far more truly to be called a *Mischvolk*, than either the Germans or the English. I am certain that the name is more truly to be applied to them in another sense which concerns me more.

Let us start again from our doctrine that, while some nations come nearer to purity of blood than others,

none is of absolutely pure blood, that all have, in a greater or less degree, been recruited by adoption. Now on adoption follows assimilation. The adopted members of the family conform to the standard of the hereditary members. I am far from saying that the presence of the adopted members exercises no influence on the body into which they are adopted; but the body into which they are adopted exercises an incalculably greater influence on them. They are incorporated, man by man, company by company, into a greater pre-existing body, by which they are absorbed. But that pre-existing body may have been formed in different ways. In our days and for some centuries back, no nation in Europe has had a more distinct national being and national character than the French. And it has had also a most remarkable power of attraction; lands inhabited by men of other races and other tongues have been largely contented to merge themselves in France. This tendency has doubtless helped to make the French yet more of a *Mischvolk* than before; but the body into which Provence and Franche Comté and Elsass and Savoy have in different ages been incorporated, was a *Mischvolk* already. When strictly French history begins in the tenth century, we already see a nation whose national being is made up of three elements. As a matter of descent, it must have been more Celtic than anything else. As a matter of language, it was Roman. French is essentially a Latin tongue; it contains a Teutonic infusion far greater than might be thought at first sight, but it contains no Celtic infusion worth speaking of, nor does the Teutonic infusion interfere with the essentially Latin character of the language. As a mat-

ter of national name, as a matter of political history, this same body is Teutonic. France is historically one of the powers which arose out of the break-up of the great Teutonic dominion of the Franks. It is one of those two parts of that dominion in which the Frankish name lived on. The later annexations of France were thus incorporated into a body which had been formed out of mingled elements, a body which may be called by different names according to the point of view from which it is looked at—a body which the ethnologer proper would most likely call mainly Celtic, which the philologer proper must call Latin, which the strictly political historian can call nothing but Teutonic. The people of the lands which were annexed by France in later times did not become either Celts or Romans or Teutons; they were merged in that compound essence which had been formed by the mixture of Celtic, Roman, and Teutonic elements; they became Frenchmen.

The point on which I have been insisting in this last stage of my argument is that, in the case of the French people, the adopting and assimilating body itself is a compound body formed out of several elements. We cannot say that the assimilating body was itself formed by assimilation; it was formed by another process. The Romans did no doubt largely assimilate the Celts and and other original inhabitants of Gaul; but we cannot say that these artificial Romans either assimilated their Teutonic conquerors or were assimilated by them. We cannot say either that they absorbed the Franks or that they were absorbed by them. In short, the three elements in Gaul, the three elements which go to make up the modern French nationality, have been fused together

without assimilation. The result is a fourth thing, different from any of the three. We cannot even say that any one of the three elements is dominant. Not one has given its own prevailing character to the whole. Any one of the three may be said to be dominant, according to the point of view from which the whole is looked at.

Now I maintain that this process by which the French people was formed, as it has nothing answering to it in the case of the German people, has nothing answering to it in the case of the English. With regard to the German people, it is hardly needful to carry on the argument any further. With them we may take the position for granted; the tendency of error is rather to look on the German nation as being less mixed than it is. Having brought in other nations by way only of illustration, let us go on with ourselves. I maintain that we are not a *Mischvolk* like the French. I hold that, though we have largely practised the law of adoption, though we have, on both sides of the Ocean, adopted many who were not our own by birth, though we may have been to some extent modified by those whom we adopted, yet the adopting and assimilating body has been itself a distinct unity, not a compound body like that union of Celtic, Roman, and Teutonic elements which formed the French people. I maintain that, though we have received several infusions from outside, yet there are no co-ordinate elements in the kernel of our nationality, in the body which adopts and assimilates that which is infused. We are not a purely Teutonic people, because no people is purely anything. But our kernel is purely Teutonic; whatever we have received from outside has been assimilated and absorbed into a Teutonic body. The Celt of Gaul has

never changed his home, but on his own soil he has adopted the speech of the Roman and the name of the Frank. We have all of us changed our home once; some of us have changed it twice. But in none of our three homes have we ever cast aside our national language; in none of them, I hope I may say, have we ever cast aside our national name.

On the early history of our language I mean to speak more fully at another stage. At present I will only ask you to bear in mind the distinction between change of language and change within a language. All languages change; they change in two ways: they change by the changes within the language itself, such as the wearing out of inflexions, the cutting down of words to a shorter form. They change also by taking in words from other languages. No language is wholly free from changes of both these kinds, though some languages have been much more largely affected by them than others. In most cases, by dint of the two, languages change so much that, after a reasonable time, say a thousand years or so, the elder form becomes unintelligible, and has to be learned like another language. For practical purposes it has become another language; but in the eyes of the philologer and the historian it is still the same. Nothing has happened to change what we may call its personal identity; it has changed, but only as a man changes in passing from infancy to old age; it remains the same language in the same sense that the new-born babe and the hoary grey-beard are the same man. In this sense we have never changed our language; in this sense the tongue of Hengest and Cerdic and the tongue of Glad-

stone and Garfield is the same tongue. The change has been great; but it has been wholly a change within the language itself; we have never cast aside one language and taken to another. We have never done as the Celts and Iberians of Gaul did when they cast aside their native Celtic and Iberian tongues, and took to the Latin tongue instead. We have never done, as a large part of the inhabitants of the British islands have done, when they cast aside their Welsh and Irish speech and took to English instead. Bear this in mind: however much the English tongue has changed, however great an infusion of foreign words it may have received, yet at no period of our history did it supplant any other tongue; at no period of our history was it ever supplanted by any other tongue. And if you bear this in mind, I think you will see that it was something more than a question of words when I insisted on the necessity of calling that tongue by one and the same name from its earliest stages to its latest. If we call it by one name up to a certain year, and by some other name after that year, we disguise the fact that the historical identity of the language has never been broken. And compound languages do not exist at all. Even a compound nation like the French does not speak a compound language. The Latin speech of Gaul took in a large Teutonic infusion; but it remains a Latin speech. The English speech of Britain took in a yet larger Romance infusion; but it remains a Teutonic speech.

The first migration then of the English people, the migration which led us from the continent of Europe to the isle of Britain, differed in many of its circumstances

from the second migration of the English people, that led some of us from the isle of Britain to the continent of America. Those differences chiefly arise from the fact that the first migration was made in the infancy of our nation, or rather that it was the migration itself which formed the nation; while the second migration was made after the nation had reached the fulness of its growth. The English nation put on its distinctive character among nations in the space of time, no short space, a thousand years and more, which passed between the two migrations. Far more change therefore naturally followed the first migration than has followed the second. But notwithstanding all this, the first and the second migration are both alike simply stages in the history of the same people. At each stage our forefathers, or some of them, sought for themselves new homes beyond the sea. And each change of home had its effect on those who made the change. But neither the migrations themselves, nor yet anything that we did or suffered in the long ages between the migrations, did anything to break the continuity of our national being, to disturb the personal identity of our national tongue. Between the first and the second England the severance has been greater; the men of the Teutonic mainland and the men of the Teutonic island have become in many things strangers. And yet they are not wholly strangers. Whether in reading the records of past times or in personally visiting the lands of our earliest dwelling, the memories of ancient brotherhood are constantly pressing themselves on the mind. Along the whole of that long coast, from the Channel to the Baltic, Flemish, Frisian, Saxon, Anglian, we feel, in a

way that we do not feel in the lands of the Romance, or even of the High-German, speech, that we are still among brethren. And we may be forgiven if, among those memories, we are sometimes tempted to exalt ourselves, and to think that the highest mission of the oldest England was to act as the starting-point for the migration which made the second. Whether the highest mission of the second England has been to act as the starting-point for the migration which made the third, I will not seek to inquire; I trust you will not lay it upon me to inquire. I trust that the second and the third England may live long enough side by side in true brotherhood to make it needless to stir up such invidious questions on either side. Let us not commit the unwisdom rebuked ages ago by the highest voice, of disputing among ourselves which should be the greatest. Let us rather hope that both may long remain great, and that each may ever rejoice in the greatness of the other. Between them at least there need be no severance, such as the events of history have wrought between both of them and the England of a yet earlier day. Though the Ocean rolls between them, as the sea rolled between Corinth and Syracuse, between Phôkaia and Massalia, yet, as Corinth and Syracuse, Phôkaia and Massalia, were all alike members of the one Hellenic body, so the scattered members of the English folk, parted in place, parted in polity, but not parted in heart or speech, should, in all times and in all places, remember that the English folk is one.

LECTURE IV.

The Oldest England and the Second.

I ONCE heard of an audience who, in listening to a speaker, waited for the end of his exordium, but the end of his exordium did not come. In other words, he broke off in the middle of his speech, and never came to the end of it. Perhaps the statement so put merely illustrates the danger of using hard words without fully grasping their meaning. I can fancy that he who thus described the disappointed hearers might, if another word had come into his head, have thought it sounded equally well to say that they waited for the end of his peroration. But I am beginning to fear that the description may be literally true of the present course of lectures. I am beginning to fear that, through three evenings' work, you have been waiting for the end of my exordium, and I am not myself quite clear that the end of my exordium is yet come. So far from having come to the beginning of the end, I am not clear that I have come to the end of the beginning. I have spent half my course on general statements and answers to possible objections. And I am not at all clear that I have got to the end of the objections even now. I will not insult the great continent to which I have lately made my way by assuming it as possible that it harbours any of the sect of the Anglo-Israelites, the sect which holds

that we are all of the stock of the Jews. But I should not say Jews either. The full developement of the doctrine traces up the English to the tribe of Ephraim and the Irish to the tribe of Dan. Now one of the prophets bids us answer a fool according to his folly; and I have always thought that to this argument it was answer enough to say that, according to another prophet, Ephraim feedeth on wind, and that John Bull has always been thought to need somewhat stronger meat. No, I will not believe that the Anglo-Israelites are other than a purely insular curiosity. If I am shown one on American soil, I shall ask to see his brother who believes that the earth is flat, and that the sun is only three miles from it. But I am followed about by visions of some enemy who may arise to say that none of us on either side of the Ocean are English after all, but that we are all of us Welsh. There is an ingenious gentleman at Liverpool of that way of thinking, and he has proved his point by finding very hard Welsh derivations for the easiest English words. Those who understand the Celtic tongues better than I, perhaps better than the Liverpool gentleman, tell me that some of his ancient Welsh turns out to be modern Irish; but I suppose that does not greatly matter when a man has got tight hold of a theory. Now as this theory is, at all events, one degree less absurd than that of the Anglo-Israelites, and as the communication between Liverpool and the United States is very direct—only just stopping at Queenstown to take in an Irish derivation or two—it did strike me as possible that this form of error may have managed to straggle across the Ocean, while I cannot bring myself to believe that there is a single Anglo-Israelite in

the New World. But I will not formally argue against the votary of the Briton, any more than against the votary of the Hebrew. I will state my own case, and the grounds on which it rests, if indeed I shall not show some disrespect to my hearers by even stating the grounds of a case which is so perfectly plain.

We have now got halfway through our journey; and it is time that we should try and call up some more definite notion of the first great journey of the English folk across the sea. I lay a special stress on this last word. If the second journey was made by sea, that was in no sort wonderful. That the colonies of England from the seventeenth century onwards were made by sea is involved in the insular position of England. But the special insular position of England is only a stronger case of the general position of the colonizing powers of Europe. Portugal, the leader in the work, Spain, France, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, have all colonized by sea. They could not colonize in any other way. There is only one European power which can colonize in any other way. The peculiar geographical position of Russia has enabled that power, first to annex a vast Asiatic dominion marching immediately on its European territory, and then to make its way into America, not by crossing the Atlantic toward the west, but by crossing a strait of the Pacific toward the east. That Russian territory in America has now been added to the possessions of the English-speaking folk; but the English-speaking folk could never have reached it in the first instance in that peculiar way in which it was perfectly natural for Russia to reach it. But it would seem that the other way of coming has answered better for

36955

the planting of new nations of European descent on the soil of the New World. No new Russian nation has, so to speak, crept into America by the way of Behring's Strait. But a new English nation, a new Portuguese nation, and more than one new Spanish nation, still stand on American ground. A new French nation has arisen, to yield its place to the colonists of England, dependent and independent. And all these outlying European nations have been formed within the two great peninsulas of the New World by the process of boldly crossing the Atlantic westward.

Now why do I call your attention to anything so obvious as this? I do it for this reason. The migration from the first England to the second, and the migration from the second England to the third, were alike made by sea. But the mode of migration which was natural, and even necessary, in the seventeenth century was altogether exceptional in the fifth. In the whole course of the Wandering of the Nations, the only great Teutonic settlement made by sea within the Roman Empire, or within lands which had lately been part of the Roman Empire, was the settlement of the Angles and Saxons in Britain. They settled by sea: Goths, Vandals, Franks, Burgundians, settled by land. I shall hardly have it thrown in my teeth that the Vandals passed into Africa by sea; their passage was not a long one, and they had already passed into Spain by land. The cause of the difference is obvious: Gaul, Spain, Italy, could be reached by land; the isle of Britain could not. But the results of the difference are great indeed. They amount simply to this, that there is to this day an English tongue in the world, and an English folk to

speak it. Where is the Goth in Gaul, in Spain, and Italy? There is not so much as a name on the map to give an answer even to our eyes. Where is the Burgundian? Where is the Frank? The names of both abide; the name of one of them is still the name of a mighty nation. But ask them to give an account of themselves in our ears, and they can give it only in a tongue which is still essentially the tongue of Rome. But, alike in Middle England and in New, the English name abides, and the English tongue abides with it. The Goth and the Frank, the people of Ataulf and the people of Hlodwig, have been lost for ages among the greater mass of those whom they subdued, but did not drive out. But the Angle and the Saxon, merged together under the common English name, but never merged in the mass of those whom they subdued, still abide within the bounds within which they did something more than subdue. Where they settled, they drove out; where they never thoroughly settled, the older inhabitants of the land abide beside them. In the isle of Britain, if the Englishman is there, the Briton is there too, still speaking his ancient tongue within no inconsiderable part of his ancient land. From Gaul the tongue of Vercingetorix and the tongue of Hlodwig have both passed away. Or, at the very most, a tongue which may have been that of Vercingetorix has been kept alive in a corner by settlements from Britain. The tongue of Cæsar is still the speech of the land. It has indeed gone through great changes, but it has never been cast aside or exchanged for another tongue. But the isle of Britain knows not the tongue of Cæsar in either its older or its newer shape. The speech of the land is the tongue of Hengest and Cerdic. It has indeed

gone through great changes, but it has never been cast aside or exchanged for another tongue. And by its side the tongue of Arthur and Cadwalader abides, the speech of no small remnant of that elder folk of the land against which Hengest and Cerdic had to wage so stern a warfare.

In these last words lies the root of the matter. The Teutonic settlers in Britain had to wage a long and stern warfare with the elder folk of the land, because the land was an island and because the Teutonic settlers therefore came to it by sea. In that age, as in every other, the insular position of Britain has determined the character and history of the land and its people. Because Britain was an island, because the Teutonic invaders came by sea, the Teutonic invaders were quite another kind of people from the Teutonic invaders of Gaul and Spain. For the same cause, the people whom the Angles and Saxons found in Britain were quite another kind of people from those whom the Goths, Franks, and Burgundians found in Gaul and Spain.

Let us stop for a moment to call up such a picture as we can of our earliest forefathers when they made their first great voyage. It is not a very clear or full picture that we can draw; it will be largely a negative picture: but that our picture is not clear or full, that it is largely negative, is one of the most important features of our case. Our very ignorance is part of our knowledge; the very little that we know of our own forefathers, as compared with the other Teutonic nations who were changing their dwelling-places at the same time, goes far to show the wide differences in their several positions.

So it is with those in whose land they settled themselves. Our notices of the state of Britain at the time of the English Conquest are of the most meagre kind. We have no contemporary record, English or British, of its earlier stages. We get one or two dry entries in foreign chroniclers, which show that the work was going on, but they help us to no detail. We have a British lamentation, the famous book of Gildas, belonging to a later stage of the Conquest, which gives us a general picture and the names of a few persons; but its author is too busy preaching strictly to record very many events. The narrative in the English Chronicles I believe to preserve a thoroughly trustworthy tradition; the more we test it by results, the more we compare the narrative with the country in which this and that event is placed, the more we contrast its sober statements with the wild tales of later writers, the more we are inclined to give it its full confidence. I at least, who, in my own West-Saxon home, find my own fields and my own parish bounded by a boundary drawn in the year 577, am not disposed to disbelieve the record of the events which led to the fixing of that boundary. Still, we cannot set down the English Chronicle in the fifth century as a contemporary narrative in the same sense in which it has become in the eleventh. Our records then are meagre; the records of the Teutonic conquests in other lands are hardly so full as we could wish them to be; but they are wealth compared with any materials that we have for the conquest of Britain. We should be happy indeed if we had such a portrait of Saxon Ceawlin or Anglian Æthelfrith as Sidonius Apollinaris gives us of Theodoric the West-Goth.

But, as we just said, our ignorance is our knowledge. If our own settlement had been at all of the same kind as the contemporary settlements elsewhere, we may be sure that the same kind of record would have been in being. It is because the condition of Britain was wholly different from the condition of Gaul and Spain, because the condition of the invaders of Britain was wholly different from the condition of the invaders of Gaul and Spain, that our records of the Teutonic conquest of Gaul and Spain are comparatively rich, while our records of the Teutonic conquest of Britain are so utterly meagre. The wide historic gap on one side of the Channel, while there is no gap on the other side, really teaches us more than any amount of detail could have taught us. We see that the isle of Britain had quite passed away from that general mass of the Roman dominion of which Gaul and Spain still formed parts. We see that the invaders of Britain had not been brought under the same measure of Roman influences as the Teutonic invaders of other lands. In other words, once more, Britain was an island, and its invaders came by sea.

The power of Rome, beyond the immediate Mediterranean lands, was essentially a land power. Cæsar was emphatically lord of the sea; we cannot call him lord of the Ocean. The Roman shipmen saw enough of the outer world of waters to know that Ocean was something more than a river running round the world. They had learned that men who lived on the western coast of Spain had no real chance of daily hearing the sun hiss as his fiery ball sank into the waters of the giant stream. But their oceanic voyages were of no great account, and

were wholly secondary to enterprises by land. Gaul and Spain were reached by land or by voyages across the inner sea. Britain was the only Roman province which needed any dealings with the waters of Ocean, and that only with one of his narrowest straits. Agricola is commonly believed to have sailed round the whole north of Britain, but some scholars have called this belief in question; it is certain that neither Agricola nor any one else ever brought the whole of Britain under the power of Rome. And the conquest of the other great oceanic island, the conquest of Ireland, though sometimes talked of, was never even attempted. In Germany, the land with which as yet we are more concerned than with Britain, the Roman dominion was still more thoroughly that of a land power. The lasting dominion of Rome was bounded by the Rhine and the Danube. It was bounded by those rivers, though it stretched somewhat beyond them. It stretched beyond them only so far as to keep possession of both banks, and so to make the really Roman side secure. To maintain the frontiers of the Rhine and the Danube was, from the first century to the fifth, the great object of Rome's European policy and warfare; to cross those rivers into the rich provinces of the Empire was the great longing of the independent nations of Germany. As they grew stronger, as the Empire grew weaker, their wish was carried out. Franks, Alemans, Burgundians, Suevians, a crowd of other Teutonic nations, made their way across the rivers in various characters, while the greatest name of all, the Goths, Eastern and Western, came by more roundabout paths from the eastern lands. Some came as captives, to become slaves in Roman households or to be butchered to make a Roman holiday.

Some came as plunderers, to work havoc in Roman fields and Roman cities and to carry off the spoil to their own homes. Some came as soldiers in the Roman armies, waging the wars of Rome, perhaps against their own fellows, taking Roman pay, learning Roman discipline, receiving the reward of their services in the shape of lands within the Empire of Cæsar to be held as Cæsar's liegemen. Their kings deemed themselves honoured when they bore the titles of Roman civil and military officers. They went on Cæsar's errand to win back Cæsar's lost provinces, and it was only step by step that they found out that they had become independent princes, that their followers had become independent nations, that they had in truth torn away Cæsar's cities and provinces from his rule. In all these ways, the Teutonic settlers in the Roman provinces on the mainland, if they were conquerors, were also disciples. They did not come on an errand of mere destruction. Havoc indeed often marked their course, but only such havoc as must follow the necessities or the caprices of warfare, above all of warfare where men are seeking new lands to dwell in. The Teutonic king, in occupying a Roman land, did without scruple whatever was needful to establish his own power and to reward the services of his followers. And a large amount of destruction, of confiscation, of human suffering generally, is involved in this. But there was no systematic destruction; there was no abiding warfare waged against the lives, the properties, the monuments, the laws, or the language, of the Roman inhabitants. The Teutonic conquerors, while they only half understood, still respected and admired, a civilization more advanced than their own. Rome, her

arts and her arms, her laws and her titles, had impressed their minds before they crossed her frontier; they impressed them still when they were firmly settled on Roman soil. The Roman cities lived through the storm, losing much doubtless of their ancient wealth and grandeur, but keeping on an unbroken life as Roman cities. Their inhabitants, the Roman inhabitants generally, kept their own language, laws, and customs, till, by their imitation of their Teutonic masters, by their Teutonic masters' imitation of them, the language, laws, and customs of the two were mingled together into a third state of things unlike either the purely Teutonic or the purely Roman. Step by step, more quickly in some lands, more slowly in others, conquerors and conquered were fused into a third people different from either. Instead of two nations side by side, the Teutonic Frank speaking his Teutonic tongue, the Romanized Gaul speaking his Latin tongue, there gradually grew up the one French nation, bearing a modified form of the Teutonic name, speaking a modified form of the Roman tongue. But before this a change had taken place, while the Frank was still a German, while he still spoke his unmixed Teutonic tongue as his native speech, but spoke Latin alongside of it as the tongue of government and literature, the great event took place which marked how truly the Teuton had in one sense conquered the Roman, how truly, in another sense, the Roman had conquered the Teuton. The solemn inauguration of the new state of things, the state of things in which Roman and Teuton were to have an equal share, came on that great day when the Frank Pippin received the title and power of Patrician of the Romans—on that

greater day when the Frank Charles received the crown of the Roman Empire at the hands of the Roman Bishop, amidst the rejoicing shouts of the Roman people.

Now not the least sign of the full greatness of the change is implied in the fact that the Frank king received his Roman crown at the hands of the Roman bishop. The Holy Roman Empire had begun; the Galilæan had conquered; the kingdoms of the world had become the kingdoms of the Lord; the rule of Christ and the rule of Cæsar now stretched over well nigh the same portions of the earth's surface, and Cæsar was now admitted to his office, not by the auguries which declared the will of Jove, but by the holy unction which the Church had borrowed from the practice of the elder Law. By the time that the Teutonic invasions began to grow into Teutonic settlements, Christianity had become the dominant religion in the continental provinces of the West. We must remember that the Old Rome remained pre-eminently a pagan city long after the greater part of the Empire had received the faith. The Teutonic settlers found paganism a creed all but dead, and their coming no doubt helped to stamp out what little life was left in it. For the invaders of the continental lands of the Empire were Christian invaders. Some had become proselytes before their coming; others became proselytes in the course of their coming. True, with the single exception of the Franks, all embraced Christianity in its Arian form; but, save only among the Vandals of Africa, the Catholic believers nowhere suffered any general persecution at the hands of the heretics. And gradually all, save those who

were rooted out before the work could be done, embraced the faith of their Roman subjects. All, sooner or later, accepted the religion of Rome along with her laws and her general civilization. They accepted it, not by virtue of any conversion from without, but as part of their general position as settlers in a Roman land. And in northern Gaul, above all, where the Franks accepted, not only Christianity but Catholic Christianity, in the very act of their coming, the Teutonic conquest can hardly be said to have made any change at all in the formal position of the Christian Church. The gradual effects of the change were of the highest moment, and they were by no means always to the advantage of religion. But formal change there was none; there was no gap in the records of the local churches, no break in the succession of bishops; the Roman clergy indeed gained an influence over their Teutonic converts greater than they were likely to gain over their Roman brethren. Now and then a righteous bishop might personally suffer for rebuking a wicked king; but the clerical order, as an order, undoubtedly gained in power, wealth, and influence, through the settlement of the so-called barbarians. Bishops and abbots held a far more lordly position under the Frankish king than they had ever held under the Roman Augustus.

The characteristic feature then of the Teutonic settlement in the Roman provinces of the mainland is that the amount of change that was made was far less than might have been looked for from the words "barbarian conquest." There is no blank in the record, no break in the course of things, no general beginning afresh of everything. The Roman language, the Roman law, the Roman religion, all lived on, and there can be no doubt

that the bulk of the modern population is still Roman in the sense which the Roman name bore at the time of the Frankish invasion. The Roman cities lived on with their old names, or with the names of the tribes of which they were the heads; the Roman divisions of the country lived on in the dioceses of the bishops; no general change of nomenclature spread over the smaller places; the Teutonic names, where there are any, belong mainly to a later time, and may be accounted for by special causes. In particular districts, chiefly those near the old frontier, the amount of change was certainly greater than elsewhere. The cause is obvious. The nearer the invader came to the centre of the land, the more fully could he be brought under Roman influences, the less would he be inclined to play the part of a mere destroyer. But the general picture is as I have drawn it, and it is not a picture of universal havoc and rooting up. The Teutonic settlement in Gaul and Spain wrought far more change through the gradual working of the new causes which it set at work than it wrought by the immediate results of the actual work of conquest. To sum all up in a word, the land kept its Christian faith and its Roman speech, and its conquerors embraced both.

Now all this could be, because the conquerors were conquerors who pressed in step by step by land, who, before they settled on Roman ground, were familiar with all that was Roman both in war and peace, who admired and respected what they were familiar with, who at each step as they advanced learned more what Rome and her work was, and admired and respected more as they learned more. It was conquest, barbarian conquest if

you will, but it was something very different from the sudden sweeping down on a civilized land of conquerors by whom civilization was utterly unknown and despised. To be conquered by Goths and Franks was another thing from being conquered by Huns or Avars. It was also, as we may now go to see, another thing from being conquered by Angles and Saxons.

To judge of the difference, look first for one moment at the modern map of England and the modern map of France. In one sense the French map is the most modern-looking of the two. For it will show you a land divided into very modern departments, while the English map will show you a land divided into very ancient shires or counties. The one shows you the divisions of the eighteenth century, younger by far than the older States of your own land; the other shows you divisions of which, in England proper, two or three only are later than the tenth century. But go one step below the surface, and you will see how ancient is the real local nomenclature of France, how comparatively recent is that of England. Of the English shires, very few keep names older than the English conquest; Kent indeed keeps its British name, as Massachusetts keeps its Indian name; but, as a rule, the older English shires bear names taken from the circumstances of the conquest, and the later ones are called after towns, many of them of later foundation than the conquest. The nomenclature of the French cities, towns, villages, is mainly handed on from days before the Teutonic conquest, while in England nearly every name, save those of the rivers and of a few great cities, is purely Teutonic.

In most parts the names are strictly English; in some parts they were given at the later coming of the Danes; nowhere are they British or Roman, save in certain districts owing to certain special causes. Crowds of places bear descriptive Teutonic names; crowds of places bear the names of Teutonic tribes; crowds of places bear the names of personal Teutonic settlers. Except in certain lands affected by special causes, France has nothing like this to show. A glance at the map shows that the mass of the local nomenclature of England begins with the Teutonic conquest, while the mass of the local nomenclature of France is older than the Teutonic conquest. And, if we turn from the names on the map to the living speech of men, there is the most obvious, but the most important, of all facts, the fact that Englishmen speak English and that Frenchmen speak French. That is to say, in Gaul the speech of Rome lived through the Teutonic conquest, while in Britain it perished in the Teutonic conquest, if it had not passed away before. And behind this is the fact, very much less obvious, a good deal less important, but still very important, that in Gaul tongues older than Latin live on only in corners as mere survivals, while in Britain, while Latin has utterly vanished, a tongue older than Latin still lives on as the common speech of an appreciable part of the land.

Here then is the final result open to our own eyes. And it is a final result which could not have come to pass unless the Teutonic conquest of Britain had been something of an utterly different character from the Teutonic conquest of Gaul—unless the amount of change, of destruction, of havoc of every kind, above all, of slaughter and driving out of the existing inhab-

itants, had been far greater in Britain than it was in Gaul. If the Angles and Saxons in Britain had been only as the Goths in Spain, or even as the Franks in Gaul, it is inconceivable that the final results should have been so utterly different in the two cases. There is the plain fact: Gaul remained a Latin-speaking land; England became a Teutonic-speaking land. The obvious inference is that, while in Gaul the Teutonic conquest led to no general displacement of the inhabitants, in England it did lead to such a general displacement. In Gaul the Franks simply settled among a subject people, among whom they themselves were gradually merged; in Britain the Angles and Saxons slew or drove out the people whom they found in the land, and settled it again as a new people.

This is the plain doctrine, which to many seems so hard a saying, but which the existing facts so clearly teach us. And when we come to see who the invaders were, and what was the state of the land which they invaded, it will no longer seem a thing of wonder, but a thing that could hardly fail to be. Let us look, first at those who were to do the work, and then at those upon whom they were to do it. In other words, let us look at the men who made the voyage, and at the island to which they made it. Hitherto, as I have so often impressed on you, we have been speaking of Teutonic conquerors who knew something of Roman arts and manners, and who respected what they knew. Pressing in step by step along the Rhenish and Danubian frontiers, they were able to become disciples in the very act of becoming con-

querors. Not so with the men who lay beyond them, the tribes of the Oceanic coast of Germany and of the marchland of Denmark, the tribes of the long Frisian shore and the Frisian islands, the tribes of the elder Saxony on either side of Elbe, the men of our own special metropolis, the men of the oldest England, the men of the special Angeln, the outlying corner of our race, looking out toward the lands of the Scandinavian and the Slave. It must have been a dim glimmering indeed of the fame of Rome which could have reached them. The memories of the distant time when Rome had for a moment threatened them must have well nigh died out before a single keel set forth to seek a new home in the isle of Britain. In the days of Drusus indeed it had seemed as if even those lands were to be added to the vast domains of the city by the Tiber, as if the Elbe, or some stream beyond the Elbe, was to be what the Rhine came to be. Had it been so, I repeat, we could never have been; our ancient land would have become a Roman province, the ancient tongue of Germany would have given way to the Imperial speech no less than the ancient tongues of Gaul. Had the first home of the English people thus gone to swell the mass of artificial Romans, I could never have had a word to say about their second or their third home. From that doom Arminius saved us; for that boon I again call on you to honor him. Some years back you were keeping the hundredth year of the first birth of your Federal commonwealth; this year you are keeping the hundredth year of the event which made its new-born being sure. In the blow by the Teutoburg Wood was the germ of the Declaration of Independence, the germ of

the surrender of Yorktown. But for that blow, we should have been civilized before our time, we should have had our national being civilized out of us; or rather we should have been civilized to death before we had reached the stage of having a national being at all. Arminius saved us from this early promotion to a Buddhist paradise; through his act we were left to grow up for some ages in a youthful and healthy barbarism in our oldest home, till the time came when we were to make our voyage to our second home, there to work out for ourselves a civilization of our own, the common possession of our second home and our third. There we grew up, apart, so to speak, from the history of the world, during all the earlier stages of the Wandering of the Nations. We may have heard the echoes of the names of the great city and its all-powerful princes, but they touched not us. Our forefathers of those days may have heard of them as something vast and distant and wonderful, as our later forefathers heard of the Grand Khan and the Great Mogul. We knew them not either as friends or as enemies. The chained Briton might be led along the Sacred Way, but never the chained Saxon. Constantine might throw his Frankish captives to the wild beasts at Trier; Anglian captives he never had to throw. We served not in Cæsar's armies; we took not Cæsar's pay; we held no lands by the tenure of guarding Cæsar's frontiers. Our *ealdormen*, our *heretogan*, the elders of our folk, the leaders of our hosts—kings we had none in our first home—never sought to be called Patricians of the Roman commonwealth or Masters-general of the Roman army. We knew naught of Cæsar's tongue or of Cæsar's law; we never in our

old homes bowed to the gods of Rome; we knew naught of the older faith of Jupiter of the Capitol nor yet of the newer faith whose temples presently arose in the Lateran palace and on the Vatican hill. We knew no gods but Woden and Thunder and the rest of the old Teutonic company. We knew no law but the old Teutonic customs; we knew no speech but the old Teutonic tongue, and that in a more ancient shape than it bore on the lips of the Frank and the Aleman. True, our faith, our customs, our language, were all but fragments of the primitive Aryan stock common to Rome and Germany; but the shape which we had given them was our own; we had no more borrowed one jot or one tittle from any Roman source than Rome had borrowed from our despised barbarian store. So we lived on unrecorded; that we lived on unrecorded is the most instructive part of our history, as best showing what manner of life ours was. At last the day came, a day memorable in the annals of the world, when we were to begin to lead another life.

In the latter half of the fifth century came the turn of our forefathers by Weser and Elbe and Slie—perhaps from lands both further westward and further eastward —to share, like their brethren, in the Wandering of the Nations. It is well worth notice that some of our kinsfolk seem to have wandered by land, and with nearly the same results as those of their greater wanderings by sea. I know not any other way of explaining the remarkable nomenclature of some parts of Picardy, as very clearly brought out by Mr. Isaac Taylor. There, some way within the bounds of ancient Gaul and even of modern France, we find a local nomenclature, not merely Teutonic, not

merely Nether-Dutch, but distinctively English, dealing not only in *hams* but in *tons*, the only part, as far as I know, of the European mainland where that purely English ending is to be found. When Edward the Third won Calais and Guînes, when Henry the Eighth won Boulogne, they might have argued that they were winning back a lost possession, not indeed of the English crown, but of the English folk. So again at a later time, it would seem that Saxon warriors had a share in that great Lombard wandering which gave a new name to the most northern and the most southern Italy. But these movements by land were exceptional; they answer to the exceptional voyages here and there recorded of Goths and Franks. Our real and lasting share in the great stirring of the nations was as essentially done by sea as the real and lasting share of the Goths and the Franks was done by land.

But it was not enough that the course of our wanderings should be by sea; it was needful that the object of them should be an island. A great and successful movement often sends before it, as it were, a forerunner of what is coming. Its coming is heralded by movements which are great but not successful, by movements which are successful but not great. So it was with the settlement of the Angles and Saxons in the isle of Britain. It was through movements that were successful but not great that Saxon settlements were made on the northern coast of Gaul by Bayeux, on the banks of the Loire in Anjou, and even, it is said, at the inland city of Seez. Such settlements as these are matters of mere curiosity; their utmost importance is as showing the wide range of Saxon enterprise; they had no effect on

the general history of the world. Colonies of this kind, occupying small and isolated positions on a mainland inhabited by men of other nations, cannot permanently keep their distinctive character; they are either driven out by the earlier inhabitants or they are lost in the greater mass of the earlier inhabitants. The field on which we were to do deeds which should affect the general history of the world was not to be found on this or that point of the oceanic shore of Gaul, still less on this or that point of any Gaulish riverside. It was another thing when an invading Saxon fleet was beaten back from the shores of Britain. That a Saxon fleet should come and should be beaten back was perhaps a needful stage in the drama; it was an earnest that days were in store when Saxon fleets should come and should not be beaten back. That was in the last days of the Roman power in Britain, when, for a moment, before its last end, the old fire flashed up with a long unwonted blaze, when the elder Theodosius beat back the Saxon, beat back the Scot, and enlarged the Roman dominion in the island by the new province of Valentia. The check was no slight one; sixty or seventy years seem to have passed before another expedition to the doomed island set forth from the Ocean-coast of Germany.

The hour at last had come. From the middle of the fifth century the Teutonic invasions of Britain again begin, and this time invasion grows into conquest, into settlement, into full occupation of the greater part of the invaded island. On our forefathers themselves their first unsuccessful encounter with the power of Rome seems to have wrought no change. They may have better learned what the power of Rome was, but assuredly that was all

that they learned. No Roman fleet came to wreak the Imperial revenge on the German shore; no Roman influence was brought in any way to bear on those who had risked their fortunes against the fortunes of Rome two generations too soon. When the time came, the Jute, the Angle, the Saxon, any other kindred tribes that shared in the work, were still untouched by any of those softening powers which had made the coming of the Teutonic conquerors of the mainland less frightful. They were still untouched by the magic of the Roman name; they kept still in its fulness all that distinguished the untamed Teutonic heathen. They came, cleaving to their old tongue, their old customs, their old gods, or rather not so much consciously cleaving to them as neither knowing nor caring whether there were tongues and customs and gods other than their own. When such men went forth, not advancing step by step, with a chance of falling back if a false step was taken, but trusting themselves to one great effort on the waves, when they set forth for a new land and left the old land for ever behind them, their errand could not fail to be an errand of havoc and destruction to which the movements on the mainland supply no parallel. They could not but find that the choice before them was either to sweep away the men whom they found already in the land or to be themselves swept away from the land which they were striving to make their own possession.

But who were the men whom they found there, and in what case were they? In the other provinces of the Empire the Teutonic invaders had found the Roman

power still abiding. Weak it might be, decaying it might be, ready to break in pieces at the first touch of a vigorous assailant; but it was still there, still unchanged in its outward form. Weak as it might be, there was nothing else in the land which had taken its place, there was nothing in the land which was ready to take its place. There was no gap, no breach, no unrecorded intermediate state of things, between the end of the Roman power and the beginning of the Teutonic power. But in Britain the very darkness in which the story is plunged, the very gap in every record, makes us at least see thus much, that in that island there was a time when the Roman power had come to an end, and when the Teutonic power had not yet made a beginning. Franks, Goths, Burgundians, invaded a Roman land; the Angles and Saxons invaded a land which had ceased to be Roman. We know this at least, that, before the English conquest began, the Roman legions had been withdrawn from Britain. It was not from Romans, but from Britons, that the land had to be won. The darkness which hangs over Britain at this moment is, if possible, still thicker than that which hangs over the invaders of Britain. What was the state of the island at that moment? That is one of the hardest to answer of all our questions, and it can hardly be answered without grappling with an earlier question equally hard. The little then we can see leads us to think that some Roman names, titles, and traditions lingered on—how could they fail to linger on?—but that the people which our forefathers found in Britain, fifty years and less after the departure of the Roman legions, was essentially a British and not a Roman people. In short, what is now Eng-

land was then what Wales is still. Or rather, as our forefathers would have put it, what is now England was then *Wales*, the land of the *Welsh* or strangers. Now how could this be? In Gaul and Spain several districts, forsaken by the Roman government, held out for a longer or shorter time against the Teutonic invaders; but they held out, not as lands of native Gauls or Spaniards, but as detached Roman communities, fragments split off from the great Roman body. The small fragment of the Basques is a real exception; but they have held out against all comers, Roman, Goth, Saracen, Frank, and Castilian. Britanny is not a real exception; there the Celtic tongue was kept up by settlements from the greater Britain. The name of the land, unheard of in earlier times, proves the truth of the tradition. Gaul, as a whole, whether forsaken or subdued, remained Roman; Britain, it is perfectly plain, had practically ceased to be Roman in the short time which passed between the departure of the legions and the coming of the English.

Now this question at once suggests another: Did Britain ever become Roman in the same sense in which Gaul and Spain became Roman? When I say Britain, of course I except that northern part of the island which never became part of the Roman province. But, south of the fluctuating boundary of the great walls drawn from sea to sea, it is perfectly plain that, as far as political conquest went, as far as occupation went, Britain became as thoroughly Roman as any other part of the Empire. Latin was the stone-cutter's only tongue. Welsh inscriptions are not common at any time, and the few that there are belong, every one of them, I believe,

to times after the withdrawal of the legions. Still the mass of the people could never have adopted the use of Latin to the extent that they did in Gaul and Spain. The continued life of the Welsh tongue proves the fact. The Welsh tongue is no survival in a corner. It is the tongue of a considerable part of the land, of so much of the land as the English did not occupy. If the English had occupied less, the area of the Welsh tongue would have been greater; if the English had never come at all, if no later set of conquerors had come, the land which is now England would, as far as we can see, have remained a British land, speaking the British tongue, keeping on a British nationality and forming a British literature. The Latin tongue lived on in Britain after the withdrawal of the legions, but it lived on, as it lives on in modern countries, as a book-language specially learned. It did not live on, as it did in Gaul, as the tongue of the people, changing from generation to generation, till, some ages later, men of the pen found out that the tongue which they wrote and the tongue which they spoke had practically become two different tongues. It was only step by step that men awoke to the fact that French and Latin were no longer the same tongue. No man at any moment could have fancied that Welsh and Latin were the same. The most obvious facts of all are the most important and the most instructive of all. The main essence of our whole story turns on such every-day truths as that, while the Frenchman speaks French and the Englishman speaks English, so the Welshman still speaks Welsh.

Now the main reason why Britain was thus less thoroughly Romanized than the provinces of the main-

land, why, as soon as the actual Roman dominion was removed, the land could thus fall back on its older life, was undoubtedly because Britain was an island. An island of the size of Britain, an island forming a world of its own, could not be fused into the mass of the Empire in the same way as the lands which are geographically continuous. I believe that, if you had, twenty miles from the port of Boston or of New York, a great island like Britain or Sicily, you would find it far harder to fuse that island into your Federal system than you find it to fuse lands thousands of miles off on the other side of the continent. Your nearest neighbours have actually found it so. The part of British North America which declines to join the Canadian confederation is the great island of Newfoundland. Thus the provinces of the mainland became and remained Roman; the island province never thoroughly became Roman, and at the first chance it ceased to become Roman at all. Of this came the all-important fact that, when we came to make our entry into Britain, we had to strive, not against Roman provincials, but against a British people. We met with what we may fairly call a national resistance, such as our kinsfolk nowhere met with on the mainland. I qualify the words "national resistance," simply because they might be taken as meaning a combined resistance on the part of the whole British people. That there certainly never was, any more than there ever was any combined attack on the part of the whole English people. The whole thing was local: a body of English invaders landed in one district and made their way against the Britons of that district. So did other bands of settlers in other

districts, with little or no coöperation on the part either of invaders or of defenders. The invaders had never known a common head; the defenders had lost theirs when Cæsar left them to themselves. Still the resistance was national, in so far as it was the resistance of men fighting for their own land, and not for the dominion of a distant ruler. Patriotism, as we understand the word, loyalty, as we commonly understand the word, were feelings almost impossible under the Roman dominion. Under that dominion, wherever it was established in its fulness—and nowhere was it more fully established than in the western provinces of the European mainland—national feelings had nearly died out. Men had become Romans; they were proud of the Roman name; they had no wish to throw off the Roman dominion; whatever were the bad points of its rule—and, specially as regarded men's purses, those bad points were neither few nor small—they felt that they were better off as members of a civilized community ordered by law than they could be under the dominion of any barbarian. But they had neither the local patriotism of the mediæval Italian, nor yet the wider patriotism of the great nations of the modern world. Nor yet had they that personal attachment to the reigning sovereign or his house which in some minds is a substitute for patriotism, and which has led some even to sin against patriotism. They had no wish to fall away from Cæsar and his Empire; but they felt no great call to fight for them. They looked to Cæsar and his legions to protect the Empire, and themselves as part of it. If Cæsar and his legions could not protect them, there was nothing for them to do but to submit. Hence the Teutonic invaders won the Roman provinces of the

mainland with wonderfully little fighting. There was a good deal of besieging of cities, but battles in the open field were much oftener fought between Teuton and Teuton than between Teuton and Roman. The invaders had not to win the land by hard fighting, bit by bit. To destroy, to slaughter, to drive out of the land, were forms of conquest to which they had very little temptation. The Roman provincial would gladly have remained a Roman provincial, if Cæsar had only been able to keep his provinces. But when Cæsar was no longer able to keep his provinces, he changed into a subject of the Gothic, Burgundian, or Frankish king with very little effort.

Far different was it in the island world where the Briton fought, not for an idea, not for a name, not for a conviction that the rule of Cæsar, with all its faults, was practically the best thing that was to be had, but for his own soil, for his own altars, for all that man loves and cherishes and worships. It is hard to find an exact parallel in other times for the kind of warfare that follows. It is not exactly like the entry of civilized men into a country of savages. For the Britons, still keeping much that Rome had taught them, must in all outward civilization have been far in advance of the English. Above all, they were Christians, and the English were heathens. Nor was it altogether like an inroad of savages into a land of civilized men. The English were far from being mere savages; and, though in outward civilization they must have been the inferiors of the Britons, yet they had the capacity, to be shown before long, for a higher civilization than the Briton ever reached. The nearest parallels that I can find are the

Hebrew conquest of Canaan and the Saracen conquest of Africa. I have sometimes read long passages of the book of Joshua, and I have felt that, by simply changing the local nomenclature of Palestine into the local nomenclature of Britain, we have a narrative of many a page of the English conquest of Britain written ages before. West-Saxon Ceawlin, like Hebrew Joshua, went on from kingdom to kingdom, from city to city. As he did unto Cirencester and her king, so did he unto Gloucester and her king. But every step was well contested. Hlodwig and his sons win all Gaul, and their main fighting is done against Alemans, Goths, and Burgundians. It takes Hengest a life-time, a life-time of battles, to establish the English power in the one little kingdom of Kent. Nor is the warfare always a warfare of success on the part of the invaders. Arthur meets Cerdic face to face, and the West-Saxon advance is checked for a generation. Every English tribe that landed had to win its own fields for itself. But every British tribe that was driven from its fields could find shelter in the land that was still unconquered. Then too we came as heathens. The Catholic Frank was ready to worship at once alongside of his Roman subject. The Arian Goth allowed at least full toleration to worshippers of the God whom he himself worshipped after another form. But the heathen Angle and Saxon, still unweaned from his fierce Teutonic creed, pressed on in the name of Woden and Thunder to overthrow the altars, to uproot the temples, to slay the ministers, of the despised faith of the stranger. Meagre as is our picture of the conquest, this feature of it is set forth with all clearness by the British Jeremiah. We came as barbarians; we knew nothing of walled cities

and their life; we looked on their defences as prisons. It was a day to be marked in our annals when by sheer force we stormed the strong walls of some Roman town, and set down in boasting that we left not a Bret alive within them. And then we turned away from the walls which to us were useless; we left them to stand empty, signs that man had once dwelled where he dwelled no longer. And on the lands which we made our own we sat down by houses, by hundreds, by tribes. The sons of some real or mythical patriarch, Wellings, Basings, Readings, crowds of others, sat down on the conquered land; they traced about them their *mark*, their boundary, to part off their portion from the portion of their neighbours; in the open land, often outside the forsaken walls, they placed their *ham*, their *home*—a Teutonic name that needs no comment—or it might be their *tún*, their *town*, their place fenced about and hedged for shelter; it might even be their *burh*, their *bury*, their *borough*, their rude fortress, the mound with its sheltering palisade. Thus came into being an English community, a future township, parish, manor—names all of them marking stages in our history—perhaps a future market-town, a future municipal and parliamentary borough, fated perhaps first to stamp its name on the history of England, and then to have its name repeated—as the record of nearly the same process—on the shores of America. The name might be the name of the house itself and its mythical forefather; it might be the name of the actual leader of the settlement; it might be a descriptive name marking some natural or geographical feature of the spot. In later times, when men again occupied the sites of Roman cities, it might be the British or Roman name turned into

an English shape; in later times again, it might, like the Botulfston of which your Boston is a mere shortening, be the name no longer of a patron hero, but of a patron saint. Not a few of the sites of the Roman cities were in after times occupied afresh as English towns; some doubtless held out so long that no time of desolation fell upon them at all: they remained strongholds of the Briton till the Englishman had learned somewhat of city life, and had enriched his tongue by the Roman loan-words of *port*, *chester*, and *street*. But others have stood empty to this day; the vast bulwarks fence in no dwelling-place of man, but dwelling-places of man have arisen under their shadow. Look at the spot on the South-Saxon shore which once was Anderida, the spot where one Norman invasion of England began, and where another was beaten back before it began. There stand the Roman walls which the South-Saxon ealdormen Ælle and Cissa stormed, and slew every living soul within them. The walls stand empty; the Norman castle within them stands no less empty. But at each end an English settlement arose, bearing an English name, each in course of time to have its church, one in later times again to grow to the rank of a borough. West Ham, the home by the west gate of the Roman town, needs no explanation. Pevensey, the *ea*, the shore, of Peofen, must preserve the name of the leader of the settlement by the eastern gate. Thus, beneath the forsaken works alike of those whom he conquered and of those who conquered him, the Englishman lives on, the true holder of the land, who has made the land his own by giving to it and every spot of it such names as he has thought good. And I shall be both surprised and disappointed if from so memorable

a spot in our second home no settlers have made their way to our third home, to plant again the names, not of fallen Anderida, but of living West Ham and Pevensey, on some spot or other of England beyond the Ocean.

In such lectures as these I cannot enter into minute detail; I cannot enlarge on every point which brings conviction to my own mind, nor answer at length every cavil or even every serious argument. But I put it to the common sense of all of you, not merely of the specially learned, but of all who choose to use their wits, whether any great body of the conquered people could have lived on in their former dwelling-places through such a conquest as this. If the English people, like the French people, are mainly or largely Celtic, that is, if the Teutonic conquest of Britain was no more than the Teutonic conquest of Gaul, why are the obvious results so unlike in the two cases? If the English settlers formed merely a ruling class, like the Franks in Gaul, and not, as I hold, a new nation, why did they, how did they, wipe out the language and nomenclature of the country, both of which went on in Gaul? How again did the religions of the heathen English and the Christian Britons fare in such a conquest as this? The English certainly were not converted to Christianity: did the Britons apostatize to heathendom? When we first get any detailed narrative, Christianity appears, within the Teutonic part of Britain, as a thing of the past. The sites and ruins of Christian churches are remembered, just as in many lands the sites and ruins of pagan temples are remembered now. But there is no sign

that Christianity itself, as a faith believed and practised, existed within the dominions of any Teutonic prince in the island. Nor is there at that stage any sign within the dominions of any such prince of the use of any tongue but the English, or of any class of people marked out as not being of English blood. The tongue, the laws, the creed, of our English forefathers, when we first begin to see them more clearly in the last years of the sixth century, are as purely Teutonic as they could have been at any time of their dwelling in their first home. It is for those who argue that a people who were thus to all appearances strictly Teutonic were really something else—Britons perhaps who had cast away their language and had exchanged the faith of Christ for the faith of Woden—to prove their own paradox. It is certainly not proved by telling us that Welsh is still spoken in Britain, as that fact is one main point of our own case. It is not proved by telling us that in some special parts of England there are many assimilated Britons; we shall see as we go on that that fact also is a main point of our own case. It is not proved by bringing lists of Latin words which passed into the earliest English. When we come to examine those words some prove to be cases of primitive Aryan kindred mistaken for derivation; some are cases of the process which happens in all conquests, in all cases of intercourse between one nation and another, when men keep the native name of some object which is strange to them. English does not cease to be English in our own day because we very often speak of *tea* and *coffee*, and now and then of *pahs* and *wigwams;* nor did it cease to be English then because we took in a few Latin and Welsh

names of fruits and other small objects under circumstances which were essentially the same.

The plain fact is that, in utter contrast to the phænomena of Teutonic conquest on the mainland, the Britons were, as a race, exterminated within those parts of Britain which the English occupied while they were still heathens. I call your attention to this last qualification; we shall have to come to it again. I call your attention also to the word *exterminate*. That is one of a class of words which I never use when I can help it; but I use it in this case, because it expresses what I wish to insist on, and leaves open what I wish to leave open. How far in any particular district the vanquished were slain, how far they were simply driven out, we never can tell. It is enough that they were *exterminated*, got rid of in one way or another, within what now became the English border. And I say exterminated *as a race*. No one could ever have said or believed, I am sure that I never said or believed, that every single British man, still less that every single British woman, was exterminated in either sense. In such cases some lucky ones among the conquered always contrive to make terms with the conquerors. At the other end, some, whether we call them lucky or unlucky, are spared to be the slaves of the conquerors. And women in all such cases are largely spared, though there is evidence to show that, in their great national migration, our forefathers largely brought their own women with them. But that some slaves and some women were spared is shown by the curious fact, noticed by philologers, that the very few Welsh words which have crept into English are names of small domestic objects such as women and slaves would

bring with them. My proposition simply is, that none of these changes happened to such a degree as really to affect the practical purity of our Teutonic national being. We must have taken in some Celtic infusion; we may likely enough have taken in other infusions of other kinds. All that I maintain is that we took in no infusion so great as to make us another people in our second home from what we were in our first home. The simple facts of language, of nomenclature, of law and custom, prove that, though we cannot claim an impossible purity of blood, we can claim as near an approach to it as any other people that has played a considerable part in the world's history. As I said before, we are as pure as the High-Germans; we are far purer than the French. We are not a *Mischvolk*, drawing its blood mainly from one source, while it draws its language from another source, and its national name from a third. We are still, both in Britain and in America, the same people that Hengest and Cerdic led from the lands which then bore the names of England and of Saxony. We have conquered and we have been conquered; we have settled in other lands and we have received settlers in our own land; but we have done nothing, we have suffered nothing, to take from us a heritage which was ours before we left the cradles of our race. We have never cast aside, we have never exchanged, we have never, in the historian's view, essentially modified, the name, the tongue, the national being, with which we set forth on the first of our voyages to settle ourselves in the second of our homes.

LECTURE V.

The English in their Second Home.

THERE is a picture well known on my side of the Atlantic, and doubtless still better known on yours, which represents the Pilgrim Fathers, to give them their received name, giving thanks for their safe landing on American soil. There is another familiar picture which represents a scene somewhat later in the history of the English people on this side of the Ocean; it shows the founder of Pennsylvania buying the soil of his great colony from its Indian occupants. Here we have speaking memorials of what I have called the second voyage, the settlement in the third English home. I do not remember to have seen any such memorials of the first voyage, of the settlement in the second English home. I have indeed seen a picture described as "Vortigern and Rowena," and to those who look below the surface such a picture is not without meaning. I need hardly tell you that no Englishwoman, nor, I presume, any woman of any other race, ever bore the purely imaginary name of Rowena either in the fifth century or in the twelfth—for the nineteenth I cannot answer. But the legend about the British duke and the daughter of the English ealdorman, a legend which so curiously turns about the foundation-legends of some other cities and nations, is not without its meaning.

Elsewhere, whether at Massalia or in Virginia, the stranger woos the daughter of the native prince; here the native prince woos the daughter of the stranger. That is a mythical way of saying that our Teutonic grandfathers brought our Teutonic grandmothers along with them; and the late Dr. Rolleston had the privilege of seeing them in their old Teutonic graves. Such a scene, legendary as it is, was perhaps worth the painting; but surely the actual beginning of our second history was better worth such a display than this romantic episode. Let American skill then, as a sign that the middle stage of our history is not forgotten on these shores, give us a worthy picture of the landing of Hengest at Ebbsfleet. The moment when the first English foot was pressed on British soil, the moment which contained within itself the germ of all that the English folk have done on either side of Ocean, might seem as well to deserve the exercise of the painter's skill as even the landing in the third home of the men who made the second voyage. The landing of Hengest has at least this claim of precedence over the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, that the Pilgrim Fathers could not have made their voyage, at least not in the sort in which they did make it, if Hengest had not made his voyage before them. Otherwise, it might seem as if I could hardly directly compare the two events, the landing of Christian men of the seventeenth century in a heathen land, and the landing of heathen men of the fifth century in a Christian land. Yet, making allowance for this great difference, avoiding also anything like personal comparison between the shadowy outlines of the fifth century and the well-defined forms of the seventeenth, we shall

see that in many things the settlements so far removed in time and place did their work in many things in very much the same way. In each case, by whatever means, the native inhabitants disappeared, and new English communities arose on the soil which had once been theirs. And in both cases those new English communities reproduced, with such changes as changed circumstances needed, the life of the land which they left behind. Here in New England indeed one might almost say that the settlers of the seventeenth century forsook in some things the English life of their own age, to fall back on the English life of the earlier time. The democratic details of the early New England constitutions, the townships, the free general assemblies, the public land, the whole simple and primitive life of the colony, seem to carry us back to an earlier stage of Teutonic political history than the days of James and Charles the First. It is the old life, without the heathenism, the barbarism, the constant waging of war. The ups and downs of the colonies, the constant shiftings, the unions, the divisions, remind us again of the like shiftings, the like unions, the like divisions, in the earlier day. Out of a crowd of scattered settlements arose in process of time the six States of the land which is specially the New England. So, out of a crowd of earlier scattered settlements were formed those few great kingdoms whose final union brought into being the single kingdom of the elder England.

In Britain then, as in Germany, the Teutonic settlers established themselves according to those immemorial divisions which we find common to the whole Teutonic race, or rather to the whole Aryan family. We sat

down by marks, by hundreds, by *gás* or shires, answering to the *gentes*, the *curiæ*, the tribes, of primitive Rome. The shire, we must always remember, is an union of marks, and the kingdom is an union of shires. But the circumstances of new settlements planted on the soil of an enemy, the constant need of warfare, first against the Britons from whom more land was to be won or against whom the land already won had to be defended, then against rival settlements of their own race, no doubt caused union to be speedier, and led to the clothing of rulers with greater power, than was the case among those who stayed behind in the elder land. Long after the English conquest of Britain had begun, when nearly all land was occupied that ever was really occupied, it was noticed that the Old-Saxons of Germany had still no kings to rule over them. In the actual invasion of Britain kings had no share; the leaders of the enterprise were *ealdormen* or *heretogan*. But mere ealdormen or *heretogan* they did not long remain in the conquered land; before the first generation of conquerors had died out, their chiefs had risen to the greater power and higher dignity of kings. And further still, as one English kingdom grew in power over others, a precarious and temporary supremacy over all the rest became vested in its sovereign. The power of the *Bretwaldas*, kings of this or that kingdom, holding a superiority more or less real over their fellows, may or may not have looked back to the Empire of the continental Cæsars; it certainly looked forward to the days when, first England and then Britain, should be an united realm.

It would be impossible, and it would be needless if it were possible, to attempt even the faintest sketch of the general history of the English kingdom in the space of the present lecture. I will rather choose out some special points, some leading events, which have most to do with the growth of the English nation in its second home, and which may supply some special subjects of comparison with its history and growth in its third home.

The first great event then in the history of the English people in Britain was their conversion to Christianity. That event in some sort brought Britain back again into that fellowship with the general Roman world from which the English conquest seemed to have altogether torn it away. But that such a conversion was needed is the greatest of all signs of the difference between Teutonic conquest in the island and in the mainland; it is one of the strongest proofs that we are Englishmen of a truth. In Gaul and Spain there is no such plunge back into renewed heathendom; Mars and Jupiter may have kept on some lingering votaries till the coming of Ataulf or of Hlodwig, but assuredly no Christian altars were overturned to make room for the altars of Thunder and Woden. But Thunder and Woden were the gods of the English folk till well nigh a hundred and fifty years after Hengest had set foot on Kentish soil. We have seen that our kinsfolk on the mainland were either already Christians when they made their entry or became Christians in the process of making it. Sooner or later, from heathendom or from heresy, they turned to the faith of their subjects; they joined the Church which still lived on among them. They could easily learn from the subjects among whom they dwelled; we

could hardly learn from those whom we slew or drove out of the land that we seized. To them we should have thought it scorn to listen; we did not think it scorn to listen to teachers who came on an errand from the city which, fallen as it was, all men still looked up to as the head of Western Christendom. Disdaining in all ages to be subjects of the Roman Cæsar, we did not disdain to become the disciples of the Roman Pontiff. When the first teachers from Rome had begun the work, other teachers from other quarters joined to go on with it. What the Roman planted the Frank and the Scot watered; the Briton, we must emphatically say, gave no help at all; but we must no less emphatically add that it would have been hardly reasonable to expect that he should give any.

By the conversion of the English to Christianity, Britain again entered the commonwealth of European nations. But it entered it, so far as its ruling people was concerned, as a purely Teutonic land. It is indeed wonderful to see how little direct change the conversion made. Take a small point in itself, but one of the best ways of judging of the general workings of men's minds: look at our personal nomenclature. Some other nations, the Scandinavians for instance, seem at once on their conversion to have taken to the use of scriptural and saintly names. In England it is hardly too much to say that they remained utterly unknown. The few cases of men called John or Thomas or the like before the Norman Conquest might almost be counted on one's fingers, and the scriptural name seems never to have been a real name given in baptism, but an adopted name taken by a monk or other churchman on his ordination or his entering religion. The

laity without exception, the clergy with very few exceptions, clave to the old Teutonic nomenclature of our own people, that nomenclature which after the Norman Conquest largely gave way, partly to scriptural and saintly names, partly to a nomenclature distinct from our own, but equally Teutonic. Then men ceased to be called Godwine and Æthelwulf, and began to be called, sometimes Robert and William, sometimes John and Peter. In language we naturally received a further Roman infusion into our vocabulary. We adopted a number of technical ecclesiastical terms; and most likely a fresh stock of names of objects of Roman civilization were brought in by our Roman teachers. It is sometimes hard to tell, out of the small list of Latin words which are quoted to prove that Englishmen are something other than Englishmen, which came in in the days of Hengest and which in the days of Augustine. But at both times we adopted as few as we could; we translated as many as we could, even of the most hallowed names of the Church. To the English convert the Founder of his faith was not the *Saviour*, but the *Healer;* he did not receive *baptism*, but *fulluht;* he did not look for a *resurrection*, but for an *again-rising*. The *cross* became the *rood;* it is startling to read in Old-English sacred song that Christ was *hanged* on a *gallows*. We need not go much further to prove how thoroughly Teutonic were the speech and the feelings of men who adopted the lessons of their teachers from Rome and Tarsus in such a garb as this.

There are again some likenesses between the early laws of England and the laws of Rome, which have been held to prove a large adoption of Roman institutions by the English conquerors from the beginning. Now, just

as in the case of language, some of these likenesses are really nothing but cases of common Aryan possession by England and Rome which have been mistaken for direct borrowing by England from Rome. Others again are simply cases of like causes leading to like effects. But in some cases there is little doubt that Roman institutions were brought into England by the teachers of Christianity. Making a will seems to us now so obvious a matter that we find it hard to conceive a state of things in which it is an exceptional act, needing a special confirmation by the legislature. Yet so it has certainly been among many nations. The earliest principle is that at a man's death his goods revert to the commonwealth, or pass as the custom of the commonwealth ordains. If their owner wishes to keep any control over them after his own death, he must get special leave from the commonwealth. As time goes on, as the convenience of the power of bequest is generally felt, the confirmation of a man's will by the general assembly first becomes a matter of form, and then goes out of use altogether. So, in the early days of Rome, the will of a Roman patrician had to be confirmed by the assembly of the *curiæ*, the assembly of the whole patrician order. At first, we may be sure, the assembly exercised a real power of accepting or rejecting. Gradually the thing became a mere form; the will was approved as a matter of course, and that, not by the *curiæ* themselves, but by thirty lictors who were held to represent them. Now we may be sure that this process, or something like it, has been gone through independently in many lands. Men made their wills at Rome and they made them at Athens, but there is no reason to think that Rome bor-

rowed the practice of will-making from Athens. And I believe that we might in the same way have devised the power of bequest for ourselves as soon as it was found that the power of bequest was an useful thing, without needing to go to Rome to learn it. But, as a matter of fact, there is some reason to think that the practice of bequest was learned by our forefathers from Roman teachers. But assuredly they did not learn it from Romans who abode in Britain through the English Conquest, but from the Romans who came to teach us the later faith of Rome. If this be so, this is a type of the kind of influence which the conversion exercised upon us. The heathen faith and worship had of course to be put aside altogether; but in other things the new teaching did little in the way of changing or abolishing; it did but set up some new things alongside of the old ones. The Christian Church and its ministers received a legal position; each kingdom or principality had its bishop, who in no way displaced the king or ealdorman, but took his place alongside of him. The boundaries of the kingdom or principality became the boundaries of the bishop's diocese, and, as kingdoms and shires shifted more than bishoprics did, the boundaries of the dioceses became in Britain, as in Gaul, the best guide to the earlier geography of the country. But here again, as in everything else, the difference between the two conquests strikes us. The English diocese represented the extent of an English principality, owing its being to the English conquest. The French diocese represented the extent of the jurisdiction of a Roman city which lived on undisturbed through the Frankish conquest.

In early Christian England the conversion was so peace-

ful, so thorough, it so easily adapted itself to the existing state of things, that the Church and the nation simply became two names for the same body of men looked at in two different characters. The Church was the nation on its knees in worship, as the army was the nation girded for battle. And the conversion worked mightily towards the union of the divided, and often hostile, kingdoms of Teutonic Britain into a single nation. It gave them a common organization and a common head. The Church of England had a common Primate and a common synod long before the people of England had a common king and a common assembly. The Archbishop of Canterbury held a more ancient office than the King of the English: he was the head of Angle-kin before Englishmen had a common king. And the kings, beyond all doubt, received in many things a new character and position through the conversion. Christianity is not favourable to distinctions of birth; least of all can it regard distinctions of birth which are founded on supposed descent from the gods of heathendom. The king had therefore to put aside his ancient holiness as the son of Woden, and to put on a new form of holiness as the anointed of the Lord. He was now admitted to his office with the religious rites of unction and coronation. His office was thus declared, more distinctly than it had been in the days of heathendom, to be essentially an office, an office which was bestowed according to law, and which might be taken away according to law. The king was not holier than the bishop, and the bishop was elected, and might be deposed. It was a distinct political gain that, in ages when everything else tended to increase the royal power, the very means which

made the king's office more holy and venerable did at the same time more clearly proclaim it as an office which, like other offices, was given and might be taken away.

In other matters the conversion left our Teutonic institutions to themselves, to abide or to change according to influences on which the change of religion had no direct bearing. The general relations between a man and his lord, between a king and his people, the tenure of land, the *wergild* or price of blood, the *fœhde* or right of self-defence, the old divisions of *eorl* and *ceorl*, the newer nobility of the *thegn*,—all that belonged to general Teutonic life, all that specially belonged to Teutonic life in the conquered isle of Britain,—all went on, all remained untouched, changing, growing, developing, as it was natural that it should change, grow, and develope. War did not cease, whether wars with the Britons or wars among the rival English kingdoms. But here came in the most direct effect of the conversion on the general history of the island. The wars of the converted Teuton ceased to be wars of extermination: therefore, in those parts of Britain which the English won after their conversion, a real British element was assimilated into the English mass.

Now I was amused a few months back by reading in a periodical published in England—I am not quite sure whether the contributor is of British or American birth —that this last was a fact which I "grudgingly admitted." To be sure, my critic was one who jumbled together Wessex and Mercia, Ine and Offa, as if I should charge an astronomer with grudging something to the satellites of Jupiter, when he was really talking about Saturn or

Uranus. To be sure, he was one who thought that it went some way to prove that Englishmen were not Englishmen to say that Daniel O'Connell was an Irishman. Yet the writer of whom I speak writes in many places, and therefore, I presume, he has many readers. Perhaps I may have some readers too; but it is clear that I cannot number my critic among them. For this point which I am said to admit grudgingly is just one of those on which I have always insisted most emphatically. I have been led to insist on it by local and personal circumstances. I can hardly say that it is a point of my own finding out, but it is a point which has been specially brought home to my own personal knowledge. In my own shire of Somerset I live on the slope of a hill which, like half the hills of that shire, bears a Celtic name. Perhaps if I lived elsewhere, I might be less keenly aware of the long existence of a British remnant in the western shires, and I might have less fully understood the witness to that fact which is supplied by the ancient laws, not of Mercian Offa, according to the dream of my critic, who has read neither me nor the laws, but of West-Saxon Ine. I mention this little bit of criticism just to show the kind of difficulty under which we students and writers of history labour. About astronomy and chemistry I believe people do not speak, unless they know something of those subjects. I at least, who know nothing whatever of those subjects, should not venture to say a word about them. For I know that, if I talked about those subjects, I should be certain to talk nonsense. Least of all should I think of taking the name of a chemical or astronomical writer whose writings I had not read, and putting

into his mouth some statement about his own subject which he had never made. But about history and philology everybody thinks he may talk, whether he has studied those subjects or not; men are not the least kept back from talking by the certainty of talking nonsense if they have not studied them. So it comes that I find myself charged by those who cannot have read what I have written with saying things which I never did say, with saying grudgingly things on which I have insisted emphatically and systematically. And I am further made to defend my imaginary positions by references to imaginary laws for which Wilkins and Thorpe and Schmid have found no place in their great collections.

The fact which I am supposed to admit grudgingly is in truth one of the greatest importance for a right knowledge of the progress of the English Conquest and of its results. The laws of Ine, King of the West-Saxons, dating from the eighth century, set before us a state of things in the West-Saxon kingdom which has nothing like it either in our earlier or our later records. It is very likely that, if we had any laws of Offa, King of the Mercians, later in the same century, they would set before us nearly the same state of things; but unluckily we have not got any such laws to make us quite sure. That state of things is one in which Briton and Englishman appear as living side by side in the land, subjects of the same king, protected by the same law, but still marked off in everything, the one as the conquering, the other as the conquered, race. In the old Teutonic polity every man had his price—not in the sense falsely attributed to Sir Robert Walpole, but in quite another. He

had his value according to his rank; every man was worth something; but a man of higher rank was held to be worth more than a man of lower rank, till we come up to the king, who is held to be worth a very great sum indeed. The price of blood for a slain thegn was equal to the price of blood for several slain churls, and the oath of a thegn counted for as much as the oaths of several churls. Now, in the laws of Ine, the blood and the oath of a Briton of a certain rank is systematically rated at a lower price than the blood and the oath of an Englishman of the same rank. And there are provisions in the same code which show us Britons, not as slaves, not as strangers, as men fully under the living protection of the law, but still as forming a class distinct from Englishmen and inferior to Englishmen. Now what does all this prove? We must remember that there is nothing like this legislation of Ine's either in the earlier or in the later laws, neither in the older laws of Kent nor in the later laws of Wessex. The picture of a land inhabited by two nations still keeping perfectly distinct belongs only to the legislation of Wessex at one particular time, the time which followed the first conquests made by the West-Saxons in their new character of Christians. The lawgivers of Kent had no Britons to legislate about; in Kent, a land conquered in the days of heathendom, the British inhabitants had been rooted out. The later lawgivers of Wessex might have to legislate about British enemies or British captives; they had not to legislate about a settled British population in their own kingdom. It is plain that conversion to Christianity, though it did not stop warfare, made warfare less frightful. The Christian conqueror did not seek the ex-

termination of his conquered enemies; he was satisfied with their political subjection. In the lands conquered after the conversion the Briton lived on much as the Roman lived on in Gaul. We see him there in the time of Ine, free, protected by the law, but marked as the inferior of his conqueror. When Ælfred gave laws to Wessex, things had changed; the conquerors had assimilated the conquered; the British inhabitants of Wessex had passed into Englishmen.

It is plain then that, in the shires of Somerset and Devon, the lands for which this legislation of Ine must have been mainly meant, a considerable part of the people must be English by adoption only. Cornwall, I need hardly say, was a strictly British land, with a British nomenclature, and a British speech which lingered on into the last century. These lands were long known as the *Wealh-cyn*, the land of the Welsh or British people. There is then an undoubted British infusion in the English people, an infusion dating from the seventh century. The fact is undoubted; it is open to any one to make what inferences he chooses from it. Only let him stop and think whether the lands from Elbe to Niemen have not poured a greater foreign infusion into the blood of Germany than the lands from Axe to Tamar have poured into the blood of England. My inferences are these: The presence of legislation about Britons in the laws of Ine, compared with its absence in the earlier laws, points to the difference between heathen conquest which involved the extermination of the conquered and Christian conquest which did not. And it thereby teaches us how thorough the extermination was in the days of heathendom. On the other hand, the fact that the conquered

were thoroughly assimilated by the conquerors between the beginning of the eighth century and the end of the ninth shows that the speech and the civilization of Rome had utterly passed away from Western Britain in the seventh century. Britons might be assimilated by their English conquerors; the analogy of other lands forbids us to believe that such a change could have happened to men who kept aught of the speech and feelings of Romans. The fact therefore which I am supposed to admit so grudgingly, but on which I do in truth insist right willingly, goes far to prove the doctrines for which I am arguing—the doctrine that the English Conquest was, up to the time of the conversion, strictly a conquest of extermination, and further, that it was strictly a British and not a Roman people who were there to be exterminated.

Thus in the seventh century, and no doubt for some time later, the English mass did receive a foreign infusion; we took in some strangers whom we made our own by the law of adoption and assimilation. Presently, in the ninth and tenth centuries, the English who had thus invaded the land of the Britons were themselves invaded in the land which they had made their own. In a considerable part of England the conquerors themselves became the conquered. A new nomenclature was brought in: through a large part of several English shires the names which the English had given to the spots which they wrested from the Briton gave way to new names which marked the coming of another race of conquerors. Wherever names end in *by*, we see the signs of this new revolution, the signs of the coming

of a new element in the land, an element which indeed supplied a wide field for adoption, but which hardly stood in need of assimilation. As the English came on the Britons, so the Danes came on the English; they occupied a considerable part of England; in the end they placed a Danish king on the throne of what by that time had become the united English kingdom. Such an event as this is a mighty one, filling no small space in a narrative history of the English people. A conquest, a heathen conquest, the invasion of a Christian land by men who still clave to the gods whom the land which they invaded had cast aside, it enables us, in its recorded details, better to understand one side of that earlier settlement of the English themselves of which so few details have been recorded. But, in such a sketch as I am now setting before you, the great tale of the Danish invasions goes for but little. Misleading as such a view would be in an ordinary history, I might for my present purpose almost venture to speak of the Danish conquest as the last wave of the English conquest, as the coming of a detachment who came so late that they could settle only at the expense of their comrades who had settled already. For the Danes were a kindred folk to the English, hardly differing more from some of the tribes which had taken a part in the English conquest than those tribes differed from one another. The coming of the Dane hardly amounted to more than the addition of a fourth Teutonic element to the Angles, Saxons, and Jutes who had come already. The kindred Dane, speaking a kindred tongue, needed only conversion to Christianity to make him in all respects the fellow of the Englishman. The Dane was converted; he sank into

the general mass of Englishmen; his tongue became simply one of the local dialects of English. As I before said, he was adopted; but, as I also said, he was already so like ourselves that he hardly needed to be assimilated.

The Danish settlement was hardly over when another invader came, an invader, as it might seem, of quite another kind, and who came to do quite another work. A Norman duke claimed and won the crown of England, and parted out the broadest lands, the highest offices, of the English realm among his foreign followers. So much history tells us; romance goes on to tell how he came, with his speech, his laws, his manners, his system of government, all strange, foreign, in all things unlike those of England—to subdue the English land, to make bondmen of the English people, to root out all that was English, to put in its place all that was Norman. On this matter let me speak as one who has given the main work of his life to show that no such event ever took place. I have indeed laboured in vain, if I have failed to show that the legendary conception of the Norman Conquest as an uprooting, as even an overshadowing, of the ancient national life of England is a legendary conception indeed. I am the last man to undervalue the greatness of that mighty event, either in itself or in its results. But its results were not such as these. When I look to the Teutonic lands of the European mainland, I am thankful that the Norman came to enable both the second and the third England to keep on far more of the old Teutonic life than they have done. Writing, as I chance to write, on the very anniversary of the great battle, I can rejoice even in the

arrow that pierced the eye of England's king and champion, as I see that, in the long and strange course of later days, the death of Harold did more than his life could have done to keep England a Teutonic land and its folk a Teutonic people. I venture to see in the Norman Conqueror a friend disguised in the garb of an enemy. I see in William the Great, to give back to him the worthier title of his own day, not the destroyer of English law, of English freedom, of all that makes England England, of all that makes this land a New England in deed as well as in name, but their unwitting preserver. And I may add that, though he doubtless had no fixed purpose to preserve, he assuredly had no fixed purpose to destroy. Such men as he, the giants of our common nature, have no need to stoop to destruction. He had no need to uproot the forms of our ancient freedom, when, without uprooting them, he knew how to make all things and all men obey his will as no king before him or after him could do. And so the forms lived on, to be once more clothed with substance in a happier day. William himself wore a crown which in truth he won by the sword at the head of foreign invaders. But it was a crown which he claimed as his own by a pretended lawful inheritance; it was a crown which in the end was given him with the strictest outward observance of every lawful form, by the election of the English people, by the consecration of the English Church. The sons of William wore the English crown as a crown which the English people had made fast to them in successful war against Norman rebels. The freedom of England lived through the storm, because the Norman kings found the means of reigning as practical despots under its forms.

Some branches of the old tree might seem to be lopped away; but the root kept on the old life, and was presently able to put forth new branches crowned with richer fruit than they had ever borne before. The new life of the English nation was first schooled and strengthened in struggles on behalf of a foreign king against nobles more foreign than he. It was again more thoroughly schooled and strengthened in struggles in which nobles who had ceased to be foreign became the true leaders of the people against a king who remained a stranger. In the strifes of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the old forms of freedom were gradually shaped into new forms better suited to the altered state of things. By the end of the thirteenth century, the English constitution, in its most essential features, had come into being. The system which other European nations have been content to copy and to borrow stood forth, at once young and old. On this side of Ocean I may not speak of copying or of borrowing. Men do not copy themselves; they do not borrow their birthright. All that our common fathers won in the struggles of those great ages was won for all branches of the English folk alike. Our common fathers handed on an equal right in their heritage to both branches of their severed descendants. As the apostle says that Levi, still in the loins of his father, paid tithe in Abraham, so I may say, following the same figure, that Washington and Hamilton worked out the freedom of the younger as well as the elder England in the loins of Earl Simon and King Edward.

But it may still be argued; Let it be that the Norman Conquest was in a wonderful way turned to the gain of

English freedom; but did not the Norman Conquest none the less bring with it a settlement of strangers, of Romance-speaking strangers, enough to destroy all pretence on the part of the English nation to pure Teutonic descent? And, above all, did they not bring in such changes in language as to destroy all pretence on the part of the English language to be looked on as a pure Teutonic tongue? Are not we—and my *we* takes in *you*—rather a mixed people, a people compounded of two elements, Saxon and Norman? Do we not speak a mixed language, the English language, a language made up of two elements, Anglo-Saxon and Norman-French? Now in talk of this kind a great part of the error arises from mere confusion of language, which a little wholesome pedantry might get rid of. But there is also some misconception of fact. First of all, who and what were the Normans? May I answer in an epigrammatic saying of my own, which is already in print, but which I am vain enough to think will bear saying twice? The Norman then was a Dane who had stayed a little time in Gaul to put on a slight French varnish, and who came into England to be washed clean again. The Dane who came straight from Denmark had put on no such varnish, and needed no such cleaning. The Danes who had wrested the coast of the French duchy from its own dukes and kings, who had shut up those dukes and kings in an inland city, but who in so doing had taken to the tongue and the manners of the land in which they had settled—those, in short, who had changed from *Northmen* into *Normans*,—still remained kinsmen, though they may have forgotten the kindred; but they had put on the garb of strangers, and in that garb they

came among us. Our work was to strip them of that foreign garb, to bring to light the true brotherhood that lurked beneath, to bring back the Saxon of Bayeux and the Dane of Coutances to his natural place alongside of the Saxon of Winchester and the Dane of York, to teach even the more deeply Romanized Norman of Rouen to come back once more to the Teutonic hearth which he had forsaken. And the work was not a hard one. Legend indeed tells of a long and bitter division of centuries between "Saxons and Normans" in England; history, which knows nothing of any opposition between "Saxons and Normans" under those names in any time or place, can only record with wonder the speed with which, both the actual Norman conquerors and the peaceful Norman settlers who came in their wake, were absorbed into the general mass of Englishmen. In opposition to all the pictures of romance, I can go only by the direct contemporary statement, borne out by every kind of incidental witness, that, before the end of the twelfth century, Normans and English could no longer be distinguished. Of course this does not mean that men had forgotten who they were, that they did not know whether their forefathers had fought under William or under Harold. It does mean that all practical distinction was wiped out; it means that the conquerors and the conquered had ceased to be distinct, much more to be hostile, classes, or rather nations, on the same soil; they had been fused together into one united nation. The peculiar circumstances of the Norman Conquest, not least among them the personal wisdom of the great Conqueror, did much to make such a work easier, but we may be sure that it was also made easier by the real,

if forgotten, kindred between the two bodies which were to be fused together. But mark the form which the fusion took: the smaller Norman body was absorbed in the greater English body; it was not a co-ordinate element, but an infusion into a body already in being. The English did not become Normans, but the Normans became English. In becoming English, they doubtless modified the English mass into which they were absorbed, and they modified it far more largely than it had been modified by the assimilation of a certain body of Britons in Wessex or the adoption of a certain body of Danes in Northumberland. The Englishman who lived after the Norman had come could never again be quite the same as the Englishman had been who lived before his coming. But the change was mainly on the outside; the Normans in a wonderfully short time became Englishmen in every essential point, worthy fellow-workers with Englishmen of older settlement in preserving, in restoring, under new forms, but without any change of substance, all that it was well to preserve and to restore in the England of the days before they came.

The change, I have said, that the Normans wrought was mainly on the outside. In the matter of law, and of all that gathers about law and its administration, the features which distinguish England before the Norman Conquest from England after it are many and important. And they are results of the Norman Conquest, though not perhaps in the way which those words would at first sight suggest. Such changes as were made were not, for the most part, things which the Normans brought over ready made from Normandy, as we brought our

old Teutonic institutions ready made from the oldest England. They were changes which, under the circumstances of the Norman rule in England, grew up on English ground. I trust that no one now believes, as Blackstone once believed, that William the Conqueror introduced a ready-made feudal system into England. Still less, I would hope, does any one believe that he introduced it by that great law of Salisbury which for ever hindered any feudal system, in the sense which those words would bear in other lands, from growing up in England.

But of all outside changes, that which is most striking at first sight, and than which few are more important in very truth, is the change in language. Mark that I say change *in* language, not change *of* language. There was no change of language; one language was not made to give way to another. In one sense, partially and for a time, one language did give way to another; that is to say, English did for a while, for some purposes, give way to French. What I mean is that there was no time when a so-called Anglo-Saxon language gave way to a so-called English language, a mixed language made up out of Teutonic and Romance elements. There are no mixed languages; a language is whatever its grammar is, even though foreign infusions into its vocabulary may, as in some languages has really happened, outnumber its native store. Not that the English language needs to rest its claim to an unbroken continuity between its earliest and its latest forms on any such ground as this. The effects of the Norman Conquest on language were gradual and indirect. The Normans brought with them into England the French tongue, which they had adopt-

ed instead of their native Scandinavian. For a while both languages, French and English, lived on side by side, English as the popular, French as the polite, language, while Latin lived by the side of both as the tongue of learning. The notion that William the Conqueror or any other Norman king tried to root out the English tongue, that he made French the tongue of government, is so far from history that it is hardly romance; it is pure fiction. William himself tried to learn English; he took care that his English-born son Henry should learn it as his natural speech; Henry the Second, a king neither English nor Norman, but Angevin, whether he spoke it or not, certainly understood it. After the Norman Conquest, English gradually goes out of use in public documents; but it gives way, not to French, but to the Latin which, ever since the conversion of the English to Christianity, had been used alongside of English. By the end of the twelfth century, English was undoubtedly in familiar use among all classes in England. Then came a time which we may call a French period of language, as distinguished from a Norman period. A tide of fashion set in in favour of French in the England of the thirteenth century, just as happened in Germany, Russia, and other European countries in much later times. Nor was such a fashion wonderful. The Kings of England at the beginning of that century were not only Kings of England, not only Kings of England and Dukes of Normandy, but masters of a French-speaking dominion far greater than that of the King of France himself. The hereditary attachments of those kings lay in Anjou and Aquitaine far more than in England, or even in Normandy. Meanwhile a crowd

of events, the crusades prominent among them, had spread the French tongue to the utmost bounds of Europe and beyond the bounds of Europe; it was the polite and courtly speech from Dunfermline to Jerusalem. It is not wonderful then that, just at the moment when it seemed likely to give way to English, just at the moment when its ascendency as the tongue of the conquering Norman was over, it gained a new ascendency as a courtly and fashionable speech. But English all the while remained the popular speech, the one speech of the mass of the people, a speech perfectly familiar to the mass of those who spoke French as a matter of fashion. A reaction naturally set in, and it was no doubt strengthened by the long wars with France, which brought French and English nationality into more direct opposition, and gave French, in the eyes of patriotic Englishmen, the air of a hostile tongue. By the end of the fourteenth century English was again the one ordinary speech of England; French was a foreign tongue used only for special purposes. Its use in public documents, unknown in the really Norman days, began, with other French fashions, in the thirteenth century; from the latter years of the fourteenth it gradually died, if it can be said to have quite died out. For a few French phrases still linger in the set forms of English law and government, and therefore a few such survivals linger still on this side of the Ocean also.

Thus the English tongue, which had ceased to be a polite and courtly speech in the second half of the eleventh century, came back again to be a polite and courtly speech in the second half of the fourteenth. It had undergone what we may call a three hundred years'

banishment. Through all that time it had lived on as strictly the vulgar tongue, while two other tongues held a higher place, the one as the polite, the other as the learned, language. This position of our language is not wholly without parallelism in modern Europe. The position of Welsh in Wales is something, but not exactly, like it; the position of the Slavonic tongues in a large part of the lands on the Hadriatic sea is more like it. English remained the tongue of common discourse; with the mass of the people it was the only tongue of common discourse. It was the tongue of popular rimes and popular religious writings, the tongue very often of political satire, but not the tongue of either speaking or writing for any purpose of supposed culture and refinement. It suffered the kind of changes which were likely to happen to a language so placed. Its grammatical inflexions broke down; it took in a great number of borrowed words from the rival tongue which was deemed more polite. Now in this matter, as in many others, the Norman Conquest did but strengthen and hasten the working of causes which were at work already. The loss of inflexions is in no way peculiar to English; it has affected all the other Teutonic tongues more or less; some of them, above all the kindred Frisian, without the help of any Norman Conquest, without the help of foreign influences of any kind, have been affected by it fully as much as English has been. What specially distinguishes English is the vast Romance infusion which it has taken into its vocabulary at various times from the eleventh century to the nineteenth, but in the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries perhaps more than in any other. But even in this there is nothing dis-

tinctive except the amount of the infusion. Other Teutonic tongues have adopted some Romance words; the modern High-Dutch is at this day adopting them at a rate which cannot be pleasing to any lover of the old Teutonic speech in any of its forms. We had ourselves adopted some Latin words before the eleventh century, more, in fact, than we adopted in the eleventh and twelfth. But undoubtedly neither any other Teutonic language, nor our own language at any earlier stage, ever adopted so many Romance words as we have done from the fourteenth century onward. And we have done something beyond merely adopting a great infusion of foreign words at some particular times. We have picked up a habit of adopting foreign words without the least need. We have taken in a vast number of foreign words as names for things for which we had perfectly good English names; we go on doing so still. And we have gone far to lose—happily we have not quite lost—the power of making new words in our own tongue when we want a new name for a new thing. Our tongue is crowded with strange and needless names for new thoughts, new inventions, new sciences, which it would have been just as easy to name in our own tongue. The 'ologies wax more and more daily, because men find it easier to run to their Greek lexicon than to think in their own tongue. But I am not without hope, as long as I can cross the Ocean in a *steamship* and go my way by land on a *railroad*. Those are words which the lips of Ælfred might have been fain to frame.

But great as all this is, it is all change *in* language, not change *of* language; it is all change which has taken place within a language which has never lost what we

may call its unbroken personal identity. There was no time when a so-called English language displaced a so-called Anglo-Saxon language. There has been one language, call it English, Anglo-Saxon, or anything else, spoken throughout. It is of some importance that no man at any time, in the eleventh century, the fourteenth, or any other, would have called the language which he spoke by any name but English; it is of much more importance that the language which they spoke remained one language throughout all changes. The changes were made, one by one, in an existing tongue; the foreign words were adopted, one by one, into an existing tongue. But the tongue itself did not change; it kept its Teutonic grammar; it kept its essentially Teutonic vocabulary. Ingenious men have tried to show that in the present English vocabulary there are more Romance words than Teutonic. Likely enough it is so in the way in which they go to work. They take a modern dictionary; they count the words, and they say that they find more Romance words there than Teutonic. Let it be so; what then? Let us try the words—*non numero, sed pondere*. Let us weigh them, I do not say by their weight in syllables, a test which would certainly go against me, but by their real weight and value for purposes of speech. The Teutonic words are all of them real words, words which we are always wanting, words which, if their use were forbidden, would leave us altogether dumb. The Romance words are some of them words which we cannot do without for some particular purposes, but which are not, by the first needs of speech, always on our lips: some of them are words which we might perfectly well do without; some

of them are words which, for the general purposes of language, are not words at all. The professors of particular sciences have a perfect right to use for their own particular purposes any technical terms, formed from any language, which they may think good. But I deny that those technical terms, which millions of us go through the world without ever hearing or uttering, are any real part of language. They are not words in the same sense as the words which clothe the thoughts without which the speech of men cannot go on at all. Let there be a Romance majority in this or that dictionary. That majority is, I doubt not, swelled by *trigonometry*, *trignometrical*, *trigonometrically;* it contains *zootomy* and *zygodactylous;* it takes in *helminthology*, which is in English *worm-talk*, and *entomology*, which is in English *bug-talk*. I should not be surprised if it takes in all the healing things in the pharmacopœia; I can believe that it takes in the jargon of diplomacy, the *prestige* and the *pourparlers*, the *rapprochements* and the *dénouements*, the offices for which plain English cannot find a name, the *attachés* and the *chargés d'affaires*, and the *imbroglios* and the *fiascos* into which they lead unwary nations. Nay, I should not wonder if it took in the jargon of advertisements, the *rhypophagon* soap and the *rhadiographic* pen. In the Teutonic minority we have those old and dear and hallowed words without which no speech can be a speech at all, the words with which we clothe our inmost thoughts, the words of worship, the words of love, the words of the fireside, the words of the highest oratory and the highest poetry. In that minority come the names of God and man, of father and mother, of son and daughter, of wife and husband. It takes in the

names of heaven and earth, of land and sea, of sun and moon; it takes in the bread we eat, the water we drink, the clothes we wear, the plough with which we till the furrow, the ship that bears us on the wave, the horse that we ride or drive, the cow that gives us milk, the sheep that give us wool, and the trusty dog that watches them. In the minority too are all those parts of speech, those pronouns, those particles, those verbs of every moment's use, without which speech would at once break down. We can put together sentence after sentence of clear and strong English without a single Romance word; we cannot form the shortest really complete grammatical sentence without Teutonic words. Where then is the real majority? Let us reckon afresh, but let us reckon by another standard. The Roman may have the greater number in a show of hands of slaves, strangers, barbarians, trooping in from all corners of the world; the Teuton will win at the poll where the votes of duly qualified citizens alone are reckoned.

Whatever then the Norman did, whatever came of the many and great consequences of his coming, he did not wipe out, he did not change, he did not even undermine, the national life of the English people. He modified our law; he modified our language: he did not destroy either; he did not stop the unbroken life of either. A day came when men of Norman blood, thoroughly changed into Englishmen on English soil, could be the worthy leaders of the English people. Sons of the soil, of either race, rose against the foreign favorites of foreign-hearted Kings. The Great Charter

was wrested from John by the descendants of the men who fought for William, working hand in hand with the descendants of the men who fought for Harold. In the struggle against the foreign favourites of foreign-hearted kings, all earlier grievances, all earlier differences, were forgotten. We could even choose as a national leader, one who through Norman female descent had a claim to English honours, but who by birth and direct descent was neither English nor Norman, but strictly French. The champion of our rights, the martyr of our freedom, the man who lived and died for England, whom when alive Englishmen followed as a leader, whom when dead, in the teeth of the ban of Rome, they worshipped as a saint, whose praise was sung on English lips, in Latin and French and English, was, as I have already hinted, our own by adoption only, but by adoption our own in the truest sense. Two men of the thirteenth century gave the law and constitution of England that later form which the work of six hundred years on both sides of the Ocean has been, not to pull down, not to build afresh, but simply to reform in detail, as reform in detail has been called for by the circumstances of this age or the other. By a strange decree of destiny the man who finished the work was the slayer of him who began it. The victor of Evesham was, if the destroyer, yet the disciple, of the uncle and teacher whom he overthrew. Wherever, in the Old World or the New, we see a free assembly, a constitutional executive, wherever we see Lords and Commons, Senate and Representatives, wherever we see a chief ruler, be he King, President, or Governor, bound by the law and ruling according to the law, there we see the work of the men of

England in the thirteenth century; there, above all, we see the work of the leaders of the men of England in the thirteenth century. That work was the joint work of the victor of Lewes and his prisoner, of the victor of Evesham and his victim. What Earl Simon began and sealed with the martyr's death, King Edward brought to its full growth in the life which he lived for England and her people.

The Norman kings then practically ruled as despots, but as despots under whom the old forms of freedom still lived on, to grow up once more into a fuller life when the nation, strengthened and cleansed in the furnace, came forth ready for the strife for freedom in the thirteenth century. By one of those cycles of history in which one age seems so strangely to reproduce another, a second time came when English kings were practically despots, but when the forms of freedom in their second shape still lived on. Under the kings of the house of York, still more under the kings of the house of Tudor, the royal power became again as great and terrible as it had been under the Conqueror himself. As we once indirectly owed our freedom to the mighty strength, to the deep wisdom, of William the Norman, so we indirectly owed it again, partly to the caprice, partly to the inborn English feeling, of Henry the Eighth. He too would be a despot, but he too would be a despot under the forms of freedom; he loved to do his worst crimes with every outward sanction of law. Once more then the forms lived on, again to be clothed with substance in better times. What the struggle of the thirteenth century was to the despotism of the eleventh and

twelfth, the struggle of the seventeenth century was to the despotism of the sixteenth. But, while the despotism of the sixteenth century ran its course, when it sank into the weaker, the less English, despotism of the seventeenth, a new world was brought within sight of the old. The range of our story widens; the bounds of the civilized world itself widen; the law and freedom of England win new realms for themselves in the third home of the English folk. The strife of the thirteenth century was waged by the men and on the soil of the second England only. In the struggle of the seventeenth century the third England had its share also; that struggle indeed had no small share in bringing that third England into being. This evening we have passed with a swift step over those ages of our history in which the field of action of the English people gathered wholly round their home in Britain. We will wind up with a glance at its twofold fortunes since its field of action, without forsaking the Old World, has been extended to the New.

LECTURE VI.

The Second Voyage and the Third Home.

I AM now fast nearing the end of my course. I have reached the last evening of my appearance among you, and in our historic survey we have reached our last stage. The third home of the English people is in sight, and one part of the English people is making ready for its second voyage. Metaphor apart, I have now to enter on the hardest part of my task, to say to you whatever I may venture directly to say to you about your own land and yourselves who dwell in it. On that head I must, even more than in earlier parts of my subject, stick close to those aspects of the land and people among whom I now find myself which specially concern me, with those which help to connect that land and its people with the other branches of the English folk and the lands in which they dwell. And let me tell you at the beginning that, in the time which I have as yet spent in the third England, it is the likeness, not the unlikeness, to the second England which strikes me. I know not how it might be with one who had come straight from Britain to America, and who had seen nothing of the mainland of Europe. Such an one might perhaps be most struck by points of difference between the third England and the second. But as I happen to have seen a good deal of other European lands,

as I am therefore used to things far more unlike my own land, what mainly strikes me is how little the English people have changed by making their second voyage. I have often to go through a distinct process of thought to remind myself that I am in New England, and not in Middle England still. I know not how it might be if I had entered your Union by the other end, and had seen its western, its newer portions, first. I do not doubt that I should there find points of difference from my own England which I do not find here in these eastern states. But assuredly, in all that I have seen, my main feeling is one of wonder how little the younger England differs from the elder. But in truth, if I thoroughly grasp my own leading doctrine, I ought not to wonder. Why should it differ? Differ of course it must in smaller points which depend on climate and local circumstances. But such differences are found in different parts of Britain, of England itself: such differences are found in different parts of the United States. I do not notice more difference, in some points I notice less difference, than if I go into Northern England, especially into that part of Northern England to which an innovation of a few centuries past insists on extending the name of Scotland. In public forms and notices I mark the differences which necessarily follow on the differences in your central and local government; but they seem to me to be hardly so great as those which strike me if I pass from the kingdom of England into the kingdom of Scotland. I hear some words used in ways which are new to me; I hear no words that are absolutely new; I hear no words so sounded that I cannot catch their meaning. It has not as yet happened to

me in this land, as it once happened to me in the bishopric of Durham, to listen—for philological purposes only—to a conversation of some sentences between the natives, and to carry off only a single word. That word in my Durham case was one that did not tell me much of the subject of discourse. It was the very short word "bob," which might mean either a man or a coin or a blow dealt with the hand, or which, in a dialect a little further north, might even be a verb, according to the good practical counsel, "If it's nae weel bobbit, we'll bob it again." I am of course struck with the necessary lack of antiquities in the way of buildings; not so much with the lack of work of earlier times, for which of course I did not look, but at the rarity of what I might have expected to find, characteristic work of the seventeenth century. But I see that the reason is to be found in the habit, natural in a newly-settled land, of chiefly building in wood. And of course there are large parts of elder countries also in which the same lack strikes us. Ancient buildings do not form the main feature of London or Paris; they are as unknown at Liverpool as they are at New York. And here too the standard of antiquity fluctuates. What passes for old in England passes for modern in Italy or Greece. So we may set up a standard of comparative antiquity even here in America. You have things here as distinctly ancient as anything in Europe, if by ancient we mean belonging to a state of things which has passed away, or at all events to a state of things which could not now begin afresh. If the student of early institutions goes to Switzerland and Northern Germany, he comes to New England also. To say nothing of smaller local institutions, the

state of Rhode Island, the state of Delaware, are things as distinctly old as the cantons of Uri and Unterwalden. That is to say, nothing of the kind could come into being for the first time now. Even in the matter of buildings, my mind has not often been more puzzled in the old world than it has been over that mysterious tower, mill, whatever it is, which stands on the green at Newport. And among the elder houses of that city of timber, I have lighted on a few which might have stood very well in my native Staffordshire. One point however I must mention, in which it would seem that America does very distinctly differ, not only from Britain, but from Europe as a whole. I had heard of "the almighty dollar;" I am amazed at its lack of might. I find that it has no more strength than coins so much smaller as a shilling, a mark, a franc, have in the old world. Yet even on this head I had gone a kind of apprenticeship in certain familiarity with an intermediate coin, the Austrian florin. I know not whether it is good political economy or not, but in all these lands prices seem to have a remarkable way of adapting themselves to the coinage. If in the next or any meeting of Congress, any of your political parties should propose an imitation of Europe on one small point, the substitution of the franc for the dollar, at all events when visitors have to pay, that political party should earn, not my vote—for I am not quite enough at home among you to have one—but my best thanks and good wishes.

To turn to more serious matters, in my last lecture we reached, by a somewhat capricious and desultory road, the point at which part of the English people took

their second voyage. I pointed out at an earlier stage, that the main difference between that second voyage and the first was this; the first voyage was made when all that was in being was the germs of English national life, while, when the second voyage was made, English national life had long reached its full growth. Herein, I said, lay the cause of the obvious fact that the first separation wrought so much wider a gap between the first and second England than the second separation made between the second and the third. The English of the seventeenth century were not only the same people as ourselves in the sense in which the English of the fifth century were the same people. They were, in all essential respects, the same kind of people that we are now. Our language was thoroughly formed; the English of the seventeenth century simply sounds a little old-fashioned; everybody can understand it; while the English of the fifth century, like any equally distant form of any other language, has to be learned like another tongue. If I were to say that our political constitution was the same, some one would tell me first, that the present American and the present English constitution are quite different from one another, and then that both are quite different from the English constitution in the seventeenth century. Both these sayings are, in one sense, very obvious truths, and yet there is a sense in which they in no way contradict the position—the paradox, if you will—at which I just hinted. I venture to say that the English and American constitutions are, in a sense, the same. To this perhaps specially strange paradox I will presently come back; but to say that the English constitution was the same in the seventeenth and in the nineteenth is hardly a paradox.

The working is very different; but the machine is essentially the same. A general view of the English constitution in its later form might run thus: Its great leading principles were established by Earl Simon and King Edward the First. It had been wrought into its present shape by the beginning of the fourteenth century. As far as the written law goes, the main features of the constitution and law of England were the same then that they are now. Then came the Yorkist, Tudor, and Stewart times, times of progress in many ways, but in a strictly constitutional view, times of backsliding. The law was trodden under foot; kings habitually broke the law according to which they were sworn to govern. The two struggles of the seventeenth century, the great revolt against Charles the First and the milder revolt against James the Second, really brought back the state of things which was at the beginning of the fourteenth century; William the Third holds, in a wonderful way, the same position as Henry the Fourth. Since that time the work of progress in England has consisted, not in formal changes in the constitution, but in bringing its practical working in harmony with the changing needs of the time. As far as the written law goes, as far as anything goes that a court of law can take notice of, the relations among the powers of the state in England have hardly changed at all since the days of William the Third, or even since the days of Henry the Fourth. The change which has taken place since those days is that each power in the state now acts, not only according to the written law, but according to certain constitutional rules which are not written in any law-book, but which are in practice perfectly understood, and which amount to a

practical acknowledgement of the supremacy of the House of Commons, and thereby of the people whom that house represents. It would be thoroughly unfair to blame Charles the First or James the Second for not ruling according to conventional understandings which have been established since their time. It is thoroughly fair to blame them for trampling under foot the written law which had been established long before their time, and which some earlier kings had at least tried to carry out. It is equally unfair to attempt to defend Charles the First on the ground that most, perhaps all, of his breaches of law can be matched by some act of some earlier reign. There is a wide difference between occasional breaches of law done by a king in irregular times when breaches of law are common on the part of everybody, and systematic breaches of law done in settled times by a king who is strong enough to make everybody else keep the law, but who keeps for himself the privilege of breaking it. The revolution of 1688 brought things back to the point which was established by the revolution of 1399. The king henceforth obeys the law; but, within the limits of the powers which the law gives him, he can still act according to his personal will. The work of the time which has passed since the revolution of 1688 has been to substitute for the personal will of the king the indirectly expressed will of the people.

It was while the law and constitution of England were at this special point that most of the American colonies, those above all in this part of the continent, were founded. As Englishmen settling in a new land, the colonists brought with them the law of England; but they naturally brought it with them only in such modified shapes as were

made necessary by settlement in a new land. Will it jar on any theory of progress if I say that many of the changes which settlement in a new land made needful were changes backward? I certainly find that the best way of going forward very often is to go backward. Many of the very best reforms in English law have been mere fallings back on the simpler principles of earlier times; and this fact is all the more valuable because I am sure that, in some cases at least, the authors of those reforms did not know that they were falling back on the principles of earlier times. The seventeenth century was indeed a time in which men consciously fell back on the principles of earlier times. Through all English history the cry has never been for new laws, but for the firmer establishment, the stricter observance, of the old laws. The patriots of the seventeenth century went back for their precedents to the fifteenth. But those among them who founded the American colonies often went back further still, and often went back unconsciously. The conditions of the earliest times had largely come back again. The settlers of the seventeenth century differed from the settlers of the fifth in being Christian and civilized men, bringing with them all that man learned in the space of twelve hundred years. But they were like the settlers of the fifth century in this, that they were settlers in a new land, settling in small bodies, founding a great number of small and separate settlements. This is quite another process from conquest on a large scale, such conquests, for instance, as the Spaniards made in other parts of the American continent. I must hold that the advance of your great Union has been all the wider, all the surer, because the beginnings were small,

because advance was for a long time slow. The small beginnings, the slow advance, is an essential part of the history, and it was an element which, more than any other, helped toward the establishment and maintenance of free institutions. Let us suppose that a king of England, clothed with great powers by law, and taking to himself great further powers in the teeth of the law, had won the same kind of dominion in this part of America as the Kings of Spain won in other parts. In one sense England would have been more directly reproduced on American soil than it was. That is to say, there might have been as near a reproduction as change of place allowed of the state of England as it then stood, with the abuses of the royal power as part of that state. The course which events really took allowed of the reproduction of England in a much truer and healthier shape. It was because the land was not conquered by kings, but was settled by small companies of men, many of whom actually went to be out of the king's way, that more truly English institutions could grow up. It was not the existing England that was reproduced, but a new England that was founded. But the new England that was founded was in a certain sense an old England. The conditions of earlier times had largely come back, and the settlers, while bringing English feelings and English laws with them, worked those laws and feelings in many respects into institutions of an earlier type than those which they left behind in the mother-country. The circumstances of the settlements allowed each little new-born home of Englishmen to grow up for itself after its own fashion. The same circumstances shut out any great interference

on the part of the government at home. The great historic interest of these settlements, above all of the New England settlements, lies in the fact that they were driven, even if they had not wished, to give their institutions a more primitive character than the existing institutions of England; that is, as I should venture to put it, to advance by going back. All local institutions were necessarily of a simpler kind than they were in the elder country. That is to say, the settlers were driven to cast off many of the improvements or corruptions, as we may choose to call them, which had overshadowed the elder institutions of the mother-country, and largely to fall back on the primitive form of those institutions. In some settlements the primitive democracy, the direct share of every citizen in the political assembly of his people, which had died out or had been utterly overshadowed everywhere in Europe save in a few of the Swiss cantons, appeared again on American soil in all its fulness.

Thus in the seventeenth century, exactly as in the fifth and sixth, English settlement took the form of a great number of small, distinct, to a large extent practically independent, settlements. Herein lay the root of the matter; the third England was not made, but grew. The history of the settlements, the migrations, the quarrels, the shiftings, the unions, the divisions, is somewhat hard to carry in the head. But their general character and their place in the history of the world is plain enough. That character, that place, assuredly lies among ancient events. It is as essentially an old piece of history as anything in old Greece or in mediæval Switzerland. It is the small-

ness of scale which is the beauty of the whole thing. It is so, not only because it really heightens the history of the story; it is so in a more practical way also. You will say that I am again at my paradoxes if I say that the present greatness of your Confederation is mainly owing to the littleness of its beginnings. A stage may come when it is the right thing to admit a state like Texas; but I am much more sure that Rhode Island is the right kind of thing to begin with. I look at the map of Rhode Island with admiration mingled with a certain measure of regret. I regret that another Rhode Island cannot come into being now. I see no room for it either in Europe or in America; I am not clear that there is room for it even in Australia. I am half afraid that we have got too civilized for the growth of another Rhode Island. I am not sure that a little privacy, a little isolation, is not needed for such a growth; it might not be healthy for it to have the world staring at it through the spectacles of the daily newspaper and the electric telegraph. In these little new-made settlements there was a strength and freshness of political life which can hardly be in states of a larger scale. They gave to the body of which they were one chief element, and certainly the most wholesome element, a certain keenness, a certain variety, of political experience which a greater physical scale would have gone far to blunt and to dim. A number of these small communities, separate from one another, connected with the mother-country by a very lax tie, not without local jealousies and rivalries, were the best conceivable materials out of which to construct a federal system. Newer and larger States, admitted into a

Federal Union already formed, can never have the same political schooling. They are, as it were, born grown-up; they have not had the wholesome discipline of such a childhood as that of New England. It is no fault of theirs; like the Frenchman in my little story, they can't help it. They had not the good luck to be born at the same lucky moment and under the same lucky surroundings as the New England States. I have sometimes wished that I could find myself no older than I was thirty or forty years back, keeping all that I have learned in those thirty or forty years. Something like this singular good luck did really happen to Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and their fellows. Armed and strengthened with all the experience and civilization of the seventeenth century, they were driven to start afresh from nearly the same conditions as the men of the fifth and sixth centuries.

The founders of the third England thus brought with them the institutions of the second England, but modified by the circumstances of the settlement in a manner which went some way to recall the primitive institutions of the first England. And I may say this for evil as well as for good. I believe that the great mass of mankind have not the faintest notion that slavery was an ancient English institution. Of course I do not mean that it was in any way specially English. It was simply common to the English with all other nations who have the chance to get slaves and who have not yet found out that slavery is either wrong or unprofitable. In an early stage of society slavery is the doom of the prisoner of war; it is often the legal doom of the criminal. In both cases it often passes as a merciful substitute for death. The chil-

dren of the slave are slaves; a slave-class is thus formed; in England it was formed, partly out of British captives and their descendants, partly out of English criminals and their descendants. The very name of *slave* points to the main origin of the state of slavery. It is no Latin word; it is no Teutonic word. It is the name of the great race of the *Slaves*, a name which in its own tongue means, perhaps *glorious*, perhaps *speaking to be understood*, but which, both in Eastern and in Western Europe, became the common name for bondmen, when the wars of both Eastern and Western Emperors had filled all lands with bondsmen of Slavonic blood. So in England, where we had no chance of Slavonic captives, the name which we gave to our British neighbours served the same purpose. We first called them *Welsh* or strangers; we then used the Welsh name to mean *bondmen*. In England both slavery in the strict sense, and villainage, that middle state between mere slavery and full freedom, died out step by step without ever being abolished by law. Step by step the slaves became villains, and the villains became freemen. They could easily do so; the descendant either of the English criminal or of the Welsh captive, when he was once set free, differed in nothing from his master. Pure slavery died out so early in England that men forgot that such a thing had ever been. Villainage was remembered as a thing of the past, but the state of the slave passed out of memory. When slavery appeared again in a new form, when English colonists brought their slaves of another race and colour to the mother-country, the question was gradually stirred, and English judges, with more regard to abstract right than to the past history of England, declared that in England slavery could not be,

and that the first breath of English air set the slave free. I would have you notice three things: First, there was an early time when there was white slavery in England, just as there was in old Greece, or old Italy, or any other part of the world. Secondly, there was a much later time when there was black slavery in England, though only on a small scale, as when it was fashionable for fine ladies to be waited on by negro boys. Thirdly, when slavery appeared again in the colonies, it appeared again in its oldest shape. Both Cromwell and James the Second sent criminals, rebels, even Scottish prisoners of war, to be slaves, both in the American mainland and in the West India islands. I am concerned with this matter only to show how, both for good and for evil, the force of circumstances drove the colonists to reproduce in many things the conditions of far earlier times. The thing that gives the fact its historic value is that this was done altogether unconsciously. The men who set up free townships and the men who took to themselves bondmen were assuredly not thinking that the followers of Hengest and Cerdic had done the like.

But the institutions which thus grew up in the American colonies, and which grew into their most perfect shape in the New England colonies, were, after all, institutions essentially local. Even those which reached what we may call the greatest physical size, the legislatures of the greater colonies, were still, in the strictest sense, *provincial*. They were not the institutions of a great nation. They could not be so as long as local freedom, though carried perhaps to the furthest point that a merely

local freedom could be, was still merely local. There could be no national institutions till a nation was formed, and a nation could not be formed as long as any trace remained of dependence on a power beyond the Ocean. The colonies, as long as they remained *provinces*, might be practically free in all that concerned their own internal affairs; in the general affairs of the whole English people they had no voice. Matters of peace and war were settled for them by a power over which they had not even an indirect control. In the war of a hundred and twenty years back, the war in which some of your revolutionary heroes first tried their 'prentice hands, the colonial, provincial, continental, troops served with a good will. There was every reason why they should serve with a good will. But, willing or unwilling, they had no share in settling such matters. Whether Virginia and Louisiana should be at war or at peace depended, not on Virginia and Louisiana, not on any greater wholes of which Virginia and Louisiana formed parts, but on two kings far away in Europe. At last the mother-country went a step too far in reminding her distant provinces that they were provinces. Englishmen on this side of Ocean had no more mind than Englishmen on the other side to be taxed by an assembly in which they were not represented. The political tie was snapped; thirteen settlements of Englishmen became free and independent states, no longer provinces of the British crown, but colonies of the English people more truly than ever.

No sane person in Great Britain now approves of the attempt to tax the colonies. No sane person does otherwise than rejoice that the colonies became free and inde-

pendent. But let us, in common fairness, say a word for King George. In all that he did he was backed by the great mass of the British nation. And let us even say a word for the British nation also. Had the King and the nation been really wise, they would have let the colonies go without striking a blow. But then no king and no nation ever was really wise after that fashion. King George and the British nation were simply not wiser than other people. I believe that you may turn the pages of history from the earliest to the latest times, without finding a time when any king or any commonwealth, freely and willingly, without compulsion or equivalent, gave up power or dominion, or even mere extent of territory on the map, when there was no real power or dominion. Remember that, seventeen years after the acknowledgement of American independence, King George still called himself King of France. Remember that, when the title was given up, some people thought it unwise to give it up. Remember that some people in our own day regretted the separation between the crowns of Great Britain and Hannover. If they lived to see the year 1866, perhaps they grew wiser.

In the third England, as in the second, strictly national union came from the joining together of many smaller local bodies. And the work of union was in both cases largely advanced by a struggle with a common enemy. But the different circumstances of the two cases caused the process of union to take two quite different forms in Britain and in America. In Britain, beyond the occasional and precarious supremacy of the Bretwaldas, there was no political tie of any kind among the many Teutonic states. Up to the conversion Englishmen had no

acknowledged and abiding head in any shape; after the conversion they had a head; but he did not appear in the shape of a civil or political ruler; the head of Angle-kin was the first bishop in the land. But in America the several colonies were, after all, members of a greater whole; they had a common tie in their allegiance to the King of Great Britain. Again, in Britain the common enemy was a foreign invader; in the first stages of the strife, he was a heathen invader. In America the common enemy was no other than the common head, the King of Great Britain himself. In Britain union took the form of annexation of the several states by one greater state. All the Teutonic states in Britain became, first dependencies of the West-Saxon king, then integral parts of his kingdom. The King of the West-Saxons grew into the King of the English. We may believe that the early stages of this process were not much liked by the kingdoms which thus lost their independent being. But in the later stages, when the coming of the Dane had left the West-Saxon king the only English and Christian King in the land, the men of other parts of England welcomed his rule, as that of a deliverer from the heathen yoke. Thus the effect of the struggle with a foreign enemy was the absorption of several separate powers into one. But when the common enemy was the prince whose common headship was the only political tie among the separate settlements, things naturally took another course. That course did not lead to the same complete union among the English settlements in America which had come to pass ages before among the English settlements in Britain. Absorption of the lesser colonies by one larger one could not hap-

pen while all alike admitted the supremacy of a common king. It could not happen in the face of the common danger, when the common king had changed into the common enemy to be withstood. The struggle showed the need of union; but for the moment—at least in idea—it brought perfect disunion. When the one tie was snapped, there was no other ready made. A new tie had to be created; among states which felt the need of union, but which had no mind to give up local independence, that tie naturally took a federal shape. First came the laxer union, which needed to declare that it was to be perpetual. Then came the more perfect union, which needed not to declare itself perpetual, seeing perpetuity was implied in its increased perfection. And the federal union necessarily took a republican form. That a federal monarchy is not impossible has been since proved by the experience of Germany. But a federal monarchy could hardly arise, except where the particular states were used to monarchic government. A federal Emperor is a perfectly natural head for a company of kings and grand dukes. A federal king would have been a very unnatural head for a company of states which, even when nominally subject, had been practically commonwealths. The circumstances of the tenth century led the English kingdoms in Britain, naturally and necessarily, to coalesce in the shape of a consolidated kingdom. The circumstances of the eighteenth century led the English commonwealths in America, as naturally and necessarily, to coalesce in the shape of a federal commonwealth.

Will it now be set down as yet another paradox, if I say that the constitution of the federal commonwealth

is really not a new thing, but only a modification of the constitution of the consolidated kingdom? The differences are many, as could not fail to be when the change of circumstances was so great; but I see far more to wonder at in the amount of likeness than in the amount of unlikeness. It would have been nothing strange, if the founders of the American constitution had made it as unlike as they possibly could to the constitution of Great Britain. Instead of so doing, they made it as like to the elder model as the circumstances of the two cases allowed. Read what the founders of the constitution say for themselves in the Federalist. Never were men further removed from the character of reckless innovators than Hamilton, Madison, and Jay. I suspect that in their hearts they were a trifle more conservative than they thought it wise to proclaim to the world. Anyhow they preserved the main outlines of the old model. The three great elements of Teutonic polity, the ruling chief, the council of elders, and the popular assembly, are there in the newer work, no less than in the older. The vulgar mind thinks that the difference must be something amazingly great, because the ruling chief is a hereditary king in the one land and an elective president in the other. The student of constitutional history looks on this as a small difference compared with that which parts off both king and president from a state of things where there is no ruling chief at all. The Swiss federal constitution, which in many points so closely follows the American model, has no personal head at all. The powers of the executive, much smaller in their range than those of either king or president, are vested in a council of seven, of whom the so-called President of

the Confederation is simply chairman. Your Senate, your "other house," is something more than "another house." It is not merely traditional, like the British House of Lords, nor merely ornamental, like the French Senate. It is an essential part of the federal system, as much needed to embody the rights of the several free and independent States as the House of Representatives is needed to embody the national being of the united people. And yet I doubt whether the idea of the Senate would have come into the head of any man who was not familiar with the British House of Lords. Remember that national assemblies composed of two houses were not so common then throughout the world as the combined example of Britain and America has made them since. In fact, the American examples, both in the federal constitution and in the constitutions of particular states, must have been among the first in which the system of two houses was deliberately adopted. I say deliberately, because it should always be borne in mind that the system of two Houses of Parliament came about in England, like most other things, by the force of circumstances. There was no moment in English history when either the people of England or any king of England said, We will have two Houses of Parliament rather than one or three. The existing constitution of Lords and Commons settled itself, after showing tendencies quite unlike the shape which it took in the end. But it is to be supposed that the many cases in which the system of two houses has been adopted in America, not only in the constitutions of States, but in the local constitutions of cities, show a distinct conviction that two houses do the work better than

either one or three. But bear in mind that, both in the State and in the city, it is simply a question in what way the work will be best done. If you should ever think that either one house or three houses would manage your affairs better than two houses, there is no reason why you should not change your two houses for one or three. This is true of the city; it is true of the State; but it is not true of the Union. There it is of the essence of the federal system that the whole nation as such and the States as such should both be represented. And this can be done only by having two Houses. One house or three would not do.

The main point of unlikeness between the English and the American constitutions may be said, if I may be allowed another journey into the regions of paradox, to consist in this, that there is a constitution in America and that there is no constitution in England. I mean that in America there is a written document called the Federal Constitution, which lays down the exact powers of the different federal authorities, a document which cannot be altered by ordinary legislation, but only in a special way laid down in the constitution itself. In England there is no constitution in this sense; there is no one document placed beyond ordinary legislation; there is nothing which King, Lords and Commons, acting together, cannot change at any moment, in the form of an ordinary act of parliament. What we commonly call the British constitution is simply a system of silent understandings as to the way in which the powers which the law gives to the several authorities of the state are to be exercised. In England therefore conduct may be highly unconstitutional which is in no way illegal. It

may be deserving of parliamentary censure, while it would be no ground for proceedings in any court of law. In America conduct cannot be unconstitutional without being illegal. This, I apprehend, is true in a strict sense, though I am aware that something like a system of unwritten understandings, answering to our unwritten constitution, has grown up round about your great written document. Now this main distinction, that the constitution of the one country is written and that of the other is unwritten follows necessarily from the circumstances of each. The English constitution had grown up, bit by bit, out of the primitive germs of our political institutions; it was never even revised in any formal way. The only time when anything like a written constitution was set up in England was under the Protectorate. But the acts of the Protectorate were held to be null alike by the partisans of the King and by the partisans of the Parliament. At the Restoration of Charles the Second the old constitution revived of itself, without any formal re-enactment. A new nation, such as the English settlements in America became by the fact of independence, found itself in a different position. Even had there been only one state, and not thirteen, it would probably have been found convenient to define the range of each of the powers of the commonwealth in a written document. But when there were thirteen states to be joined together in a federal union, the written document was not only convenient, but necessary. A federal constitution is of the nature of a treaty. It is an agreement by which certain political communities, in themselves independent and sovereign, agree to surrender certain of the attributes

of independence and sovereignty to a central authority, while others of these attributes they keep in their own hands. A written document is absolutely necessary as an authoritative record to declare which powers are ceded to the Union and which are kept in the hands of the States. In a federal state then a written constitution is matter of necessity; in a state of any other form, whether monarchy or commonwealth, it is a mere matter of circumstances and convenience in each particular case. Your several States have found it convenient to draw up written constitutions; but it should be remembered that Rhode Island lived on for many years after the Declaration of Independence with no constitution beyond its original charter.

From the fact that the United States have a written constitution some points of difference between them and England have directly followed. I will mention two only. One is the great powers with which your Supreme Federal Court is clothed. It is, I believe, the only national tribunal in the world which can sit in judgement on a national law, and can declare an act of all the three powers of the Union to be null and void. No such power does or can exist in England. Any one of the three powers of the state, King, Lords, or Commons, acting alone, may act illegally; the three acting together cannot act illegally. An act of parliament is final; it may be repealed by the power which enacted it; it cannot be questioned by any other power. For in England there is no written constitution; the powers of Parliament, of King, Lords, and Commons, acting together, are literally boundless. But in your Union, it is not only pos-

sible that President, Senate, or House of Representatives, acting alone, may act illegally; the three acting together may act illegally. For their powers are not boundless; they have no powers but such as the terms of the constitution, that is, the original treaty between the States, have given them. Congress may pass, the President may assent to, a measure which contradicts the terms of the constitution. If they so act, they act illegally, and the Supreme Court can declare such an act to be null and void. This difference flows directly from the difference between a written and an unwritten constitution. It does not follow that every state which has a written constitution need vest in its highest court such powers as are vested in yours, though it certainly seems to me that, in a federal constitution, such a power is highly expedient. My point is simply that such a power can exist where there is a written constitution: where there is no written constitution, it cannot.

The other point of difference which follows from the presence or absence of a written constitution is perhaps more obvious at first sight. This is the position of the chief magistrate of the Union. The President replaces the King, but his position really comes nearer to that of the Prime Minister. But he differs a good deal from either the one or the other. The powers of the President, the mode of his election, the duration of his office, are all laid down in your federal constitution. The position of the King of Great Britain and Ireland is equally laid down by law. He comes to the crown by hereditary succession, not by virtue of any divine right, but by virtue of a certain act of parliament. As King, he holds certain powers defined by law. But here steps

in the unwritten constitution. That great traditional authority decrees that, of the powers which the King holds by law, some shall never be exercised at all, while the others shall be exercised only by the advice of a person called the Prime Minister, a member of one or the other house of Parliament, tacitly approved by the House of Commons. In short the kingly power can be exercised only by the advice of the leader of that party which has the majority in the House of Commons. He keeps office as long as the House of Commons approves of his policy; if the House of Commons ceases to approve of his policy, he finds it necessary to resign. He may indeed, under some circumstances, dissolve Parliament; but if the new House of Commons disapproves of his policy, then he must resign. Now there never is any doubt in England who is Prime Minister, any more than there is any doubt here who is President. Mr. Gladstone is as certainly Prime Minister of the United Kingdom as Mr. Arthur is President of the United States. But while Mr. Arthur holds a position which is carefully defined by the written constitution, Mr. Gladstone holds, as Prime Minister, a position which the written law of England knows nothing about. The law knows him as a British subject, as a member of the House of Commons, as a member of the Queen's Privy Council. All these things Sir Stafford Northcote is equally. The law assumes that every act of the Queen is done by the advice of some Privy Councillor, who takes the responsibility of the act on himself. But, as far as the law knows, Sir Stafford Northcote is as likely to be the adviser of any act of the Queen as Mr. Gladstone. But the law further knows Mr. Gladstone as one

of certain Commissioners named by the Queen to discharge the office of Lord High Treasurer, an office which for a long time back has never been held by a single person. In that commission his name stands first; he is First Lord of the Treasury. And to the First Lord of the Treasury—an officer inferior in rank to many of his colleagues, who has no precedence beyond that of any other privy councillor—that system of tacit understandings which is all that we mean in England by the word "constitution" entrusts the practical exercise of most of those powers of the crown which the same system allows to be exercised at all. But the law knows nothing of him as Prime Minister; it knows nothing of his colleagues as a "Government" or a "cabinet." The whole thing is conventional. No man is appointed to the office of Prime Minister, for no such office exists. And, as he comes into power without any formal election or nomination, so he can be deprived of power without any formal deposition. Let the House of Commons show that it no longer trusts him, and he and his colleagues must resign.

Such is the working of an unwritten constitution, the working of a set of rules which are perfectly well understood, but which it would be impossible to set down in the shape of a written law. The position of your President under your written constitution differs greatly from that either of the King or of the Prime Minister. It is plain that the powers of the President are smaller than those of the King, but that he can exercise such powers as he has much more freely according to his own personal will. He is not bound to follow the advice of a minister who may not be of his own choosing, and whose advice may

be directly opposite to his personal wishes. On the other hand he acts more directly than the Prime Minister, who can do nothing except through the formal agency of the King whom he advises. But the main difference lies in this. Your President is chosen for a definite time: it is hard to see how a magistrate acting under a written constitution can be other than chosen or appointed for a definite time. But from the appointment for a definite time it follows that he cannot, under ordinary circumstances, be got rid of before the end of that time—that he cannot, except by formal re-election, be continued beyond the end of that time. Let the policy of a President be disapproved by both houses of Congress and by the nation at large, still, unless some definite crime can be legally proved against him, you cannot get rid of him till the end of four years. Let the policy of a President be approved by everybody, still you cannot keep him in office beyond four years, except by a formal re-election, except by making the chief of the state descend to the position of a candidate. With us the House of Commons can at any moment, by means which are indirect but thoroughly effectual, get rid of a minister whose policy it disapproves. And a minister whose policy the House of Commons continues to approve may be kept in office indefinitely, without any formal act on the part of anybody. Here, to my mind, lies the greatest point of difference between our unwritten and your written constitution, between our kingly and your republican constitution. And it is a point which, if you ask my personal mind, is the one great advantage of our system over yours. Our way, it seems to me, is the more republican of the two; we are less tied and

bound to a single man. But the question comes, on the other side, whether this great advantage is or is not outweighed by certain evils which are the natural outcome of our system, but which can have no place in yours. And, if I may speak from my very heart of hearts, I must say that yet another question lies behind: the question whether a more excellent way than either is not to be found in the position of the Executive in the present federal constitution of the Everlasting League.

But mark that, if I speak of this or that, in the constitution of England, of America, or of Switzerland, as being better or worse than something in one of the other two constitutions, I am speaking as one who has got into the habit of studying a political constitution, as a kind of work of art, very much as I study a building. And, if I say that this or that church or castle or hall of government is better than another in this or that point, the last thing that I should wish would be that the one which I think not so good should be rebuilt or altered according to the pattern of that which I think better. As with buildings, so with constitutions, I should lose my subjects for study in both lines, if either all buildings or all constitutions were to be reconstructed after one model, even if that should be the most perfect of models. But, far more than this, I believe that each country is likely to do best by keeping to the institutions which its own special history has given it. Let it reform and develope within its own lines; do not let it go and blindly copy what it finds elsewhere. We will, if you please, keep our King and our Minister; you shall keep your President; the Swiss shall keep their Federal Council: that each exists in a particular coun-

try, that each has come through the course of events in that country, is the strongest argument in its favour as an institution of that particular country; it is to some extent an argument against transplanting it to any other country. It is natural that England should have kings, because it has had kings from the beginning. It is natural that America should not have a king, but that it should still have a personal chief, because England had a king, while a king on this side of the Ocean was neither desirable nor possible. The change from king to president was, what I conceive the founders of your constitution to have aimed at, as much change as was needful, and not more than was needful. It is equally natural that Switzerland should have neither king nor president nor personal chief in any shape. While Englishmen in Britain were used to an immediate king dwelling among them, while Englishmen in America were used to an immediate king not dwelling among them, the men of the Cantons had not for ages acknowledged any king at all, and had in earlier times known no king but Cæsar. Each country may be fairly expected to prosper most under the system which has come naturally to it; none of the three need seek to imitate the systems of the others; each should strive to work its own system in the best way in which it can be worked.

And now it is time that I should come to an end. I have as yet seen but little of your vast country, but I have seen enough to teach me its vastness. And it is indeed a thrilling thought for a man of the elder England to see what a home the newest home of his people is.

The heart swells, the pride of kinship rises, as he sees that it is his own folk which has done more than any other folk to replenish the earth and to subdue it. He is no Englishman at heart, he has no true feeling of the abiding tie of kindred, who deems that the glory and greatness of the child is other than part of the glory and greatness of the parent. Let him rise above purely local and political distinctions to the thought of the greater whole of which my native land and yours alike form parts, and he will even be able to track out the scenes of the war which parted them with his feelings enlisted on the side of those who were geographically the furthest away from himself. I have gone up your Bunker Hill; I cannot honestly say that the spot kindled in me quite the enthusiasm which I had felt on the heights of Lewes and of Evesham—they are parts of my own story, and I am a geographical Britisher, after all—but certainly such enthusiasm as I did feel was on the side of those who threw up the redoubt, not on the side of those who attacked it. I can see one thing only which, if I had been present at your late gathering at York Town, would have gone at all to mar my thorough sympathy with the victorious side. I have so much of the John Bull in me that I could have wished that the French had been somewhere else. I could have wished that two armies of Englishmen could have fought out their quarrel without foreign help, as armies of Englishmen had done in so many earlier fields of civil war. And yet, after we had turned Hessian mercenaries loose upon you, we could hardly complain if you welcomed the alliance of France or of any other power. Anyhow, you won your independence,

and we rejoice at it. Another English nation came into being.

But perhaps some one may arise, even at this stage of our argument, to prove that you are not an English nation. Some one may stand up to argue that, however close the tie may have been ages back, it has been relaxed, perhaps it has been severed, since the American States have stood open to receive citizens from every quarter of the world. We may remember, by the way, that England has done so just as freely, though naturally the flow of strangers into the elder land has not been so fast as the flow of strangers into the new. Perhaps some may even urge this last fact as a proof that we have separated more than ever. I deny the inference. I wish to tread as lightly as possible on any matters which may stir up political questions; but some of the facts out of which political questions have grown or seem likely to grow are scientific facts which we must look in the face. You receive all strangers, but do you assimilate all strangers with equal ease? Do you not, as a matter of fact, find that some settlers can, with very little trouble, be changed into good Englishmen, good Americans, or whatever we choose to call them, while with others the work is, whether impossible or not, at any rate a great deal harder? I assume that you are ready to welcome any of our Teutonic kinsfolk, High-Dutch, Low-Dutch, or Scandinavian. Truly they are not strangers at all; they are members of the house who stayed behind, who have made the two voyages in one in a later age, instead of making the first in a very early age. Surely, when they have rubbed off their little local angles, they can

sit down at the common hearth and feel themselves quite at home. I do think that you find a settler from Utrecht, we will say, from Hamburg, from Christiania, something different from a settler from Pekin. I tremble as I speak of Aryan settlers who are not of the Teutonic race; I have heard of other lecturers in this city who have suffered some persecution for not speaking with due respect of some who come under that head. I will therefore avoid dangerous ground. I will say only that, while all Teutons are very near to us, no European Aryan is very far from us; there is enough of kindred, enough of likeness, left among all whose forefathers took part in the great migration to make assimilation among them easy, natural, and wholesome. No doubt it takes place faster with our nearer kinsfolk, but surely it takes place sooner or later with all who are kinsfolk at all. Surely I am right in saying that with all Dutchmen—the wider meaning of that good old word is still not forgotten in some of your States—assimilation is easy; that with other Western Aryans it is at least possible; with others beyond that pale I will not say what it is, for it might be dangerous; I will leave you to draw the distinction instead of me. And what form does assimilation take where assimilation is possible? Surely the settlers are assimilated and absorbed into the pre-existing body; they learn your tongue, they are admitted into your national being; you do not learn their tongue or pass into their national being. The infusion may be greater in degree, but it is really only of the same kind, as the infusion which the elder England has during the last three hundred years received from other European lands. We have welcomed Flemings, Huguenots, Palatines, in

no small measure, to say nothing of stray settlers from every European land. We do not look on our Bouveries, Bentincks, and Romillies as other than Englishmen, any more than we should deny the name to a Percy or a Mowbray, if a real Percy or a real Mowbray were to be found. Some may think that your grants of citizenship are a trifle too lavish; I will not argue that point; I will rather say how strong must the English heart be in you when you can grant your citizenship so lavishly and yet still abide an English nation. For an English nation you are; I must part from you in once more reminding you that all that belongs to the older and lesser England in Britain belongs no less to the younger and greater England in the New World. Coming before you, I hailed you as English brethren; parting from you, I part as from English brethren, sharers in the common history of the English folk. That history, from Arminius to Gladstone and Garfield, is a long one; it is a stirring one. It has its dark sides and its gloomy periods, but, as a whole, it is one of which neither branch of the common stock needs to be ashamed. And assuredly, of that long and stirring history, not the least memorable, not the least worthy, part has been wrought on the western side of Ocean.

THE PRACTICAL BEARINGS

OF

GENERAL EUROPEAN HISTORY.

THE PRACTICAL BEARINGS

OF

GENERAL EUROPEAN HISTORY.

LECTURE I.

Causes and their Effects.

I WAS many years ago talking to a friend who has since risen to a very eminent position in one part of the world on some point or other of the early history of Greece. He put all such inquiries aside with the remark that no practical teaching could be gained from times and places where the art of printing was unknown. I was more lately talking to another friend who has long ago risen to an eminent position in another part of the world on the comparative merits of three forms of executive government, all of them in being in the modern world. Those were the constitutional monarchy of England, the presidential system of the United States, and the federal council of the Swiss Confederation. I ventured to hint that, in the balance of merits and defects, the Swiss system had some advantages over the other two, and that it was at least worthy to be compared with them on equal terms. My friend, a man of great practical experience, was quite ready to weigh all

that could be said for and against both the English and the American system. Those were the systems of great nations, each of which might perhaps learn something from the other. But to any discussion of the Swiss system he could not listen at all. That was the system of a small nation, from which no practical lesson could be learned. It could not be worth while to discuss the institutions of so small a country as Switzerland. On these terms I did not think it worth while to go on with the argument any longer.

The former of these stories I believe I have both told and discussed in print. The latter, in its exact shape, I have certainly not discussed in print. But I have discussed at some length the advantages and disadvantages of the three forms of executive of which I was just now speaking, and the objection to any consideration of Swiss matters on the ground that Switzerland is a small country is one which I did not hear for the first time in the conversation of which I have just spoken. I think you will be not be surprised to hear that I look upon both objections as shallow. But it is well that you should know at the beginning that I am at least fully aware that there are such objections. It may be well to warn gainsayers at the outset that the doctrines that things are not worth attending to, either because they are small or because they are old, are doctrines which, with me at least, have quite lost the charm of novelty. I have heard them both very often, and I remain unconvinced by either. It may be that this only proves my own obstinacy. It may prove that I am unpractical, sentimental, pedantic. I am quite used to be called all three on my own side of the Ocean. I may perhaps

cherish a hope that I shall not be called by those names on this side of the Ocean. But if, by bad luck, I am, I am daring enough to think that I can live through it on one side as well as on the other. For I have long ago been thoroughly convinced, convinced, I almost fear, beyond the reach of argument the other way, that the qualities which are commonly meant by the names unpractical, sentimental, and pedantic, are exactly the qualities which are needed for the sound and thorough understanding of any practical matter, be its date past or present, be its scale great or small. For, in the course of a good deal of observation, I have learned to make two remarks: First, things have in the long run a way of turning out much more nearly as the unpractical and sentimental men expected them to turn out than as they were expected to turn out by the men who boast themselves to be specially practical. Secondly, I have noticed that arguments from past experience are received in very different ways, according as they fall in with or do not fall in with the notions of the person to whom they are addressed. The most logical argument from the experience of the past, the argument that like causes will probably lead to like effects, is thrust aside as "antiquarian rubbish" if it happens to tell against the ideas of the man who hears it. But the same man will accept with delight some merely sportive illustration, some mere incidental likeness of place or circumstance, perhaps the mere play or jingle of words and names, if only it happens to have the merit of telling in favour of his own ideas.

Now the position for which I have always striven is this, that history is past politics, that politics are present

history. The true subject of history, of any history that deserves the name, is man in his political capacity, man as the member of an organized society, governed according to law. History, in any other aspect, hardly rises above antiquarianism, though I am far from holding that even simple antiquarianism, even the merest scraping together of local and genealogical detail, is necessarily antiquarian rubbish. I know not why the pursuits of the antiquary should be called rubbish, any more than the pursuits of the seeker after knowledge of any other kind. Still, the pursuits of the antiquary, the man of local and special detail, the man of buildings or coins or weapons or manuscripts, are not in themselves history, though they are constantly found to be most valuable helps to history. The collections of the antiquary are not history; but they are materials for history, materials of which the historian makes grateful use, and without which he would often be sore put to in doing his own work. The simple antiquary is not a historian, but it is always a gain when the historian is an antiquary. If he is himself master of any or all branches of antiquarian research, he does his strictly historical work all the better. For by such knowledge he better understands for himself, and he can therefore better set forth to others, what manner of men they were who lived and moved and had their being in the time and place which he takes for the subject of his history. It is not too much to say that no kind of knowledge, of whatever kind, will be useless to the historian. There is none, however seemingly distant from his subject, which may not stand him in good stead at some pinch,

sooner or later. But his immediate subject, that to which all other things are secondary, is man as the member of a political community. Rightly to understand man in that character, he must study him in all the forms, in all the developements, that political society has taken. Effects have to be traced up to their causes, causes have to be traced up to their effects; and we cannot go through either of those needful processes if we confine our studies either to the political societies of our own day or to political societies on a great physical scale. The object of history is to watch the workings of one side, and that the highest side, of human nature in all its shapes; and we do not see human nature in all its shapes, unless we follow it into all times and all circumstances under which we have any means of studying it. We do not rightly understand the present, unless we trace the present back to its causes in the past. We do not rightly understand the great political society unless we compare it with smaller political societies, unless we mark the points in which they agree and the points in which they differ, the points in which unlikeness is caused by difference in physical and other circumstances, the points in which likeness is caused by the common human nature working in both. In truth, a very large part of the historian's business is the tracing out and testing of likenesses and unlikenesses. He has no work more constantly on his hand than, on the one hand, to acknowledge likenesses and unlikenesses which are at once real and obvious, and to deal as may be needful with likenesses and unlikenesses which are sometimes real but not obvious, sometimes obvious but not real. It is no small part of the historian's

business to point out real likeness amidst seeming diversity and real diversity amidst seeming likeness.

When a historical parallel or a historical contrast—and a contrast is in truth one form of parallel—is suggested, whether as a mere illustration or as a practical argument from experience, the first business is to find out whether the suggested likeness or unlikeness is real or only seeming. We may always assume that like causes will produce like effects; but, when we come to apply this rule to any particular case, we must take care to be sure that the causes are like. It may be that the likeness is real and essential; it may be that it is merely incidental and on the surface. We must find out which it is before we begin to draw any inferences from it. And again, we must remember what kind of likeness it is that we must expect between one set of historical causes and effects and another. In one sense it is perfectly true that history is always repeating itself; in another sense it would equally true to say that history never repeats itself at all. No historical position can be exactly the same as any earlier historical position, if only for the reason that the earlier position has gone before it. The exact reproduction of any earlier event, any earlier character, any earlier political situation, is, strictly speaking, impossible. A conscious imitation differs from the original in the very important respect that one is an original and the other an imitation. And, even where the reproduction is unconscious, where the likeness is simply the result of the working of like causes, still the two results can never be exactly the same, if only because the earlier result itself takes its place among the causes of the later result. Differences of this kind must always

be borne in mind, and they are quite enough to hinder any two historical events from being exact doubles of one another. Further points of unlikeness there will always be, caused by differences of time and place, by differences in the national character of particular nations and in the personal character of particular men; but this one cause of difference is inherent: one event is the earlier and the other is the later. But this is not difference enough to hinder real, essential, practical, likeness. Between parent and child, between master and scholar, there is the very important difference that one is the parent or the master, the other the child or the scholar; but this does not hinder real likeness between parent and child, as distinguished from members of other families; it does not hinder real likeness between master and scholar, as distinguished from members of other schools of teaching. So again, while we hold that like causes will produce like effects, we mean that like causes will always produce like effects, if the causes are left to their natural working; we must remember that one set of causes is often counterworked by another set, in which case the results will be different, because in truth the causes have ceased to be the same. In this way, even when a present set of causes seems to be, as nearly as the nature of things will allow, the same as a past set of causes, it would still be very rash positively to predict that the same results will follow. For the causes which we know of may be counterworked by other causes which we do not know of, and may thereby in truth cease to be the same causes. But we are perfectly safe in such a case, if we say that the same results which happened before are likely to happen again; that is, that they will happen, if no coun-

terworking causes come into play. And we are therefore perfectly safe in saying that it is the duty of practical good sense to bear in mind that a certain result, though not certain to happen, is likely to happen, and that no wise man will put that likelihood out of sight. Exact likeness between present and past, complete certainty as to the future, are things which never can be in an imperfect world inhabited by imperfect beings. But such a degree of likeness between past and present as may give us practical lessons for the present, such a likeness as may create a degree of likelihood as to the future, I hold to be a thing which is very often to be found. And I hold further that it is the practical business of historical science, of the philosophy which teaches by example, to distinguish the cases in which such likeness does exist from the cases in which it does not.

Again, we must carefully distinguish between causes and occasions. It is one of the oldest and one of the wisest remarks of political philosophy that great events commonly arise from great causes, but from small occasions. A certain turn of mind, one which is more concerned with gossip, old or new, than with real history, delights in telling us how the greatest events spring from the smallest causes, how the fates of nations and empires are determined by some sheer accident, or by the personal caprice or personal quarrel of some perhaps very insignificant person. A good deal of court-gossip, a good deal of political gossip, passes both in past and present times for real history. Now a great deal of this gossip is sheer gossip, and may be cast aside without notice; but a good deal of it often does contain truth of a certain kind. Only bear in mind the difference between

causes and occasions, and we may accept a good many of the stories which tell us how very trifling incidents led to very great events. That is, we may admit that the trifling incidents led to the great events in the character of occasions; we deny that they led to them in the character of causes. That is, we may admit that the trifling incident may have determined the exact time, the exact place, the exact form, of the great event; we deny that it was, in any true sense, the cause of the great event. It is only in a state of things where predisposing causes are already tending toward the great event that trifling accidents can at all effect the course of events. In such a state of things they may very well slightly delay or slightly hasten the course of events; they may cause one spot to be the scene instead of another, they may, for a while at least, bring one man to the front rather than another. Where there are no predisposing causes, the trifling incident will not lead to the great event; and where there are predisposing causes, if one occasion does not present itself to lead to the great event, some other occasion will be found to lead to it at no great distance of time and place. As an instance of what I mean, I will not take any gossiping story of the caprices or quarrels of princes, courtiers, or mistresses. I will take a case where the immediate occasion more nearly befits the greatness of the interests at stake. I will take the case of the deliverance of Sicily from the Angevin yoke through the famous Sicilian Vespers. A single outrage done by a single Frenchman led to a general slaughter of Frenchmen, first in Palermo, and then in the rest of the island. But we may be sure of two things: First, A single outrage done by a single

Frenchman would not have led to a general slaughter of Frenchmen, if there had not already been good grounds for a bitter hatred of Frenchmen in general. Secondly, If that particular outrage had not happened to give the immediate occasion for revolt, some other occasion would presently have been found. What the actual outrage, in its character of immediate occasion, really determined, was that the revolt should begin on that particular day at that particular place, and not on some other day at some other place. So it is with crowds of other cases. It is perfectly right to mark the immediate occasion, and to give it its proper place in the story. But we must never allow ourselves to be misled into mistaking the immediate occasion for the true determining cause.

Now when I speak of causes and occasions, when I speak of small personal caprices and quarrels, as being not the causes of great events, but merely the occasions, I wish it to be fully understood that I do not at all place the agency of really great men among mere occasions: I fully give it its place among determining causes. In any large view of history, we must always be on our guard against either underrating or overrating the actions of individual men. History is something more than biography; but biography is an essential and a most important part of history. We must not think, on the one hand, that great men, heroes, or whatever we please to call them, can direct the course of history according to their own will and pleasure, perhaps according to their mere caprice, with no danger of their will being thwarted, unless it should run counter to the will of some other great man or hero of equal or greater power.

The greatest man after all is but a man; as a man, he is liable to weakness, liable to failure, whether the failure be due to his own fault or to circumstances over which he had no control. And, if we admit that there may be circumstances which even the greatest men cannot control, we admit that the greatest man is after all no angelic or Titanic being, but one of ourselves, more highly gifted doubtless than other men, but still a being of the same nature and the same passions as other men. But, on the other hand, we must not deem that the course of history is so governed by general laws, that it is so completely in bondage to almost mechanical powers, that there is no room for the free agency of great men and of small men too. For it is of no little importance that, while we talk of the influence of great men on the history of the world, we should not forget the influence of the small men. Every man has some influence on the course of history. It may be merely the influence of one unit in the mass, the kind of influence which one vote in a vast constituency has in determining an election. Neither A nor B nor C can say that it was his vote, as distinguished from the vote of any other man, which carried the election of the candidate whom he supported. But it was only by A, B, and C and all the letters of the alphabet, acting each man exactly as if the election had depended on his vote only, that the election was carried as they all wished. So, not only in elections—which are often no unimportant part of history—but in all other matters, we are all of us constantly influencing history. For history is the record of the condition and doings of mankind, and each one of us, as a part or unit in the general mass of mankind,

helps to determine what the condition and doings of mankind shall be. We must take care not to be led to attach a meaning beyond the truth to phrases like laws of history, spirit of the age, national character. They all denote undoubted facts; but they must not be mistaken for unchanging physical forces, over which personal human agency has no control. We are all of us influenced by the spirit of the age; but then we all, each in his measure, help to determine, even if quite unknowingly, what the spirit of the age shall be. We are apt to forget that all changes, all fashions, be they changes in language, in dress, in politics, are really acts, though very often unconscious acts, of the human will. Whenever there is any change in usage, somebody must have done the act which set the fashion, even though he may have had no kind of notion that he was setting the fashion. The individual acts on the mass; and the mass acts on the individual; but they both act, not by mechanical forces, as the language which we use might sometimes almost make us think, but as moral and intellectual agents, by a real, though often unconscious, exercise of the human will. So it is with that collection of human beings which we call a state or a nation. Each of its members is influenced by the spirit of the nation, its national character, its circumstances, its traditions, a thousand things which all the members of the nation have in common. But then each man in the nation helps, in his measure, to determine what shall be the character of all these national possessions. He cannot indeed determine what traditions shall be handed down to himself; but he does help to determine what traditions shall be handed on to those who come after him. Not

only has every man the power to affect, if he chooses, the character of the community in which lives, and thereby of the age in which he lives; as a matter of fact, he always is affecting it, whether he thinks about what he is doing or not. Every man who steadily obeys the law makes the community in which he lives more peaceful and law-abiding. He does in his measure the good work which our ancient Chroniclers attribute to righteous rulers; he does justice and makes peace. And every man who disobeys the law makes the community in which he lives less peaceful and law-abiding. It is not merely that his example may lead others astray: his acts themselves of themselves help to change the character of the community for the worse. Natural philosophers tell us that every act done, every motion of the body, every sound uttered, by every man since man came into being has some lasting physical effect on the condition of the physical world. And I am quite sure that this is equally true in the moral world of history. All our actions, all our words, even if they seem to affect ourselves only, do, by affecting ourselves, affect the community of which we are members, and, by affecting that particular community, they affect that greater whole of which that community is a member.

If then we are all of us in some sort making history all our lives, where, it may be asked, is the place for those specially great men whom we are used to look on as specially making history? I answer that the great man is a being of the same nature as the small man, and that his influence is of the same nature as the influence of the small man. It is greater in degree, but it is essentially the same in kind. We all of us influence

history in some measure, but the influence of most of us remains invisible. Some of us influence it in a greater measure than others, so much so that their influence becomes visible in some particular place or among some particular class of men. Some few of us influence it in so great a measure that their influence becomes visible to all men, and their names and acts are recorded in the general annals of mankind. But the difference between their influence and the influence of smaller men is only a difference of degree. If the great man influences his age, it is because he is himself influenced by his age. That is, if he influences smaller men, it is because he is brought under the same influence as smaller men, or indeed because he is influenced by the smaller men themselves. For a man who stands altogether apart from his age, that is, a man who is not influenced by the other men who help to determine the character of the age, may be a great man in the sense of possessing great natural gifts; he can hardly be a great man in the sense of having a great effect on his own time, and thereby on later times. He may stand apart from his age in the sense of being far in advance of it; but, if he is very far in advance of his age, he cannot become a leader of his age. Men are led by those who are in advance of themselves, but still only so far in advance that those who follow can at least see the leader, even if they do not know exactly whither he is leading. If the leader is so far in advance that he is himself out of sight, he ceases to be a leader. In this way men who have possessed the highest natural gifts have done but little, they have had but little effect on the world's history, simply because they were too far in

advance of their own age to be its leaders. Lesser men who have more in common with those around them, men who are in advance of those around them, but only so far in advance that other men can see and follow them, may really do a greater work, and in that sense may be greater men, than men who by nature are more highly gifted. The opportunity needs the man, and the man needs the opportunity. Sometimes nations have only needed a worthy leader, and have not found one. Sometimes men worthy to lead have been useless in their generation because they have found no fitting following. It has become almost proverbial that no one is so foolish as he who is wise before the time. The first discoverer seldom reaps the fame or the profit of his discovery. Those around him do not understand him, and, because others do not understand him, he hardly understands himself. He may scatter his seed; but it takes no root, because the ground is not yet ripe for it. When the ground has become riper, the seed is again sown; it takes root and bears fruit. Some one else, when the age is ready for him, brings forward the old discovery again. Perhaps he lights by chance on some record of the forgotten discovery, and makes it his own; perhaps he strictly makes the same discovery afresh, in utter ignorance that it has ever been made before. For it is an undoubted truth, though some minds find it hard to take it in, that the same discovery may be, and often has been, made independently over and over again, sometimes in distant times, sometimes in distant places at the same time. In my own branches of study, I often light on things which I believe to be new, which at any rate are new to me, and about which I may fairly call myself

an independent discoverer. But I find that it is always wise for any of us, in announcing our discoveries, to be prepared for the chance that some German scholar may have discovered them before us. In such cases I only ask the German scholar to be merciful. I ask him, on the one hand, not to think that I have knowingly stolen his discovery. I ask him, on the other hand, not to despise me for not knowing about his discovery, if, as is most likely the case, he has stowed it away out of reach in some periodical or some local transactions, where I have not the faintest chance of hearing of it.

But we must go back to the graver subject with which we were dealing, to that influence of great men on their fellows which I hold to differ only in degree and not in kind from the equally real influence of small men. If the great man is to do a great work, he must be a man of his own age, of his own nation; he must be in the forefront of his age and his nation; but he must be of them; if he is so far in advance of them as to be out of sympathy with them, if he cannot understand them nor they him, he cannot be their leader. This may be a rather prosaic way of looking at heroes; but I am sure that it is a practical way. It is not always the most brilliant characters in history that leave the greatest impress on history. Some of the greatest men, as far as their natural gifts went, some of the noblest men, have had little effect on the history of mankind, because they devoted themselves to impossible causes, because their ideas were too old or too new, or in some other way out of gear with the time and place in which they lived. The man who strives to call back a past state of things, the man who strives to bring in a future

state of things which is still so distant that none but himself sees it to be future, will certainly not compass his object; he may affect the history of mankind incidentally; he will not affect it by doing the particular work which he seeks to do. I was reading a British periodical the other day, in which some shallow man tried to depreciate the personal greatness of Hannibal. Now surely, as far as natural gifts can go, as far as steady application of powers to a certain end can go, there never was a greater man than Hannibal. But he strove for an object which could not be gained; he was a man striving against a nation, and the nation naturally prevailed. The lasting effect of his career was the exact opposite to that which he sought; instead of overthrowing Rome and exalting Carthage, he schooled the armies and people of Rome till they became the conquerors of Carthage. In the whole Imperial series the most brilliant name after the first Cæsar is the second Frederick. But what work did Frederick do? Some of his ideas were behind his age, some were before it, some were out of the possible march of things for any age. He lacked too the moral greatness without which mere natural gifts lose half their power; therefore the most brilliant of the Emperors was, for all practical ends, the last of the Emperors. Again, some great men seem to have done less than they really did, because while part of their work lived after them, part did not. I have known shallow people fancy that Alexander and Charles really did but little, because the vast dominion which they brought together broke in pieces when they themselves were gone. Now if they expected that their dominions would keep together, they erred with the common error

of great men, who seem often to think that what they themselves can do others will be able to do after them. I suspect that Charles at least did not deceive himself in this way; the division of his dominions which he planned seems to show this. But be this as it may, the career of Charles the Great has influenced the history of the world ever since. As I once put it epigrammatically, he founded the German kingdom, and won the Roman diadem for its kings. All that has come of the great central fact of mediæval history, the fact that, in men's thoughts and feelings at least, the Roman Empire lived on and had the German king to its Emperor, all this, for good and for evil, came of the personal agency of the first Teutonic Cæsar. But the personal agency even of the great Charles would have been of none avail, if he had not come at the right time, and if men's minds had not been ready to receive him. As a long series of effects came of his career, so a long series of causes had made the world ready for it. So with Alexander. His career certainly came to nothing, if he looked forward to leave a dynasty of Macedonian kings reigning from the Hadriatic to the Hyphasis. If this is the way in which we are to look at him, we must certainly say that, in much that he strove to do, he utterly failed. And, if we look at what he undoubtedly did only from the point of view of an Athenian patriot of his own day, we shall not speak of his deeds with much satisfaction. But in the œcumenical view of history, the man who spread Greek culture over the East, the man who himself founded Alexandria, who made it possible for others to found Antioch and Seleukeia, the man who opened the path for the whole later being of

the Greek nation and the Greek mind, the man who in effect founded the Byzantine Empire and the Orthodox Church, is none the less memorable because his abiding work stopped at the Tigris, because it was only for a moment that his power showed itself on the Indus. What seems to be failure is often not really such. It is sometimes real wisdom to take aim a little further than the point which we really wish to hit. If it sometimes happens that by striving after too much, we lose what we otherwise might secure, it also sometimes happens that to attempt something more than we really wish to secure, is the best way of securing what we really aim at. In any case, Hannibal, Alexander, and Charles stand forth among the world's greatest men, none the less so because the career of Hannibal was wholly failure, because the career of Alexander and of Charles seems at first sight to be partly failure. But we have brought in both of them and great men in general as a kind of episode. I was talking, in a somewhat dry, general, way, about causes and effects, about causes and occasions. I merely said in a kind of parenthesis that the agency of great men might fairly be reckoned among causes. But it may not be amiss, thus early in our discourses, to strive to strike some kind of mean between overdone hero-worship on the one hand, and the tendency on the other hand which seems almost to look on history as a mere succession of mechanical results of mechanical causes. As I am old-fashioned enough to believe in the over-ruling power of the Creator of the world, so I am old-fashioned enough to believe that, in the world which He has created, each man has his place, each man has his influence. While neither a single man

nor a community of men can choose the circumstances in which they find themselves, yet both a single man and a community of men has free choice of action in those circumstances. As the exercise of each man's will helps to determine the direction of the common will, so every man, however obscure he may deem himself, has laid upon him what I may call a historical responsibility, a share in guiding the course of the world for good or for evil, which he will never find any way to shake off his shoulders.

Let us then go back to the point from which we turned aside, to our examination of the true bearing of historical parallels, to the practical teaching of real parallels, to the necessity of proving each seeming parallel, to judge whether it be a real parallel or no. I said that the tendency of the human mind is to be pleased with a parallel, however false, if it tells on one's own side, to sneer at a parallel, however true, which tells against one's own side. Now there are some parallels which prove nothing, but which yet are harmless, because no rational person can think that they prove anything. A telling quotation, when the whole point lies perhaps in some accidental likeness of words and names, is perfectly fair as a rhetorical point, as long as as it does not pretend to be an argument. But then no one who is worth arguing with can mistake the mere likeness of sounds for an argument. A likeness which is in a certain external sense real, but where the likeness is wholly incidental, where it does not arise from like causes producing like effects, is in itself equally fair as a rhetorical point; but here rhetoric begins to be dangerous: some careless person may mistake the illustration for an argu-

ment. Or he may at least fancy that he who uses the illustration means it for an argument, and may gravely go about to prove its fallacy. In late disputes in my own country I was one of those who did not look on the English occupation of Cyprus as a wise measure. In speaking of its unwisdom, perhaps less calmly than I am doing now, I referred to an earlier English occupation of the same island. It did strike me as a singular coincidence, and one out of which a disputant might fairly make a rhetorical point, that Cyprus has been twice occupied by rulers of England, and that in each case the ruler of England who occupied Cyprus, though in both cases a native of England, was not in the fullest sense an Englishman. I do not mean to carry out the parallel between King Richard the First and the late Earl of Beaconsfield into any minute detail; I fear that I should break down if I tried to do so in the minuter details even of their several occupations of Cyprus. But I thought that the parallel fairly told as a piece of rhetorical banter, which did not pretend to be an argument. For truly if there had been no stronger argument against the occupation of Cyprus, the wisdom of that measure might have remained unchallenged. Between King Richard's occupation of Cyprus and Lord Beaconsfield's occupation of Cyprus there is no real likeness of cause and effect which makes either throw any illustrative light upon the other. It is possible, though not very likely, that one may have suggested the other. If so, the suggestion was purely artificial and arbitrary. There is no real likeness between the two things; the only practical lesson which the earlier event could supply to bear upon the later would be the

fact that King Richard, when he had occupied Cyprus, got rid of it again as soon as he could.

But let us turn from this superficial likeness, fair, I hold, as a rhetorical illustration, fallacious, if any one were foolish enough to take it as a serious argument, to what I believe to be a very real and practical lesson which the past history of the same part of the world may supply for the instruction of those who may have to decide its future history. I presume that nobody, except perhaps a professional diplomatist here and there, sees an eternal settlement, a line that will last for ever, in the frontier which is at this moment drawing between free and enslaved Greece. It may be convenient for the moment, and that is all. Some day the wisdom of Europe, instead of having to decide what parts of Greece shall be allowed to enjoy the benefits of law and freedom, and what parts shall be left in Turkish bondage, will have to grapple with the far harder question, Where shall the line be drawn between free Greece and free Bulgaria? It must surely be the frightful difficulty of this question, a question which will never be solved so as to please both sides, which makes diplomatists so anxious to evade it by leaving an enslaved land between the two. But where two regenerate and advancing nations are concerned, such a put-off as this must be felt by every one to be a mere momentary put-off. Some day enslaved Greece must be united to free Greece, enslaved Bulgaria must be united to free Bulgaria. But where shall the line be drawn between the two free states? Certainly not where Greek enthusiasts would draw it; certainly not where Bulgarian enthusiasts would draw it. A glance at the map at three or four different periods of the world's

history will give some practical help towards answering the question. Look at the extent of Greek settlement in those lands, the lands round the Ægæan and the southern part of the Euxine, in the days when the first stage of Greek colonization had done its work under the old Greek commonwealths, and before the later stage under the Macedonian kings has begun. We see that in Greece or Hellas in the narrower sense the whole land is Greek, but that it is only within that narrower Hellas that the Greek race stretches from sea to sea. Elsewhere, coasts, islands, peninsulas, are Greek, but there are no Greek settlements far inland. The inner mass of the land, in Europe and in Asia, is held by some other people. North of Thessaly, there is merely a Greek fringe on a barbarian body. Let us leap over fourteen or fifteen centuries, during which Greek influence advanced and fell back over vast regions of the East. First Macedonia, then Rome, played the part of the armed apostle of Greek culture; the Persian, the Saracen, the Turk, each in his turn, appeared as its armed enemy. What was the result of this long struggle? Greek culture, Greek influence, is beaten back, not only from far distant Bactria, but from Syria and Egypt and the inland parts of Asia Minor. Towards the end of the eleventh century, when we may first begin to look on the Roman Empire of the East as becoming definitively a Greek power, we see that its extent differs wonderfully little, in Europe and in Asia, from the extent of the older Greek colonization. It may go a little further here, not quite so far there; but the general look of the map of the old Greek colonies and of a map of the Empire of Alexios Komnênos is

wonderfully alike. The Greek still keeps old Greece—a large part of it he has indeed won back from foreign invaders; he keeps, as of old, the coasts, islands, and peninsulas, in Europe and Asia. But out of old Greece, he nowhere stretches from sea to sea. The Empire, both in Europe and in Asia, reaches further inland than the old colonies; but its dominion still remains essentially a dominion of the coasts: the massive inland regions of Europe and Asia are held by other powers. But mark that those powers are no longer what they were at the earlier time. The old inhabitants of the inland regions have passed away; the Bulgarian in Europe, the Turk in Asia, has taken their place. But the Greek keeps his place; he has lost vast regions which he had won since our former view, but what he had at the time of our former view he keeps still. Let us look again in our day. Endless revolutions have passed over the land since the end of the eleventh century; the Frank and the Venetian have come and gone; the Turk—I speak of Europe—has come and has begun to go. At the end of the eleventh century the great political powers answered, only roughly certainly, but still roughly, to national divisions. Since the end of the twelfth century, political divisions in those parts have had no reference to national divisions. Greek, Turk, Bulgarian, Frank, Venetian, simply held what they could, till in the end the Turk swallowed up all. But the disposition of nations and language is still—I speak of course roughly—very much what it was under the Komnenian Empire, very much what it was in the days of the old colonies. The Bulgarian still holds the mainland of Europe; the Turk still holds the mainland of Asia; the Greek, as

he did in days before Turk or Bulgarian was heard of, still fringes the coast of both.

Now, I would ask, when we look at this long story, is it mere antiquarian rubbish to put together such facts as these, and even to argue that they may have some practical bearing on the affairs of our own time? Such an argument must of course be prepared for the usual fate of such arguments. It may hope to be warmly welcomed, perhaps even to be looked at as a piece of political wisdom, by those whose ideas it suits; it will assuredly be scorned as antiquarian rubbish by those whose ideas it does not suit. But try and look at the matter calmly. Surely such an argument as this is something quite different from a mere play upon words, or from the rhetorical use of an odd coincidence. Surely it looks as if there was something more in it than there is in my playful—some perhaps may rather say spiteful—parallel between the two occupations of Cyprus. When we see that, after so many revolutions, the Greek nation keeps essentially the same geographical position which it held more than two thousand years ago—when we see that, when there last was a great Greek power in the world, its extent was nearly the same as the extent of the Greek race and language now—there surely is no absurdity in believing that we have here something very like an indication of manifest destiny. Surely we cannot be wrong in thinking that something not very far off from this strangely abiding frontier should be the frontier to be finally drawn between the Greek and the barbarian in Asia, between the Greek and his fellow-Aryans in Europe. And, when we speak of a manifest destiny, it is not a blind destiny; it is a destiny which goes upon very good reasons. We

can see why the Greeks have so firmly held this particular extent of territory, and why they have not succeeded in holding much more. A scholar of our own day has wisely said that neither the Greeks in any other land nor any other people in the Greek lands could have been what the Greeks in the Greek lands actually were. He was speaking of the Greeks of many ages back; but between the old Greeks and the new Greeks there is less difference than one might have looked for. There is only that difference which cannot fail to be after so many ages have past, ages crowded with so many and so baleful changes in the South-eastern lands. At all events, the old and the new Greek are alike in one thing; the true home of both is the sea, above all, their own Ægæan. Greek dominion, Greek influence, the Greek tongue itself, were in a manner out of place at any great distance from its coasts. Along its coasts, among its peninsulas and islands, the Greek and all that pertains to him is at home in the fullest sense. It is on the sea, above all on the Ægæan sea, that the Greek was twice great in former days; it is on the sea, above all on the Ægæan sea, that he has his fairest chance of being great again. Among all changes, he has been able to hold the coasts and islands; no change has made him able to keep a lasting dominion on the mainland. Surely here is a practical lesson from reason and experience. We see effects and we see their cause. And we see that that cause is not a passing or incidental, but a real and abiding, cause. It is a cause which has its roots deep in the physical character of a land, in the national character of its people. From the abiding working of that cause, through so many ages, so many changes, we may surely

make practical inferences which may deserve another name than that of antiquarian rubbish. From so long a past, a past continued in the present, we may surely learn at least general lessons as to the future. We can hardly be wrong in arguing that, when the day of settlement comes for the South-eastern lands of Europe, the share to be allotted to the Greek must be a share not very different in extent from those lands of eastern Europe and western Asia within which the old Greeks settled as colonists and the house of Komnênos reigned as Emperors.

From such an instance as this I think you will understand the general method which I propose to follow in speaking of the practical bearing of the history of past times. My guide is experience; my one dogma is that like causes lead to like effects, provided only that those causes are not counterworked by other causes—which is the same as saying that they cease to be like causes. This last limitation is always an important one; it teaches us to use not a little practical caution. We may be sure that our rule will work in every case to which it applies; but it is often hard to say whether a particular case is one to which it applies or not. With this caution before us, if I am asked how far we can venture, from what we know of the present and the past, to say anything as to the future, I should answer that, if we are wise, we shall say very little positively, but that we may, without rashness, say a good deal negatively. It can hardly ever be safe to say that a thing will happen; it is very often, not only safe, but the part of practical wisdom, to say that a certain thing

is not unlikely to happen, and that it is only prudent so to shape our course that we may be ready for it if it does happen. That is to say, putting the matter in a more abstract shape, there are causes at work which, if left to themselves, will bring the expected event to pass; but it is quite possible that they may be hindered from doing so by other counterworking causes. It is often wise to look forward to a certain event as likely to happen, unwise to pledge ourselves to it as certain to happen. But, if it is so much as likely to happen, it is unwise so to act as it were quite certain not to happen. Our guide experience will often teach us that something is going to happen, when it does not teach us exactly what is going to happen. It often teaches us that the present state of things is going to be changed, without teaching us exactly what state of things is coming in its stead. The little cloud is rising out of the sea; the chances are that the little cloud is the beginning of the great storm; but what exact direction the storm may take, what exact amount of harm or of good—for storms sometimes do good—the storm may work, that the really wise man will not undertake to foretell. But, because he cannot tell exactly what will come of the storm, he will not therefore act as if he were sure that no storm was coming. Now this last is what the practical man, the statesmanlike man, the man who is above antiquarian rubbish, so commonly does. The so-called practical man is the man who will not see anything but what is immediately under his nose, who refuses to look either forward or backward. The sentimental man, the unpractical man, the man of antiquarian rubbish, does look both forward and backward;

and he is laughed at by the practical man for so doing. But somehow things have a way of turning out as the sentimental man expected them to turn out, not as the practical man expected them to turn out. I think both sides of the Ocean will bear me out in saying that every great cause, every great movement, has first of all to go through the stage of being snubbed and laughed at by practical men, by statesmanlike men. But the great cause, starting with a few sentimental followers, beats the practical men in the end. It is a real historical law, it is almost a physical law, that all great movements should go through this first stage, and a very wholesome stage it is, of scorn on the part of those who think themselves wise. But again mark what is proved and what is not. We may safely argue that a movement may have truth and right on its side, and may succeed in the long run, although practical men sneer at it. But it would not do to argue that every movement which practical men sneer at has therefore truth and right on its side and will succeed in the long run. For the practical man sneers at all proposals; he therefore sneers at the foolish proposals as well as at the wise ones. And because some of the proposals which he sneers at turn out to be foolish and unsuccessful, he gives himself all the more credit for practical wisdom, and forgets all the wise and successful proposals which he sneered at just as much. Still, though the boasted practical man, though even the hand-to-mouth diplomatist, the man who patches up a thing for a year or two and calls it an eternal settlement, may by some chance be right, the chances are strongly against his being right. For such men always shut their eyes to half the facts of the case;

the professional diplomatist indeed is professionally bound to do so. It should never be forgotten that it was in the fore part of the year 1870 that the professional diplomatists assured mankind that there never was a time when the peace of Europe ran less chance of being disturbed.

I spoke just now of the abiding historical boundary of the Greek people and the Greek language. What if I should look forward to a day when a Greek prince may sit on the throne of Constantinople? What if I should look forward to a day when the nations of South-eastern Europe may be united under some kind of federal system? The mention of either of those events as even possible would draw forth the scornful laughter of practical men everywhere. Now to the scornful laughter of the practical men I should simply answer, What you laugh at as impossible commonly comes true. You laugh at the thought of a prince of Athens reigning in the New Rome, Please to remember how you and your like laughed not so long ago at the thought of a prince of Savoy reigning in the Old Rome. You laugh at the thought of an union of South-eastern Europe. Please to remember how you and your like laughed not so long ago at the thought of the union of Germany and the union of Italy, at the thought that the Northern and Southern States of the American Union could ever come together again. All the great events of our day, all the great events of earlier days, have been declared in their turn by practical men to lie beyond the range of practical politics. But the range of practical politics has a strange way of widening, and it commonly widens so as to let in the things which the sentimental men deemed to be at least

likely, while the practical men pronounced that they never could come to pass. Do I say that either of the events which I hinted at will come to pass in our day, or come to pass at all? Far be it from me to say so. I am no prophet neither am I a prophet's son. There are causes at work which may bring about either; there are other causes at work which may hinder either. I do not say that either of them will happen; but I do say that I shall not be surprised if either of them does happen. I do say that they both lie within the range of practical politics; I do say that a really wise man, one who walks by reason and experience, who looks both backward and forward, who looks not only to the present but to the past and the future, will not look at either thought as an absurdity to be laughed at, but as a possibility—not more —to be seriously borne in mind.

In this my opening lecture I have been sometimes desultory, sometimes abstract. That has been because it is my opening lecture. In those that follow I trust to be both less desultory and less abstract. I have wished at starting to let you know what will be the general line of thought which you may expect to find in the series of discourses which you have asked me to give among you. I began with two stories which implied that to my mind at least it seemed that the history and institutions of the Greek commonwealths of former days, of the one European federal commonwealth of our own day, were objects from whose study the men of later times, the men of political societies on a greater scale, need think it no scorn to learn something. I hold before all things, that man, civilized and political man, European man—if

you will allow me so to extend that word so as to take in lands which are in truth a new and vaster Europe beyond the Ocean—is essentially the same being in all times and in all places, that there is no political community, whatever may be its form of government, whatever may be its physical scale, from which some political instruction may not be gained. I have hinted at two classes of communities as rich in such instruction. I have pointed to the commonwealths of old Greece as able to teach us something, though their citizens did not know the art of printing., I have pointed to the federal union of modern Switzerland as able to teach us something, though its territory is not so large as the United States or even as the United Kingdom. I trust, as I go on, to carry you along with me in such a view both of these communities and of some others. When I next meet you here, I trust to begin at the beginning, the beginning of history as far as I am concerned. I shall start at a point which is a late period for the geologist, a late period for the primæval antiquary, a late period for the Eastern scholar, but which is the beginning of things for the political historian, for the historian of man in his highest form. We will begin with the first beginnings of that great chain of events which has made civilized and Christian man all that he now is on both sides of the Ocean. We will meet within that group of islands and peninsulas where man first learned the lesson that freedom is a noble thing. We will make our hearth and home on the sacred hill of the city where men first learned to settle their differences, not by slaughter or banishment of the weaker side, but by the fair debate and the free vote. There

is no spot on the earth's surface which we can so fittingly make the starting-point in our inquiry as the parent state of justice and freedom, the great democracy of Athens.

LECTURE II.

The Democratic City.

I BEGAN my first lecture by telling of a remark which seemed to me not a little shallow, namely, that we in modern times could learn nothing from the political experience of the old Greek commonwealths, because the men of those commonwealths had no knowledge of printing. Now he who made that objection did not put his own case so strongly as he might have put it. He might have said with perfect truth, not only that the old Greek commonwealths had no printing, but that they had very little writing. And what a paradox shall I be thought to utter if I say that in some respects the faculties of the men of those old commonwealths were strengthened and quickened by the very fact that they had no printing and very little writing. Do not think that I wish to undervalue those two very useful arts, arts of both of which I have made a good deal of use in the course of my own life. I do not wish in the least to call in question the general belief that they have on the whole done much for the intellectual improvement of mankind. But I do not the less venture to say that, like many other good things, they have had a bad side as well as a good one; they have certainly tended to weaken some of man's faculties; there have

been states of society which have been in some respects the better for their absence or their less frequent use. The main use of reading and writing, and of that improved form of writing which we call printing, is the accumulation and preservation of knowledge. For that end they are invaluable. If some forms of scientific research might be carried on without them, they could hardly be recorded without them; of historical research, writing, in some shape or other, is a necessary condition. Yet there can be no doubt that our familiarity with reading and writing has done much to weaken some of our mental faculties. To the power of memory the invention of writing dealt a heavy blow, and the invention of printing dealt one yet heavier. As each of those stages made it easier to record events, men took less trouble to remember them. It is easy for us to note down a thing for ourselves; it is easy for us to turn to the record of it in some book written by another. A man whose whole note-book and whole library is in his own brain is in quite another case. The stores of his knowledge will be in one sense much smaller than ours; but what he does know he will know in a clearer and more abiding way, and in some kinds of knowledge he will actually be ahead of the man of note-books and libraries. It is very likely that the Iliad and Odyssey were put together without writing; it is quite certain that not a few men in old Greece knew them by heart. And even if some of these in later times learned them from a written copy, it was because written books were scarce, because they were not in such common use as to have much effect on men's habits, that they learned them by heart at all. Now to compose those poems, even to

remember those poems, without the help of writing, implies an intellectual developement in some directions far beyond that of any living scholar. It implies the presence in the very highest degree of the two powers of attention and memory. Where writing does not exist, even where it is comparatively rare, where it is a somewhat difficult business, the possession of a distinct class, employed only on special occasions or for special purposes, the powers of attention and memory will, among a people of any intellectual gifts at all, be developed to the very highest point, to a far higher point than they are ever likely to be among a people with whom reading, writing, and printing are matters of everyday use.

Now, if any of us in modern times, if any existing community in civilized Europe or America, were to lose the arts of reading, writing, and printing, or even to lose their daily and familiar use, that community would, beyond all doubt, suffer an unutterable loss. They would suffer not only intellectually, but politically. They would not only sink in the scale of mental culture; they would find it hard, if not impossible, to carry on the machinery of a free constitution. But I will undertake to say that the citizens of the old Greek commonwealths did not suffer in anything like the same degree from being altogether ignorant of printing, and comparatively unfamiliar with reading and writing. In one sense this is a truism: no man, no community of men, suffers in the same way from the mere absence of a thing to which they are not used as they suffer from the positive loss of a thing to which they have already become used. To go back is a much worse business

than simply not to go forwards. But I hold that my doctrine is true in a much more special sense than this. In the political and social state in which the ancient commonwealths found themselves, the familiar use of reading and writing was by no means of the same paramount value to them which it is to us. Remember, I am not speaking of a state of things where reading and writing are wholly unknown, but only of a state of things where they are not in familiar use. I mean a state of things in which writing is perfectly well known, where public and private acts are recorded on stone or brass, where there is already a lettered class which reads and writes books; but where reading and writing are not the common possession of every man, where men of high natural intelligence and of no small amount of acquired culture are still unable to read and write. This must in some sort be the case wherever printing is unknown; it is printing which brings reading and writing really within the reach of every man; where reading and writing go no further than inscriptions and manuscript books, they will always remain the special possession of a particular class. Till printing comes, many men will be unable to read to whom both reading and writing comes naturally when printing is once brought in; and, what we sometimes forget, many men who can read will not think it their business to learn the special, almost professional, art of writing. Such were our own forefathers before the latter days of the fifteenth century; and, without in the least wishing to depreciate ages among some of which my own studies have chiefly lain, I could not venture to claim for these in some sort unlettered ages the same average amount

of intellectual culture which I do claim for those ages of Greece which were unlettered in the same sense. To our mediæval forefathers the great diffusion of the arts of reading and writing which followed on the invention of printing was a boon beyond all words. I do not believe that it would have been in anything like the same degree a boon to the people of the Athenian commonwealth, or, in its measure, to the people of any other Greek democratic commonwealth in the days of old Greek independence.

The state of things in those ancient democracies was one to which we have no exact parallel in any part of the modern world; it had no exact parallel in any part of the mediæval world. Close as are the analogies between the commonwealths of old Greece and the commonwealths of mediæval Italy, the points of difference are quite as striking and instructive as the points of likeness. We must conceive a state of things in which each city is absolutely independent, or at least a state of things in which the absolute independence of each city is the political ideal. For it may easily happen that this or that particular city may, at this or that particular time, be in a state of greater or less dependence on some greater city. But every city either was independent or deemed itself wronged if it was not independent. So strong was the feeling of independence that even a federal union was repugnant to the instincts of the Greek cities, till in later times they found that safety against foreign enemies could be obtained only by that partial surrender of independence by each state which a federal system implies. The older Greek federations are found only among the ruder tribes of the nation, those which

had not fully reached the perfection of Greek city life. Among all the more advanced members of the nation the absolutely independent city was the one political ideal. Greek cities planted colonies; those colonies were as much Greek cities, as much members of the general Greek body, as the mother-cities which planted them; they were from the beginning free and independent states, and needed not a War of Independence to make them so. Each city had those full powers of action, those powers of war and peace and every other attribute of independence, which we are accustomed to connect, not with single cities, but with nations or other powers of great extent. Above all, in this your great federal continent, you are used to see sovereign states, many of them greater by far in extent on the map than the whole range of continuous Greece, which, while keeping for many purposes perfect independence in their own hands, still surrender to a central power those attributes of international action which each Greek city claimed to itself. The independence of each city was a doctrine stamped deep on the Greek political mind by the very nature of the Greek land. How truly this is so is hardly fully understood till we see that land with our own eyes. The map may be do something; but no map can bring home to us the true nature of the Greek land till we have stood on a Greek hill-top, on the akropolis of Athens or the loftier akropolis of Corinth, and have seen how thoroughly the land was a land of valleys cut off by hills, of islands and peninsulas cut off by arms of sea, from their neighbours on either side. Or we might more truly say that, while the hills fenced them off from their neighbours, the arms of the sea laid them open to their neigh-

bours. Their waters might bring either friends or enemies; but they brought both from one wholly distinct and isolated piece of land to another. Every island, every valley, every promontory, became the seat of a separate city; that is, according to Greek notions, the seat of an independent power, owning indeed many ties of brotherhood to each of the other cities which helped to make up the whole Greek nation, but each of which claimed the right of war and peace and separate diplomatic intercourse, alike with every other Greek city and with powers beyond the bounds of the Greek world. Corinth could treat with Athens and Athens with Corinth, and Corinth and Athens could each equally treat with the King of the Macedonians and with the Great King of Persia. And, when the time came, such of them as had not given up that power to a central federal authority, could treat, as city to city, with the Senate and People of Rome. How close the Greek states are to one another, and yet how physically distinct they are from one another, it needs, for me at least, a journey to Greece fully to take in.

Now what has this to do with the presence or absence of reading, writing, and printing? Much every way. Cities in such a position as those which I have just described were in constant need of those faculties which I have ventured to say that reading, writing, and printing tend to weaken rather than to strengthen. Single cities, not all of them great cities, not all of them like Athens and Corinth, many of them small towns which, according to our notions, would deal at home only with small local matters and would send one or more representatives to a distant capital to give a voice in greater national affairs, had to entertain, each one for itself, questions on an

international scale, such questions as in modern times are debated in the cabinets of great kingdoms. And how had they to entertain them? Herein perhaps come the greatest of all differences between their way of transacting public business and ours. In modern times, even in constitutional states, even in highly democratic states, the department of foreign affairs is that which is shrouded in the greatest degree of mystery; it is that over which the nation and the representatives of the nation exercise the least amount of direct influence. Among the Greek commonwealths the case was directly opposite. Foreign questions were entertained, questions of war, peace, and alliance were decided, by the most popular body known to the constitution. In a democracy such matters came before the judgement of the whole people; in an aristocracy they came before the whole of the privileged class among the people. The cause of the difference is obvious. In a great modern state it is comparatively few who have any direct personal knowledge of foreign affairs or any direct personal interest in them. It is only comparatively few who are directly and personally affected even by a foreign war. But in a system of separate city commonwealths, when the foreign enemy, instead of being perhaps a great empire thousands of miles away, is likely enough to be the nearest market-town—when the campaign, whether offensive or defensive, will be waged within a few miles, when every man's house and fields run a chance of being laid waste by the enemy—then foreign affairs directly and personally touch every man; there is nothing in which every man has a more direct and personal interest, nothing of which every man is more likely to have, or to believe that he has, a

more direct and personal knowledge. He has little need of newspapers, telegrams, special correspondents, when, by climbing a hill, he can very likely look into an enemy's country on one side and into an ally's country on another. In such a state of things the discussion of foreign affairs cannot be left to any small or secret body; war and peace, of all things, must come for the judgement of the whole people, or, even in an oligarchy, for the judgement of the whole privileged order. For I need hardly say that in these small commonwealths representation is unknown; whatever powers may be entrusted to individual magistrates or to smaller councils, the supreme authority must rest with an assembly in which every qualified citizen gives his vote in his own person. Now here comes in the widest field for that form of intellectual training which was open to every Athenian citizen, and, which, I feel sure, made the intellectual average of the Athenian citizen higher than that of the average representative in any modern political assembly. In such an assembly in any European or American community we may surely assume that every member can at least read and write; but I can hardly flatter my own age by believing that there are many modern legislatures where the average standard can be placed so high as it stood in the *ekklêsia* of Athens. Many an Athenian citizen could not write; if he could read at all, his reading hardly went beyond spelling out some legal formula carved in brass or marble. But if he did not read, he heard. He heard those masterpieces of political oratory to which the world turns with admiration after so many ages. What political education could there be like listening to Periklês, and knowing that it was his busi-

ness, when he had listened to Periklês, to give his personal vote for or against the proposals of Periklês? That was quite another thing from simply reading the orator's speech in a newspaper the next morning, and having no opportunity of giving any personal vote at all. We, in the free states of Europe and America, have many opportunities of speaking our minds, many opportunities of indirectly influencing the course of national affairs; but we, none of us have, even those whom we send to represent us in our national assemblies but rarely have, to make it part of our ordinary business to listen with our own ears to the arguments of the greatest masters of human speech, and then to help to decide by our own votes on such issues as whether the Peloponnesian war shall begin or no.

Among all English-speaking assemblies at this moment, the Congress of the United States is the only one which can ever be called on to give a direct vote in any such matter. And the control of Congress as a whole, even the special control of one branch of it, over matters of war, peace, and foreign affairs generally, though greater than any powers vested in the British Parliament, seems slight, when compared with the direct and constant control exercised by the Athenian Assembly. Or rather "control" is not the right word; the Assembly did more than control; the shortest way of putting matters would be to say that the Assembly was Secretary of State, President, Senate, and House of Representatives all in one. As for other assemblies, I need not say that no State legislature, no legislature in any British colony, can deal with such matters at all, while the British Parliament itself deals with them only indirectly. And I

cannot help thinking that the average Athenian citizen gave, whether a wiser vote or not, at least a vote more directly affected by the debate, than is often given in any modern assembly. In one sense there was more of party spirit in old Greece than there is in the modern world; in another sense there was less. Setting aside the plots of professed murderers and votaries of anarchy, there is nothing in modern politics at all answering to the furious factions of oligarchs and democrats in old Greece, factions which were seldom satisfied without the driving out, sometimes not without the actual slaughter, of the side which might prove to be the weaker. But on the other hand, I suspect that, within the bounds of an acknowledged democratic constitution, there was less of party spirit, less of mechanical party voting, that votes were more likely to be won by an eloquent and well-reasoned speech, than they are now. Those were indeed the palmy days of speech, when men listened instead of reading, when they were guided by the voice and the tones of the living orator. But mark also that what is true of the Athenian in his political character is true of him also in every other character. In everything the Athenian public was a hearing, not a reading, public. Poetry came to them in the same shape as oratory. They did not read Homer; they heard him recited. They listened to the tragic and comic poets with all the accompaniments of song and dance. The father of their philosophers wrote nothing whatever; he disputed at the corners of the streets with all whom he met. The increased prevalence of reading and writing which is marked by the philosophical discourses of Plato, by the political pamphlets of Isokratês, belongs to the time of the decline of Athe-

nian political greatness, above all to the time of the marked decline in the public spirit of her citizens. The comparatively illiterate fifth century before Christ is a time of far greater Athenian energy than the comparatively learned fourth century. But take the two centuries together; what the average of Athenian intellect was we may judge by the character of the intellectual food that was set before it. It was no mean order of intellect to which men could venture to address the speeches of Periklês and the tragedies of Æschylus. And remember that Æschylus, Periklês, Sophoklês, Euripidês, Aristophanês, all the poets, all the orators, down to the day when Demosthenês and Æschinês wrangled over the Crown and the False Embassy, were all of them poets and orators who did not address any select class, specially learned or specially refined, but spoke to the Athenian people as a whole. Now of both the tragic poets and the orators in the assembly the distinguishing feature is a certain dignity and austerity, a severe purity of taste and style, the very opposite to anything which could be called popular in any disparaging sense. When men would venture to put forth such speeches, such poems, before the general mass of their countrymen, it shows how high the general intellectual level of their countrymen stood. Nor does the licence of the old comedy prove anything to the contrary. There is in it indeed a strong element of buffoonery and indecency, but even that is the buffoonery and indecency of genius, and it alternates, in Aristophanês at least, with poetry so sweet and graceful, with wit of so high and refined an order, that Attic comedy, no less than Attic tragedy, must be accepted as part of the evidence

for the generally high intellectual level of the Attic people.

Now, when we look at a people like this, a people who could habitually come together in their own city for the discussion, and, not the mere discussion, for the decision, of public affairs, and, who, when they came together, heard the most weighty questions debated by the greatest of orators—a people the chief attraction of whose holidays was the performance of the loftiest efforts of dramatic poetry in both its branches—a people among whom at the same time the noblest works of architecture, painting, sculpture, were coming into being, not at the bidding of private patrons and amateurs, but for the common adornment of the city,—we ask, Was there in such a people any lack which an enlarged familiarity with reading, writing, printing, would have supplied? The press, had it existed in those days, might have preserved to us some precious pieces of Greek literature which we have lost, but it could have had but little effect on the general character of Athenian political life. A free press might have been a great gain under the despotism of the Roman Empire; it could not have made political life under the Athenian democracy freer or more open than it was. Athenian life was spent in keeping the powers of attention and memory at their highest point. The habit of trusting to the written record instead of to the living voice might have done something to weaken both of them. It would have been no political gain, but quite the opposite, if the power of reading a speech of Periklês or Demosthenês in the next day's newspaper had led the citizen who lived at Marathôn or Sounion to stay at Marathôn or Sounion, instead

of coming to listen and vote at Athens. We should have been endless gainers if we could turn to reports, printed or written, of all the debates in the Assembly, instead of having preserved to us only a few of the greatest efforts of the greatest speakers. But we may doubt whether to the living contemporaries of Periklês and Demosthenês our gain in this way would not rather have been a loss.

But my own argument may perhaps be turned against me. I may be told that I have myself shown more conclusively than anybody else that we in our days can learn nothing from the political experience of these ancient commonwealths. What, it may be said, can we have in common with states with whom not only printing was unknown, but even reading and writing were comparatively unfamiliar, with states whose condition was such that it may be doubted whether the invention of printing, whether any enlarged use of reading and writing, would have been any real boon to them? Surely such men must be as far apart from us, their political experience can be of as little advantage to us, as if they had been inhabitants of another planet. The difference certainly is great, yet I venture to maintain that the points of likeness between us and them are incomparably more and greater than the points of difference. It perhaps does not prove very much to say that we have in common with them all that we possess as sharers with them in one common human nature. For that we share no less with other forms of the human race from whose political experience, if they have any, we do not seek for much instruction. And yet it would perhaps

be dangerous to say that there is any branch of the human race which is absolutely without institutions, or from whose institutions we may not learn something. There has been a good deal of research lately made in this direction, sometimes in a really philosophical spirit, sometimes merely after the fashion of scrap-gathering and reckless guessing. And when such researches are carried on in a really philosophical spirit, we whose studies are of a more special kind, who do not take as our range all mankind, but only some branches of mankind, can only hail those who make them as fellow-workers. If I can show that a certain institution is common to all Teutons or to all Aryans, and if another inquirer can go on further and show that it is common to all men, he has done me no wrong. He has in no way weakened my position; he has rather enlarged and strengthened it. All I ask of him is that he shall carry into the less known regions of inquiry the same rules of careful and scholarlike reasoning which are looked for in those who deal with the better known regions. We must not be expected to accept facts and to make inferences in the case of Red Indians and Australians on evidence which we should set aside as inconclusive if we were making inquiries about Greeks or Germans. Whether we believe in creation or evolution or anything else—and for my part I do not see that creation and evolution are in the least contradictory—there is a deep interest in tracing out how much there is that all forms of man have in common, how large is the common heritage, moral, social, and political. But these wider branches of research are not mine; I must stop as my ordinary bound at the limit which parts off the Aryan

from the non-Aryan; I must not venture so much as to cast my eyes beyond the limit which parts off the inflected tongues from the non-inflected. So far as this last point we must sometimes look; so far we must look for our immediate purpose of this moment; we cannot take in the position of the Greek people and the Greek mind in the history of the world, without at least some general notion of the position of the Phœnician, the Hebrew, and the Arab. So, if we were speaking, not of Greeks, not of our intellectual fathers, but of the rudest tribe on the face of the earth that had any institutions at all to show, I should still be loath to say that we could learn nothing from the working of those institutions. But for my Greeks I claim something more. First of all, I claim for them the rights of kinsmen, kinsmen of the common Aryan stock, sharers in the common heritage of speech, of institutions, and of beliefs, which the common forefathers of them and us brought from the Eastern cradle-land of the common family. To those of us whose minds were trained in youth, fed, guided, strengthened, by the study of old Hellenic lore, it is a thrilling and an ennobling thought to feel that that old Hellenic lore is but one part of a heritage in which we ourselves are sharers, that the undying tale of Homer has in not a few of its elements a common origin with the tales to which we listened at our mothers' knees. It is no small matter to feel that that deathless tongue—which, be it remembered, was enabled to surpass all other tongues because those who spoke it knew no other tongue—the tongue in which Homer sang the deeds of heroic days in the simple speech of heroic days—the tongue in

which Pindar in more artificial strains recorded the praises of the victors in those national rites which, among bitter rivalries and cruel warfare, still kept up the remembrance that the Hellenic folk was one—the tongue in which the tragic and the comic poet held up the godlike men of past days to the people's worship, and the party-leaders of their own day to the people's scorn—the tongue in which Thucydides first taught men to prefer the possession for all time to the amusement of a moment, and in which Polybios, walking in his path, recorded the working of that ancient federal power within the bounds of whose vaster reproduction it is my privilege now to stand—the tongue in which Aristotle set forth for his age, and has so largely handed down to us, the whole sum of the knowledge of his time, and, as its most precious part, the political lessons which he learned from the working of a thousand independent commonwealths—above all, the tongue in which the leaders of freemen first spoke to freemen, the tongue in which great speakers first guided great assemblies, the tongue in which Periklês called on the citizens of a ruling state to strain every nerve to keep the dominion which they had won, and in which the yet nobler voice of Demosthenês called on the citizens of a declining state to strain every nerve, not for dominion, but for freedom—and, may I go on to add, the tongue which was chosen out of Aryan tongues to be the means of handing on to the Aryan nations of Europe and America the oracles of the faith which we learned from Semitic teachers—the tongue which led captive the tongue of Rome—the tongue in which the best of Roman Emperors set down the workings of his wearied

spirit—the tongue of Christian fathers and Christian councils, and the tongue of that virtuous and erring prince who strove against them, so gallantly and so vainly, in the cause of the elder gods—the tongue which, as the tongue of the New Rome, ousted the tongue of the Old as the Imperial speech of Eastern Christendom—the tongue which lived on, in sorrow and in hope, through long ages of barbarian bondage—the tongue which has sprung again to life in our own day as the tongue of a regenerate and advancing people—the tongue, if I may speak of myself, which I deem it no small privilege to have myself heard and spoken in rejoicing and sorrowing gatherings of Hellenic freemen,—it is with no small thrill of brotherhood that we feel that the tongue which has such a history as this is, after all, only a sister-dialect with our own tongue, that the stock is the same, that a crowd of words are the same, that we cannot speak of the earliest and most endearing of human relations, that we cannot speak of father and mother, of brother and daughter, without using words which, from the præ-historic days of the old dispersion, have remained part of the common possession of Hellenic and Teutonic man.

There is then between us and these old Greeks the tie of kindred, the tie of a common origin, a kindred tongue, a common store of beliefs, traditions, primitive customs, primitive institutions. But if we are sharers in all these things with the Greeks, so we are with the Latins, the Slaves, the Lithuanians, the Celts, even with the Albanians. But towards the Greeks there is a tie which binds us nearer than it binds us to any of these, even to the Latins themselves. To the Greeks we owe

whatever of homage, whatever of thankfulness, we owe to those who were in all things our forerunners, our guides, our teachers. Without ruling which of the Aryan nations was the first to make its way into Europe, without ruling which of the Aryan tongues has parted the least from the primæval mother-speech, for all practical purposes the Greeks are entitled to the respect due from younger brethren to the elder. Brethren as they are in origin and speech, I think that I am justified in the words which I used some time back when I spoke of them as our intellectual fathers. In art, in science, in the song of the poet, in the speculations of the philosopher, in the records of the historian, they led the way. They led the way too in the discipline of the warrior, in substituting the ordered phalanx of Sparta or Thebes for the tumultuous array of an Asiatic army. And they too led the way in the highest work of all: they were the first to establish the true fellowship of law and freedom, to work up the rude elements of primitive institutions into such finished works of political skill as the pure democracy of consolidated Athens and the modified democracy of federal Achaia. They were the first to substitute the influence of speech and reason for the blind bidding of an arbitrary will, the first to decide questions of war and policy by the free vote of the people fairly taken, the first to give to the citizen accused of crime, to the citizen whose rights were disputed, a fair trial before his peers, a trial by the judgement of citizens sworn to give a righteous verdict according to the law. To us at least they are practically the authors of all these things. It might be dangerous, among the endless steps in political progress which the common-

wealths of Greece and the commonwealths of Italy took quite independently of one another, to rule in all cases whether this or that step was taken first in Italy or in Greece. The political wisdom of the Latin hardly lagged behind that of the Greek, though the course of political developement often differed widely in the two kindred lands. But to us the Greeks come first; we know from contemporary witnesses what were the institutions of not a few Greek cities at a time when we know the institutions of Rome herself only by the flickering light of tradition, or by the ingenious putting together of a crowd of incidental and unconscious notices from this source and that. We see the Athenian democracy in its most finished form, listening to its orators, raising its walls and gates and temples, ruling over its subject cities, keeping the Great King at three days' distance from its own coasts,—we see all this by the light of contemporary writings and contemporary inscriptions, at a time when we can at most dimly see that the two orders at Rome were at the height of their long struggle, and that Rome is taking the first faint steps towards winning back her lost headship over the Latin cities. The political course of the Athenian democracy is over before the mixed constitution of the Roman commonwealth has reached its full developement. In these points the only question that can be raised is a question of precedence, and that a question of precedence between Aryan kinsfolk. In political matters the Greek may have been before the Italian, or the Italian may have been before the Greek; but no rational person can think either that the Italian copied from the Greek or that the Greek copied from the Italian; still

less can any rational person think that either Greek or Italian needed political lessons from any barbarian master. As to matters of art, the case is somewhat different. Let me tell my own experience. I first gained any knowledge of Greek matters at a moment when literal belief in the tales of Kadmos and Kekrops had passed away, and when the wide field which has been opened by modern orientalists had not yet been touched. In those days we made it a kind of point of honor to hold that everything Greek was original, except the alphabet, which we could not deny that the Greeks learned from the Phœnicians. We comforted ourselves by saying that of the gift we had to allow that the Greeks borrowed from the Phœnicians the Greeks made much better use than the Phœnicians had ever made. But now the old belief has come up again in a more scientific shape. We hear much of the influence of Egyptians, Chaldæans, Phœnicians, and of the last discovered candidates for greatness, the Hittites. I could almost wish to leave these questions to the decision of a generation yet to come. The new teaching is so eagerly pressed by its votaries as the only scientific teaching, yet it grates so unpleasantly on ears used to what in my younger days we deemed to be scientific teaching, that I could almost wish to hand over the whole matter to those who may some day be able to look more impartially into the whole question than either side can look just now. But I suppose that we shall be at least safe in saying that, even if the first rudiments of architecture or of any other art were brought to Hellas from some barbarian soil, the Greek at least gave to all that he bor-

rowed a life, a force, a grace, which made it wholly his own. This will be only applying to other things the measure we have all along applied to the alphabet. How little the mere possession of a gift can do is seen if we compare the history of Carthage with the history of Greece and Italy. In the hands of the men of Tyre and Sidon the alphabet remained in a literal sense a dead letter; in the hands of the Greek it became clothed with the spirit that giveth life. In fact, the question whether Greece did or did not borrow from this or that barbarian people some rude germs of art which in Greece alone were taught to grow into flowers and fruit has little more than an antiquarian interest. It is very far from being a matter of antiquarian rubbish, but it is not a question of the same inborn and living interest as the tracing up the tongues and the institutions of the kindred nations to the common stock. Whatever the Greeks may have borrowed in some rude shape became their own in its higher developement. They borrowed the alphabet from the land of Canaan; let it be, if any one wishes it, that they borrowed some rude approach to the Doric column from the land of Ham. Yet none the less the literature and the art of Greece is, in every higher sense, as strictly original as its political developement. As no man of Tyre or Sidon, no man of Memphis or hundred-gated Thebes, ever devised aught like the Athenian assembly and the Athenian court of justice, so neither could he write a Promêtheus or build a Parthenôn; he could not breathe into the stone the human life of Hellenic deity; he could not bid the work of his hands stand forth in the virgin dignity of the Athenian Pallas or in the imperial majesty of Olympian Zeus.

Let us now run, hastily as it must needs be, through the main lines of the political experience of these commonwealths, so far removed from us in time and place and scale, and which, we are assured, because they were small, because they were ignorant of printing, can teach us nothing. Yet surely something may be learned by seeing how closely the general developement of political institutions follows essentially the same lines, and at the same time how widely such institutions are modified in detail by differences of time, place, and circumstance. The more than likeness, the absolute sameness, of the earliest Hellenic and the earliest Teutonic institutions has often been pointed out; it is a subject on which I have myself enlarged in more shapes than one. In both we see the same three essential political elements—the king or chief, the inner council of elders or nobles, the general assembly of the people. One is tempted to say that we have here the rough foreshadowing of King, Lords, and Commons, of President, Senate, and House of Representatives. And from some points of view it may not be inaccurate to say so. In strict historical succession I suspect that the inner council is more truly represented by the Privy Council than by the House of Lords or the Senate; but in a rough general view of things we see in the primitive and in the modern constitutions the same great essential elements. To the Greek mind these three elements seemed so necessarily implied in the mere idea of any political society that the polity of the Gods on Olympos is coloured after the type of the polity of their worshippers in Ithakê or before Ilion; Zeus, no less than Agamemnôn, has his inner council and his popular assembly. I need not say that, whether the chief,

whether the inner council, is hereditary or elective, holding office for life or only for a season, is purely a question of detail. As far as we can go back, the Greek king is hereditary, the Roman king is elective, and the earliest republican magistrates, both in Greece and in Italy, carried on the kingly power, hardly lessened as to its mere range of its authority, but hampered by republican conditions, perhaps by the presence of a colleague, perhaps by a fixed term of office, in any case by a more distinct responsibility to the nation in some shape or other. So is your President an elective, responsible, four years, king, representing the King of Great Britain exactly as the archon represented the Athenian king and the consul the Roman king, keeping an authority essentially kingly, an authority narrower in its range than the authority of a King of Great Britain, but in the exercise of which the President can follow his personal will far more freely than the King can. And, though the change from King to President was recorded in printed books, while the change from King to archon was at most graven on a stone, I would still ask whether there is not some instruction in marking how, in such distant times and places, the process of change took so very nearly the same form. Have we not here a political lesson? have we not here a moral lesson? Do we not better understand the essential unity of man's nature among all differences of time and place and circumstance? Do we not see how like causes may be reasonably looked to produce like effects? Have we not hit on one of those real and practical parallels, which may act as real beacons or real warnings, and which, I venture to think, rise not a little above the level of merely antiquarian rubbish?

The general truth is that wise and healthy political societies, whether large or small, whether acquainted with printing or ignorant of it, while always ready to change when change is really needed, never change for the sake of change; and when change is needed, they work their changes, as far as possible, within the ancient lines. They prefer to reform what is old, rather than to devise something which is wholly new. So did the Athenian, the Roman, and the American reformers. Shallow observers are, I believe, chiefly struck with the difference between the political systems of Great Britain and of the United States. What amazes me is their wonderful likeness, the small amount of change which it was found needful to make, the loving retention of ancient principles, the general careful working within the ancient lines. And in all this I see a witness to the wisdom of the famous men who reformed, rather than devised, the political system of this great commonwealth. And I see in it too a witness to the wisdom of those shadowy beings, as they seem to us, who in the same sort, in days before the first light of history, reformed the constitutions of Rome and Athens.

Of the three elements in the primæval polity, we may safely say that in a free and healthy developement, it is the power of the king or chief which has a tendency to lessen, the power of the popular assembly which has a tendency to grow. It was, I think, an error in the greatest English-speaking expounder of old Hellenic politics, to undervalue the ruder forms of the popular assembly, such as we see in the Homeric poems, because they have not reached the full developement of the *ekklêsia* of Athens. This is really like blaming a child

because he has not yet reached the full stature of a man. The Homeric assembly, we are told, is submissive, and does not dispute the will of the king. So as a rule it is; but it is the submission of a child, not the submission of a slave; it is the submission of a body which has not yet formed the wish to oppose, not the submission of a body which wishes to oppose, but dares not. The kings and great men undoubtedly sway the Homeric assembly in a way in which none but the chosen leader of the people could sway the Athenian assembly; but that again is simply the difference between childhood and full growth; the child willingly and becomingly accepts guidance in matters in which it is the duty of the full-grown man to learn how to guide himself. But the men of the Homeric time have already found their way to all the essential attributes of a free assembly. Freedom does not necessarily imply opposition; it only implies the power of opposition, if ever opposition should be needful. The Homeric assembly has in its possession that hidden power which belongs to every assembly which has the free use of its voice. The crowd which to-day shouts Yea, Yea, to every proposal, has the power of shouting Nay, Nay, to-morrow, if proposals should be made to-morrow to which the shout of Nay, Nay, would be the right answer.

In the fully-developed Athenian constitution we see the three Homeric elements still in force, though vastly changed in relative force. The popular assembly is supreme; its will decides everything. The people is in the strictest sense sovereign; magistrates are but the ministers who carry out its will. And those magistrates who historically represent the ancient kings have hardly

so high a function as to be the ministers of its will. The king has gradually changed into the archon for life, the archon for ten years, the nine archons for a single year. Election has displaced hereditary succession; by another change, the lot has displaced election. The archons do not even preside in the political assembly; it is only in the courts of justice that the faintest shadow of their ancient majesty cleaves to them. Yet all has been done by gradual, regular, constitutional, change. Violence, revolution, conspiracy, illegal action of any kind, is at Athens always the weapon, not of the democratic reformer who grows into the democratic conservative, but of the oligarch who first withstands change and then seeks to change things back again. Meanwhile the other element of the primitive polity, the inner council, survives under the Athenian democracy in a twofold shape. There is the immemorial council of Areiopagos, which may well have been the primitive council living on. Beside it there is the special council of the matured democracy, the Council of Five Hundred. This is an offshoot from the popular assembly; but it is an offshoot which could hardly have come into being, either at Athens or in other democratic commonwealths, if the notion of a council of some kind had not been handed down from the earliest times as something no less essential to a finished polity than the general assembly and the king or magistrate. The three elements, chief, council, assembly, lived on, in some shape or other, alike in aristocratic and in democratic constitutions, as long as Greek independence lasted. Nay they lived on as long as the shadow of independence lived on in those Greek cities of Roman times, which, after real freedom

had passed away, still kept the form of sovereign commonwealths, allies of Rome, when their real position was that of municipalities of the all-conquering Empire.

But before those days came, one change had taken place which for American students of political history must ever have a special interest. The system of perfectly independent cities was proved and found wanting. In the best times of Greece the perfect independence of every city, great and small, had been a political ideal and no more. It had been constantly interfered with by the supremacy of greater cities over smaller. But mark that it remained strictly the supremacy of city over city, of commonwealth over commonwealth. The dependent commonwealth which Athens or Sparta or Thebes reduced to the payment of tribute or to the contribution of men and ships to wars waged in the sole interest of the ruling city, did not thereby cease to be a commonwealth. It remained a separate commonwealth, shorn indeed of many of the attributes of an independent state, but still preserving all such of them as were not formally surrendered to the ruling city. Chalkis submitted to the power of Athens, and by a formal treaty accepted Athenian superiority. But Chalkis still remained a commonwealth, keeping every power of a commonwealth which was not formally transferred to Athens. You on this side of the Ocean will understand me when I say that the reserved rights of Chalkis were but small, but that they were reserved rights. Athens claimed that all causes of importance between Chalkidian citizens should be carried to Athens to be judged by Athenian courts according to Athenian law. But none the less was

Chalkidian authority the rule, and Athenian authority the exception. All causes which the treaty did not formally transfer to Athenian authority remained as before to be judged by Chalkidian courts according to Chalkidian law. Thus, even in bondage, the separate city remained the ideal. A city in the strict sense it must be; a mere village is not enough; not a few of the cities of Greece arose out of the joining of several neighbouring villages to form a common city. But of the union of several distinct cities, standing apart, each with its own territory, to form one greater political whole, Greek history contains one example only. The twelve cities of Attica, at some time to which we cannot give a date, merged their independent being in the one political community of Athens. Eleusis, Marathôn, and the rest, did not become subjects of Athens or dependencies of Athens. Their citizens received the full Athenian franchise; all Attica in a manner became Athens. And of this unique event largely came the greatness and the power of Athens. Sparta had a far larger territory; but it was a territory chiefly inhabited by unwilling subjects. Thebes stood out among the cities of Bœotia, as the encroaching and unpopular chief of an ill-assorted federation. Athens alone had a territory within which every freeman was a citizen of Athens, a territory as large as could possibly be administered according to the political doctrine of all Greece, that the franchise of the citizen must be exercised personally by himself in the general assembly. Sparta then had a greater number of subjects; Thebes had an equal number of doubtful allies; no city could boast like Athens of so great a number of free and equal citizens.

But it was found at last that the system of absolutely independent cities broke down when Greece was threatened by a kindred and civilized enemy on her own borders. I do not hesitate to give those names to Macedonia, as Macedonia stood in the days of Alexander and his successors. In my view of things, the kings of Macedonia had all along been the Greek kings of a *quasi* Greek people. I look on the old Macedonians as a people more nearly akin to the Greeks, and endowed with a greater power of adopting Greek culture, not only than the Semitic Phœnician, but than the Aryan kinsfolk of Persia, Thrace, and Western Asia. Against Greek kings, commanding a powerful and united kingdom, a kingdom which had begun to be penetrated by Greek culture, and in which Greek military discipline had been carried to a perfection surpassing that of Thebes or Sparta, the separate cities of Greece could no longer bear up. They could beat back the undisciplined myriads of Asiatic empires; they could not beat back kings like Philip and Alexander, Dêmêtrios and Antigonos. And besides the Macedonian there was now the Epeirot. The Molossian Pyrrhos might pass for an enemy of Greece when he joined Korkyra to his realm and make Ambrakia his capital; but he at least deemed himself the champion of Greeks beyond the sea in his warfare against the barbarians of Carthage and of Rome. Against such foes union was needful; but what form was union to take? Mere dominion, supremacy thinly veiled under the name of alliance, had been found not to be enough. Thebes called herself the head of a Bœotian confederacy; but who were so eager in the work of wiping away Thebes from the earth as the men of Thespia and Plataia, cities

which had been wiped away from the earth by Thebes herself in her day of might? A form of union at once closer and more willing had to be found, a form under which many commonwealths might, in the face of common enemies or allies, be as one commonwealth, without destroying the freedom and separate being of each, without making any city the subject or dependant of any other city. The key was found in the wider extension of that form of polity with which all of you must necessarily be better acquainted than I can be, even though it is a form of polity which I have long made a special object of study. This is, I need hardly say, that system of Federal Government by which the attributes of sovereignty are divided, by which many commonwealths agree to become one commonwealth in all matters which concern their relations to other powers, while they agree to remain many commonwealths in all matters which concern the internal affairs of each only. Such a system, or at least close approaches to it, had long been known in Greece, but hitherto it had been prevalent only among the more backward members of the Greek nation; never till the Macedonian times were any of the great and famous cities of Greece bound to one another by a tie of this kind. The reason is plain; for a great city, perhaps a ruling city, to surrender the most cherished attribute of independence was no small sacrifice. And the most cherished attribute of independence was surrendered when a city agreed to have all its relations to other cities and powers settled for it by some council or assembly in which it had only one voice among others. It is not wonderful then that the Federal system began in Greece among the more backward tribes among which

the full growth of Greek city life had never shown itself—that it was next extended to the smaller cities which sooner learned that there was no strength but in union, and which found that equal federation was a better form of union than subjection to a ruling head. But it was only slowly, and in some cases unwillingly, that the great cities consented to sink their absolute independence in any federal union, and some of them, Athens above all, never entered into any federal connexion at all. Still in the later days of Greek independence by far the greater part of the soil of Greece was mapped out among a system of federal unions. Of these the greatest and most illustrious, the League of Achaia, which gradually grew into a League of all Peloponnêsos, has always struck me as being one of the most striking and instructive political phænomena in history, and not the least as being in many respects a wonderful foreshadowing of the greater Confederation on whose soil I now stand.

The League of Achaia was a league of small states, of states which did not know the art of printing; yet surely there is something well worthy of our study in the fact that two confederations, so widely removed in time and place and scale, should show so many points of likeness as are shown between the United States of Peloponnêsos and the United States of North America. But at present it will suit my purpose better to speak of a point of unlikeness. While the position of the Peloponnesian cities and of the American colonies had enough of likeness to lead to much of likeness in the federal constitutions which they severally devised, they differed in one important point, in that point in which

the old Greek commonwealths differ as a class from the states of modern Europe and America. The unwillingness of many of the greatest cities of Greece to enter the Achaian League or any other of the Greek federal systems was not wholly unreasonable. When Corinth, Argos, Sparta, Elis, joined the League, some willingly, some unwillingly, the sacrifice which they had to make was greater than that which a smaller city had to make. In the federal assembly, the sovereign authority of the League in matters of peace and war, every citizen of every confederate city had a right to appear; but the votes were taken, not by heads but by cities. Each city had one vote, and no more. The greatest city and the smallest, the city from which one citizen was present and the city from which a thousand citizens were present, had the same voice in deciding the general judgement of the assembly. Such an arrangement was manifestly unfair to the great cities; it was unfair that Corinth should have no greater voice in the affairs of the League than Tritaia; it was unfair that Corinth should have to submit to a declaration of war or to the conclusion of a peace against which Corinth had given her single voice, and which had been decided against her by the single voice of Tritaia. But the only other arrangement which was possible according to Greek political ideas would have been no less unfair to the smaller cities, and still more unfair to the distant cities. This would have been to count, not by cities but by heads, to let the decision of the assembly go by the simple majority of those who happened to be present in it. This would clearly have been to give an unfair advantage to the great cities, and still more to the neighbouring cities. If the assembly

was held in one of the great cities, its citizens, who could come in a body, could easily have out-voted all the rest of the League. A city which was at once small and distant would have had practically no influence whatever. The system actually followed was certainly less unfair than this would have been. For though it was unreasonable that Corinth should have formally no greater voice in the affairs of the League than Tritaia, we may be sure that Corinth always enjoyed a much greater share of practical influence than Tritaia.

Now in your federal system, and in the federal system of Switzerland, which in this respect follows yours, both these forms of unfairness are avoided. The problem is this: Given a confederation the members of which are in one sense equal, in another sense unequal. Such are the cities of Achaia, the cantons of Switzerland, the states of North America. As members of an equal union, entering it willingly on equal terms, enjoying equal rights, the cities, cantons, states, are in the strictest sense equal. But, on the other hand, in all the three confederations the members are manifestly unequal in extent of territory, in wealth, in population, in military resources. The question is how to respect both the equality and the inequality. The states are equal in rights and dignity; no state therefore must be treated in any way as inferior to any other state. But it would be practically unreasonable to give the smallest state exactly the same influence in the affairs of the Confederation as the greatest. You have solved the problem, the Swiss have adopted your solution of it, by the establishment of a federal assembly formed of two houses. One of these embodies the equality of the states, the

other embodies their inequality. You have one house which represents the states as states, in which each state, great and small, has an equal voice. You have another house which represents the federal nation directly as a nation, and in which each state is represented strictly in proportion to its population. Thus both dangers are avoided; the small states are not swamped by the great ones, neither are the great ones swamped by the small ones. Perfect fairness can be dealt out to both classes, while in Achaia some measure of unfairness would not fail to be done to one or the other class, and in the system which was actually adopted some unfairness was actually done to the greater cities. Now wherein lies the difference, what is it that has enabled America and Switzerland better to deal with this great problem in federal government than Achaia did or could deal? This whole difference lies in the one word "represent." In the Greek cities there was no representation; they knew not the political device of later times by which certain chosen citizens are commissioned to act on behalf of their fellows, by which a select assembly is entitled to act in the name of the people. Hence comes the real difference between those ancient commonwealths and the states of our own day. The citizens of a Greek commonwealth, consisting of a single city and its surrounding territory, could and did habitually meet in one place. The rule applies alike to oligarchic and to democratic constitutions. In both alike the sovereign authority was vested in the general assembly of all qualified citizens. Whether this last phrase was or was not equivalent to all citizens, a most important difference for many purposes, made no difference for this purpose. In either case all who were

qualified to vote at all voted directly, and not through representatives, in the greatest affairs of state. Such a constitution as this is now unknown except in six of the smallest Swiss cantons; it was the primitive constitution of some of your states; it is so no longer. This is simply because, with these few exceptions, the political communities of modern Europe and America, small as some of them seem as compared with others, are still too large to allow of all their citizens habitually meeting in one place. As compared with the city commonwealths of Greece, they may all pass for great states. They were therefore all used to representation in their internal constitutions. When therefore the American constitution was framed in the last century, when the Swiss constitution was framed in the present, the states which formed the two Confederations were perfectly familiar with representation in their local constitutions; they could therefore easily apply that system to the federal constitution, and could apply it in such a way as to represent the two great facts of the federal union, the equality of the states and their inequality. The Achaians, unused to representation in their several cities, failed to take the great step of inventing it as something new for use in their federal system. Here comes the real difference between small states and great ones. Modern Switzerland, though it certainly knows the use of printing, is, we are told, too small for England or America to learn anything from its political experience. Yet I think that I have shown that, in some not unimportant respects, the political experience of America is exactly the same as that of Switzerland. Small as Switzerland may be, I think you will hardly despise the witness which that land bears to the wisdom

of your institutions in adopting some of them for its own use. And the witness is the more valuable because the tribute which Switzerland has paid to America is not the tribute of blind imitators. Switzerland has adopted some of the institutions of America, those which suited its condition and agreed with its political traditions. Other American institutions, which did not suit the condition of Switzerland and did not fall in with its political traditions, it has not adopted. That is, once more, like causes produce like results, so far as they are like causes. And the rule works all the same, even though both the causes and the results may differ a good deal in physical size. Wisdom, freedom, regard to the conditions of one state and of another, are elements which go further towards the making of political constitutions than differences in extent on the map or distance in the chronological table. And these great moral influences themselves seem hardly capable of physical measurement.

And now one word to wind up with regard to the matter with which we began, the presence or absence of printing—I might perhaps add the presence or absence of the electric telegraph. When the remark about printing which I quoted was made, the most advanced regions of Europe and America were as ignorant of the electric telegraph as the old Athenians and Achaians were of the art of printing. For aught I know, some very go-ahead persons of the new generation may by this time despise the times before the electric telegraph in as lordly a style as my friend older than myself despised the times before printing. The contempt would be about equally rational in the two cases. Yet both printing and the

electric telegraph have their use, and their political use. We have seen that the most important political difference between larger and smaller states is that representation, which has no necessary place in the smaller states, has a necessary place in the larger. Now comes in the main use of the invention of the fifteenth century and the invention of the nineteenth. A state so small as to allow of all its citizens habitually coming together in one place can, as far as its own affairs are concerned, do very well without either. Printing and telegraphs are at most needed for foreign affairs; about domestic affairs every citizen can learn everything for himself without their help. I do not believe that printing and telegraphs would have been any great gain in the Athenian democracy; I even believe that in some respects they would have brought with them a certain loss. But I believe that both those inventions would have been useful in the Achaian League, simply because all the free citizens of the Peloponnesian cities could not habitually appear in the federal assembly. It would therefore have been useful for them to have full and speedy reports of what was done by those who did appear there, those who, whether they were formally chosen or not, were practically their representatives. Still all these things are merely external differences; the real likenesses, the real unlikenesses, between the political experience of one state and that of another lie a good deal deeper in the great facts of man's nature and man's history. Printing, telegraphs, all such like external accidents, have their use and their importance, but they hardly touch the root of any matter. Both England and other parts of Europe contrived

to do some things which are not wholly to be despised in days when neither printing nor telegraph was known. And some parts of North America contrived to do some things which are not wholly to be despised in days when printing was known, but when the telegraph was not. When we are tempted to despise the days of Periklês or Aratos as too far removed from us in accidental circumstances for their political experiences to be of any use, it would be as well to remember that the deeds of Simon of Montfort were not announced to the public by the press, and that the deeds of Washington were not announced by the electric telegraph.

LECTURE III.

The Aristocratic City.

FROM Greece we naturally pass into Italy. In a survey of general European history it is as much a matter of obvious order to give Italy the second place as it is to give Greece the first. So to do is simply to obey the laws laid upon us by the geographical position of the two lands. The history of Europe, the history of Aryan man in Europe, the history of man as a really civilized and political being, begins in the lands round the Mediterranean, and of them it begins in the islands and peninsulas of Greece. It was Greece that had to bear the first brunt of the struggle between East and West, between Asia and Europe, between despotism and freedom, the struggle which, heightened and sharpened by the teaching of a new religion on either side, grew into the strife between Christendom and Islam, into the Crusades of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, into the eternal Eastern question of our own day. It was Greece to whose lot it fell to lead in the way in art, in literature, and in philosophy, and in things better than art and literature and philosophy, in civil justice and political freedom. In all these things Greece, we may say, is given unto us for an ensample. But it is almost wholly as an ensample that Greece is given to us. Of instruction in the way of analogy, in the way of instances from which general

principles may be inferred, no history is richer than that of Greece. But we can hardly say that the history of Greece has any great direct bearing, in the way of cause and effect, on the history of our own people or on that of any of the other nations of the modern world. The great chain of direct cause and effect which stretches on without a break to the latest events of our own day begins in the seven hills by the Tiber. The whole history of the world has been determined by the geological fact that at a point a little below the junction of the Tiber and the Anio the isolated hills stand nearer to one another than most of the other hills of Latium. On a site marked out above all other sites for dominion, the centre of Italy, the centre of Europe, as Europe then was, a site at the junction of three of the great nations of Italy, and which had the great river as its highway to lands beyond the bounds of Italy, stood two low hills, the hill which bore the name of Latin Saturn, and the hill at the meaning of whose name of *Palatine* scholars will perhaps guess for ever. These two hills, occupied by men of two of the nations of Italy, stood so near to one another that a strait choice indeed was laid on those who dwelled on them. They must either join together on terms closer than those which commonly united Italian leagues, or they must live a life of border warfare more ceaseless, more bitter, than the ordinary warfare of Italian enemies. Legend, with all likelihood, tells us that warfare was tried; history, with all certainty, tells us that the final choice was union. The two hills were fenced with a single wall; the men who dwelled on them changed from wholly separate communities into tribes of a single city. Changes of the same kind took place on

not a few spots both of Greece and Italy; not a few of the most famous cities of both lands grew on this wise out of the union of earlier detached settlements. But no other union of the kind, not even that which called Sparta into being out of five villages of an older day, could compare in its effects on all later time with the union of those two small hill-fortresses into a single city. For that city was Rome; the hill of Saturn became the site of Rome's capitol, the scene of her triumphs, the home of her patron gods. The hill on the other side of the swampy dale became the dwelling-place of Rome's Cæsars, and handed on its name of *Palatium* as the name for the homes of all the kings of the earth. Around those hills as a centre, Latium, Italy, Mediterranean Europe, were gathered in, till the world was Roman, or rather till the world was Rome. If Greece was given to us as an ensample, Rome was given to us as a mistress or rather as a queen. Athens might guide the nations as a model; the mission of Rome was to rule them as an Imperial lady. Wherever we go, in Europe or in the lands beyond the Ocean which have been settled from Europe, we cannot escape from Rome, or rather wherever we go we carry Rome with us. What Rome has been in the history of the world, what Rome has been to ourselves and to our forefathers, I cannot better set forth than in words which I once addressed to another audience. "Wherever men speak her tongue, wherever men revere her law, wherever men profess the faith which Europe and European colonies have learned of her, there Rome is still."

But it is not on the great œcumenical position of Rome that I wish chiefly to enlarge this evening. I

wish now rather to dwell on some other and earlier aspects of the Roman commonwealth, looked at more directly as a commonwealth, and specially as compared with the commonwealths of Greece. On one side of the Greek commonwealths I said but little, because it is a side of them which can really be better studied from the point of view of Rome. I refer to the disputes between orders in the same city, a side of political life on which the history of Rome, legendary as it is in many of its stages, gives us more instruction than any other history. And it is a side which supplies us with abundance of illustrations for the history of Switzerland and mediæval Germany, with some even for the history of England. No city gives us so many lessons as Rome gives with regard to the origin of hereditary distinctions between man and man. And on another side, Rome, as having formed a greater dominion than any other city ever formed, has more to tell us than any other city as to the various relations of alliance, dependence, and subjection, between one city and another.

One of the most distinguishing characteristics of the great commonwealth where I now find myself is the absence of all hereditary distinctions between one man and another. And I have no doubt that to many minds, in America and out of it, it would be thought quite enough explanation of the fact to say that the United States have a republican form of government. It seems to be somehow taken for granted that, wherever there is a republic, that is, I imagine, where there is no hereditary king, there can be no such things as nobility, aristocracy, or hereditary distinctions of any kind. Yet

there have been in the history of the world such cities as Sparta and Corinth, as Bern and Freiburg, as Genoa and Lucca, as Venice and Ragusa, above all, as Rome herself. And I shall perhaps be thought to be setting forth a strange paradox, if I should say that, instead of a republic necessarily shutting out aristocracy, it is only in a republic that a true aristocracy can exist. And I should be thought to be putting forth a stranger paradox still, if I were to say that I am inclined to bless the institution of peerage in England because it saved us from the curse of a nobility, and if I were further to add that I believe that it is mainly owing to the institution of peerage in England that there are no hereditary distinctions in the United States.

As it is often supposed that aristocracy and a republican form of government are inconsistent with one another, so it is often supposed that aristocracy necessarily implies a system of titles. Now to my paradox that it is only in a republic that aristocracy can exist, I must add the further paradox that, where titles, mere titles, become needful, true aristocracy has come to an end. Perhaps my meaning may become a little plainer if I tell you how, a few months back, poring about in a Dalmatian churchyard, I lighted on the tomb of one who was described as having been at one stage of his life, Patrician and Senator of the Republic of Ragusa, and at another as having been Count this or that, and Chamberlain to his Imperial, Royal, and Apostolic Majesty. Which, I would ask, of those states of life was the more noble, the more aristocratic? Which came nearest to having a share in the rule of the best, the Patrician and Senator of the Republic, or the Count

and Chamberlain of the Apostolic King? Or, I may ask, would Francesco Morosini have been more noble, more exalted in any way, if instead of the simple "Peloponnesiacus" upon his tomb, he could have added the titles of a hundred lordships and earldoms? Would ought have been added to the dignity, the nobility, the long patrician pedigree, of Publius Cornelius Scipio and Quintus Fabius Maximus, if the one had been made, English fashion, into a Duke of Zama, and the other, Spanish fashion, into a Duke of Delay?

The proofs of my paradoxes may be found in various parts of the world's history. My present business is to deal with the light which is thrown on such matters by the history of the Roman commonwealth. There we shall see, in a strictly republican city which shuddered at the name of king, the long-abiding sway of a powerful and exclusive aristocracy, an aristocracy whose power rested on immemorial legal sanctions, and which it needed a long constitutional struggle to overthrow. We shall then see the growth of a second aristocracy, almost as powerful, almost as exclusive, but whose power rested on no legal sanction at all. We shall see, in short, as we may see in the earlier history of England, an immemorial nobility of birth give way to a new nobility of office, and the nobility of office again grow into a new nobility of birth.

In the oldest forms of nobility, the origin of the distinction is strictly immemorial; there is no record of the way it began, no record how this and that house in a state came to be looked on as more noble than others. In the later nobility of office, the origin of the distinction is matter of record; at least it will be matter of actual

record in some cases, and matter of unavoidable inference in others. Both these forms of nobility we see at Rome, and the history of Rome sets before us one very usual way in which the older form of nobility arose. The beginning of the distinction between patricians and plebeians at Rome is, strictly speaking, unrecorded; but there can be no doubt that it was in its origin a local division. It was the division between the old citizens and the new, between the dwellers on certain of the hills and dales by the Tiber and the dwellers on certain others. Dim as is the only light which we have as to the early history of Rome, thus much at least we can see. We can easily believe that in the very beginning of the settlements by the Tiber, new settlers would be welcome from any quarter. But, in all such cases, as soon as the new community felt itself strong in possession, as soon as its own constitution was thoroughly organized, as soon as local associations, local traditions, local worships, had grown up, the tale was made up, and the gate was shut against new comers. The commonwealth now takes the form of a hereditary tribe, formed of hereditary *gentes*. The members of the commonwealth have political rights, political power, common possessions, as the commonwealth. The well-known Horatian quotation,

> "Privatus illis census erat brevis,
> Commune magnum;"

is, in these early societies, true in the most literal sense. Common property is the rule; private property is an exception. Do not think that I am arguing against the institution of private property. There is such a thing as progress. I once asked a friend specially

learned in early institutions and customs whether he did not look on private property as an innovation. He answered, "Yes, as man is an innovation." But as it is possible to look on the existence of man, however great an innovation, as an improvement on the state of things before man came into being, so private property, though an innovation, may still be a wholesome innovation. But an innovation it certainly is; the property of the tribe is older than the property of the individual. The property of the individual consists in the beginning of the portion of the common property granted by common consent to this or that man, either as his share in a general allotment or as the special reward of some service done to the community. The reward of Horatius is typical;

> "They gave him of the corn-land
> That was of public right
> As much as two stout oxen
> Could plough from morn till night."

And for a long time the aggregate of such lots and grants in private hands will be less than the amount of land still held by the community. This is a most important point to be borne in mind in studying the history of the early commonwealths; every tribe, city, or tribe, was, not only a body possessed of political rights, but a body possessed of common lands. The admission of new citizens to equal rights not only affected the exclusive political rights of the old, but, if they were admitted to equal rights in the common land, it actually lessened their property. Those who have watched the politics of Switzerland in later times will

have noticed the frequent disputes with regard to the *Niedergelassenen*, those who have moved from one *Gemeinde*, *Commune*, or parish, to another, whether in their own canton or elsewhere. A man who thus changed from one canton to another acquired by the federal constitution now in force full political rights in the canton of his adoption. But he did not therefore acquire full local rights in the *commune* of his adoption. For that *commune* was a body of hereditary possessors, holding their common land by as good a right as a private man holds his. So we are tempted to speak; but historically it would be more accurate to say that the utmost that we can say of the private man is that he holds his land by as good a right as the *commune* holds theirs. In the property of the hereditary burghers of the *commune* the newly settled stranger had no share; he could obtain a share only by special favour, as the reward of special services, or by such a payment as might make it worth the while of the hereditary burghers to admit him into their number. The questions which have been raised on these points are well worthy the heed of students of comparative politics; they throw no small light on the agrarian disputes at Rome.

Thus, we may be sure, the hills of Rome were first settled by separate bodies, which gradually joined into one political body, and formed the original Roman People with its original *folkland* or *ager publicus*. Three tribes, settlers on three hills, were the elements of which the original commonwealth was made. Whether there was anything like a nobility within the tribes themselves, whether certain houses had any precedence, any preference in the disposal of offices, we have no means of

judging. That certain houses are far more prominent in legend and history than others may suggest such a thought, but does not prove it. But one thing is certain; these three tribes, these older settlers, were the original Roman People, which for a while numbered no members but themselves. They were the *patres*, the *fathers*, a name which in its origin meant no more than such plain names as *goodman*, *housefather*, and the like. In the Roman polity the father only could be looked on as a citizen in the highest sense; his children, his grandchildren, were in his power, from which, just like slaves, they could be released only by his own special act. Such was the origin of the name fathers, *patres*, patricians, a name round which such proud associations gathered, as the three tribes who had once been the whole Roman people shrank up into a special noble class in the midst of a new Roman people which grew up around them, but which they did not admit to the same rights as themselves.

The incorporation of a third tribe marks the end of the first period of Roman history. These were the Luceres of the Cœlian, admitted perhaps at first with rights not quite on a level with those of the two earlier tribes, the Ramnes of the Palatine, the oldest Romans of all, and the Tities of the Capitoline or hill of Saturn. The old Roman people was now formed. No fourth tribe was ever admitted; the later tribes of Rome, it must be remembered, are a separate division which have nothing to do with these old patrician tribes. And it must have been a most rare favour for either individuals or whole houses to be received into any of the three original tribes. The legend of the admission of the famous Claudian

house into the tribe of the Tities, whether we accept it as historical or not, at least marks such an adoption as possible; it marks it also as most rare and exceptional. The constitution of the early commonwealth may be called democratic, but democratic of a type strongly tempered by that reverence for age and office which was at all times characteristic of the Roman people. It was democratic so far as the supreme power lay in the general assembly of the people, the Roman *populus*. But all the three elements of the ancient polity were there in their fulness. If there was the assembly, there was also the chief, taking neither the form of a hereditary monarch nor of a republican magistrate; he was a king, but a king chosen for life only. And surely nowhere did the third element in the state, the power intermediate between chief and people, appear in greater dignity than in the shape of the Senate of Rome from its very first beginnings.

Now I must ask you to take notice that there is no kind of inconsistency in a government being democratic as far as the privileged order is concerned, and oligarchic as far as concerns all who lie outside the privileged order. Take for instance the old constitution of Poland. When sixty thousand gentlemen on horseback came together to choose a king, and were required to choose him by an unanimous vote, it was the narrowest of oligarchies as regarded the rest of the nation; but it was surely the wildest of democracies as regarded the equestrian order itself. But, what concerns us more, there was a point of view from which every Greek democracy, Athens among the foremost of them, might be called oligarchic. The citizens might everywhere be

called a privileged order. If they were a privileged order as regarded no one else, they were a privileged order as regarded the slaves. But in most Greek cities, and specially in the great trading cities, there was a large class of inhabitants, personally free, but enjoying no political rights and often only very imperfect civil rights. For mere residence went for nothing; mere birth in the land went for nothing; citizenship could be had only by descent from citizen parents or by special grant from the sovereign body. Some cities were more liberal of their citizenship than others; sometimes a city found it expedient to make a large creation of citizens; but nowhere did mere residence, even from generation to generation, of itself convey any right. The case was exactly analogous to the case of the Swiss *Gemeinden* of which I just spoke; it was exactly analogous to the case of the freemen in many English boroughs. In all these cases there are some common rights, there is some common property, which belongs exclusively to the privileged burghers, to which mere residence gives no right, but admission to which can be obtained only by birth or by such other means, purchase, marriage, servitude, as the custom of the place prescribes. In all these cases the hereditary burghers feel no more call to give a share of their political rights or of their common property to the stranger within their gates than a private landowner feels himself called on to divide his estate with the new comer who settles in his neighbourhood. Owing to the circumstances of English boroughs—owing in truth to the strength of the central power which hindered even the greatest English cities from being like the cities of Greece or of Switzerland,—in not a few Eng-

lish towns the hereditary freemen have become an inferior and despised class. But they are none the less historically the representatives of the original burghers of the town, around whom all other classes have grown up. They are in truth the old citizens, the fellows of the *Eupatridai* of Athens and of the patricians of Rome.

Now, if the privileged body of citizens is small, and if circumstances tend to make the settlement of non-privileged residents large, here is one of the means by which a privileged order in the narrower sense, a nobility in the midst of a nation or people, may arise. An order which takes in few or no new members tends to extinction; if it does not die out, it will at least sensibly lessen. But there is no limit to the growth of the non-privileged class outside. Thus the number of the old burghers will be daily getting smaller, the number of the new residents will be daily getting larger, till those who once formed the whole people put on step by step the character of an exclusive nobility in the midst of the extended nation which has grown up around them. By this time they have acquired all the attributes of nobility, smallness of numbers, antiquity, privilege. And their possession of the common land—a possession shared constantly by a smaller number—is likely to give them a fourth attribute which, vulgarly at least, goes to swell the conception of nobility, the attribute of wealth. And this character of a nobility within a nation comes out yet more strongly if, as often happens, the non-privileged class is gradually admitted to some share in the rights of citizenship, but not to all. They may for instance receive the civil rights, but not the political. Indeed in the Greek commonwealths the best definition of democracy

and oligarchy would be that in the democracy political rights are enjoyed by all who enjoy civil rights, while in the oligarchy political rights are confined to a part only of those who enjoy civil rights. Or again, the non-privileged class may advance a step further; it may obtain a share of political rights, but not their fulness. The new citizens may form an organized body with an assembly of its own, clothed with authority over its own members. Or they may be admitted into the general assembly of the commonwealth, but they may be refused a share in the public land, and may be held unqualified for high office. But when the excluded order has got as far as this, we may say that oligarchy is doomed. The great principle of human nature which leads him who has taken the inch to go on to take the ell makes it certain that, when such an advance as this has been made, all other barriers will presently be broken down. But a wise and moderate aristocracy, which honestly admits the rest of the people to civil rights, which gives them the protection of just laws in their private affairs while it shuts them out from all share in public affairs, which treats them personally with kindness and consideration, as its children rather than its subjects—such an aristocracy may keep its exclusive political power for ages. So it seems to have been at Corinth, at Rhodes, at Massalia, and others of the more moderate and better governed Greek aristocratic cities. So it was at Venice and at Ragusa, though at Venice at least the patricians were not a body of old citizens round whom an unrepresented people had grown, but rather a group of families which had drawn all power into their own hands to the exclusion of the rest of the people.

Thus around the original people of Rome, the *populus*, the *patres*, the three ancient tribes, the settlers on the three earliest hills of Rome, arose a second people, the *plebs*. The whole history of Rome is a history of incorporation. The first union between the Capitoline and Palatine hills was the first stage of the process which at last made Romans of all the nations round the Mediterranean sea. But the equal incorporation of which that union was the type had now ceased, not to begin again for ages. Whatever amount of belief we give to the legends of Roman wars and conquests under the kings, we can hardly doubt that the territory of several neighbouring towns was incorporated with the Roman state, and that their people, whether they removed to Rome or went on occupying their own lands elsewhere, became Romans, but not as yet full Romans. They were Romans in so far as they ceased to be members of any other state, in so far as they obeyed the laws of Rome, and served in the Roman armies. But they were not Romans in the sense of being admitted into the original Roman body; they had no votes in the original Roman assembly; they had no share in its public land; they were not admissible to the high offices of the state. They had an organization of their own; they had their own assemblies, their own magistrates, their own sacred rites, different in many things from those of the older Roman People. And we must remember that, throughout the Roman history, when any town or district was admitted to any stage, perfect or imperfect, of Roman citizenship, its people were admitted without regard to any distinctions which had existed among them in their elder homes. The patricians of a Latin town admitted to the Roman franchise became

plebeians at Rome. Thus, from the beginning, the Roman *plebs* contained families which, if the word "noble" has any real meaning, were fully as noble as any house of the three elder tribes. Not a few too of the plebeians were rich; rich and poor, they were the more part land-owners; no mistake can be greater than that which looks on the Roman *plebs* as the low multitude of a town. As we first see them, the truest aspect of them is that of a second nation within the Roman state, an inferior, a subject, nation, shut out from all political power, subject in many things to practical oppression, but which, by its very organization as a subject nation, was the more stirred up to seek, and the better enabled to obtain, full equality with the elder nation to which it stood side by side as a subject neighbour.

Into the details of the struggle it is no part of my business to enter. It may be, as some stories hint, that, either during the time of the kings or at the time of the change from kings to consuls, many members of the subject order were raised to a place among the elder tribes. If this be so, it marks the distinction between the old and the new citizens, and the inferior position of the latter, as fully established. And the transfer of particular men or particular families from the lower rank to the higher, would be no gain to the lower order, but rather a loss. It would really be the transfer of some of their own leaders to the ranks of their masters. But the legislation which bears the name of Servius Tullius, which for several purposes, both military and political, united the two orders in a single body, marks a real, and the first, step in advance. Practically it did but little; but it opened the

way for much. On the other hand, we must remember that the change from kings to consuls was no immediate gain to the subject order. Both here and in many other cases we must beware of being led away by the mere names, *liberty* and *republic*. There can be no doubt that the transfer of those vast powers with which Rome entrusted her rulers from a king chosen for life to two responsible magistrates chosen for a year was, in its final results, a great step in advance; but it was an immediate loss for the excluded *plebs*. A king, ruling in the interest of the whole people, was far more likely to overlook distinctions among his people, far more likely to shelter the subject order from wrong, than magistrates chosen out of the ruling order, chosen largely by the ruling order, and in no small degree chosen for the purpose of maintaining the exclusive dominion of that order.

In the struggle between the two nations in the Roman state we see two marked stages. In the first the struggle is to win deliverance from actual oppression. In the second the object is to obtain political equality with the former oppressors. The great stage in the former struggle is when the patricians, the elder citizens, were brought to consent to the treaty of the Sacred Hill. This whole story, though it belongs to a time before the beginning of contemporary records, so thoroughly illustrates the position of the two orders that we may be sure that the main outline at least of the story comes from a trustworthy tradition. The *plebs*, wearied out with oppression, left Rome and proposed to found a new city on the hills beyond the Anio. The effect of this migration would have been to leave the patricians once more the whole Roman people, the only possessors of the Roman

hills. The plebeians, naturally enough, could still bear the thought of ceasing to be Romans; they had found their Roman character more burthensome than profitable. But the patricians could no longer fall back on their old position as the only Romans. They had too long been the dominant order in an enlarged city to be ready to fall back on the time when their forefathers first sat down on the three hills. But we must do them the justice to allow that their position was not wholly a selfish one; if they sought their own exclusive greatness, they sought it only in the character of Romans. While the plebeians could still bear the thought of ceasing to be Romans, the patricians could not bear that Rome should be weakened by the secession of the plebeians. The Treaty of the Sacred Mount, the Sacred Laws, ordained and sworn to with all the solemnities of a treaty between two nations, ended this first period of strife; but the distinction between the orders, as two nations in one city, was marked more clearly than ever. To purchase the return of the *plebs*, the patricians brought themselves to acknowledge the *plebs* as an order, if inferior to themselves, yet in some sort co-ordinate with themselves, to acknowledge the tribunes, the magistrates of the *plebs*, as persons sacred and inviolable, to acknowledge their power to summon before the assembly of the *plebs* any man of the patricians who did anything contrary to the agreement between the orders. This was strictly according to the Italian law of nations; but at the same time no power helped more towards the advance of the *plebs*, not only by its practical use in punishing offenders against the plebeian order, but by asserting the position and powers of the plebeian assembly, and

helping to win for it the place of an assembly whose resolves affected the whole Roman people, and not merely the plebeian part of it.

In all the early disputes between the orders, the question of the *folkland*, the *ager publicus*, held the first place. On this matter it is not hard to throw ourselves into the position of the disputants on either side. We can quite understand the position of the patricians. Their simple argument would be, "This is our land, the common land of the original Roman people, which was theirs while you were still strangers and enemies to Rome. It is ours; we deal with it as we choose; it is no affair of yours how we deal with what is our own." How they did choose to deal with it was this. They found that it best paid their purpose to keep the land as a common possession of the order, and to allow individual patricians to occupy it as tenants. For the common land paid no tax; the patrician therefore, whose real wealth consisted in his occupation of the *folkland*, paid only on his small separate freehold, while the plebeian, all whose land was freehold, paid on his whole substance. Conquered land again was added to the patrician folkland, as the common land of the Roman people; spoils went into the patrician hoard, as the common hoard of the Roman people, just as when the three patrician tribes had formed the whole Roman people. The patrician position therefore had become practically unjust, though it had about it a kind of formal justice, and though we can quite understand that the patricians would look on any meddling with their exclusive posession as a real act of wrong. But the practical aspect of the case was that the burthens of the state fell mainly on the plebeians, while the profits, as well as the

honours, fell wholly to the patricians. The real justice of the case therefore lay with the plebeian argument. The *plebs* might answer: "This land is the land of the Roman people. You may once have been the whole Roman people; but you are so no longer. We are part of the Roman people no less than you. The land of the people ought not to be turned to the private profit of one part of the people. Let lots of the folkland be booked to those citizens who have no land, and let the rest be applied to the public purposes of the state, and not to the enrichment of particular persons." This is one of a thousand cases in which formal and substantial justice are thoroughly opposed, but in which the plea of merely formal justice is at least plausible, and where it may be, and doubtless was, urged with perfect good faith. The exclusive patrician occupation of the folkland was not an usurpation or an innovation; the patricians, the old citizens, had taken nothing from the plebeians, the new citizens; they simply refused to share something with them. What they refused to share was formally their own, and had once been rightly their own. Things had so changed that their exclusive possession was no longer just; but it was not likely that they would be quick to see that it was no longer just. And the change had been gradual. As the plebeians became more and more an essential part of the Roman people, it became more and more clearly unjust that the public land should be turned to the profit of one part of the people only. But no one could have pointed out the particular moment when the exclusive patrician possession first became an unjust thing. Questions of the same kind have often been raised in other times and places, and

they may teach us to deal tenderly both with individuals and with whole orders who cleave to antiquated rights, which once were just, but which have ceased to be just. Their case must never be confounded with mere usurpations, fraudulent or forcible. It may be needful to withstand both alike, but the two are to be withstood with very different feelings towards the adversary. There is no baseness in a man or a class of men cleaving to rights and possessions which they honestly hold to be their own, which in a sense are their own, even though it may, for the public good, be needful that they should be their own no longer. The dissensions between the Roman orders are on the whole honourable to both parties. It is possible to understand both sides, to enter into the feelings of both sides. To the plebeian order the strife is specially honourable. On the plebeian side there seems to have been no violence at all. On the patrician side there was some; but certainly less than in many other commonwealths in the like case. In many Greek cities each order often sought, and sometimes wrought, the utter destruction of the other. The commons strove to slay or drive out the nobles, and to keep the city wholly for themselves. The nobles strove to slay or drive out the commons, and to keep the city for themselves, with their slaves and immediate dependents. There is no sign of this kind of feeling on either side at Rome. The patricians seek to keep the *plebs* in subjection; but, as the story of the Sacred Mount shows, as every story of secession goes, they had no wish to get rid of them. The plebeians strive to win perfect equality with the patricians; but they are ready to leave to the patricians equal rights

with themselves. They do not seek, like the commons in many a city of mediæval Italy, to deprive them of political rights, but only of exclusive political rights. Still less was there, as there often was in the Greek cities, any cry for the slaughter or banishment of the dominant order, or for a general confiscation of their lands or goods. In demanding that the exclusive patrician possession of the folkland should come to an end, the plebeian argument was simply that the folkland was the general property of the Roman people, not the exclusive property of the patrician order, now that they had become only a part of the Roman people.

The true position of the Roman *plebs*, and the nature of the strife which they waged, come out in a striking way in one of the few moments of the strife which is not honourable to them. In the decisive struggle over the laws of Licinius and Sextius there was for moment a division in the plebeian ranks. Three measures of reform were proposed; one to settle the grievances of the debtors; another, an agrarian law to restrict the occupation of the folkland; a third, which decreed that one of the two consuls should always be a plebeian. The patricians had brought themselves to consent to the first two measures, which touched only their pockets; they stood out against the third, which touched their pride and their political monopoly. And the great mass of the *plebs* were ready to agree to this compromise. The measures about the debts and the folkland concerned the general mass; they were measures which removed practical grievances which touched every man; but the proposal to have plebeian consuls concerned, it might be argued, only Licinius and Sextius themselves and the other leading

men of their order, who had a chance of being chosen consuls. This somewhat base fit lasted only for a moment. Licinius, with his homely proverb, that they must eat if they would drink, insists that his three bills shall all stand or fall together; the mass of the *plebs* stands by him, and plebeian equality is won. The story illustrates a general weakness of human nature; but it also shows us that jealousies had already begun to spring up between the mass of the plebeian order and its untitled and unprivileged, but essentially noble, leaders. These last were, in all but political privilege, the equals of the patricians. Since the Canuleian law, which legitimated marriages between the two orders, they must have been on a level of social equality with them. There is at this moment no exact parallel in the modern world to the distinctions of patrician and plebeian at this time; though it is well to remember that, at the beginning of this century, several exact parallels still survived in the aristocratic commonwealths of Europe. But a general idea of the true position of Licinius may be gained if we conceive a wealthy and long-descended English baronet or esquire, married possibly to the daughter of an earl or duke, as Licinius was married to a Fabia, withstanding some exclusive pretension of the House of Lords. Such an one is a commoner, with no legal privilege over the humblest commoner. But in many things he has much more in common with those whom he opposes than with those whom he represents. The comparison is not exact; but it comes much nearer to the truth of the case than the old delusion which painted Licinius and Sextius as vulgar leaders of a mere mob.

And the thing to be noticed is that this jealousy on the part of the humbler plebeians, unjust as it certainly was at the time, was fully justified by the facts of history. The class of plebeians of whom Licinius was the type, did in the end practically go over to the patricians. They and the remnant of the patricians did in the end form a nobility whose position was purely conventional, which had no legal privilege of any kind, but which was practically as exclusive as the old nobility of the patricians. Still the passing of the Licinian laws was none the less one of the greatest steps in the history of Rome and in the history of the world. The effects of the winning of plebeian equality are shown in the two great centuries which followed, in the slow advance of Rome while she was still weakened by dissensions at home, as compared with her speedy march to greatness as soon as worn-out distinctions were removed, as soon as the commonwealth was united and was able to put forth its full strength. The Licinian laws, formally only one step, were practically the winning of the victory. They laid down a principle which was carried out bit by bit, but which, when it was once laid down, could not fail to be carried out bit by bit. By the Licinian laws themselves only a single office was immediately opened to plebeians. But when one of the two consuls, the direct successors of the ancient kings, was of necessity a plebeian, other offices could not be kept as an exclusively patrician possession. But it was characteristic of Rome, and one of the points of likeness between Rome and England, that there was no one general act wiping out all distinctions between patrician and plebeian. Every office of any political importance, first the civil, then the

religious offices, was thrown open to the commons. But they were thrown open one by one, and some offices of great dignity but of no political importance were never thrown open at all. Pontiffs and augurs, in themselves religious officers, had indirect political powers; their posts therefore were thrown open to plebeian holders. But the flamens of the chief gods held an office, sacred and venerable indeed, but of no importance in temporal affairs; no one therefore ever troubled himself to throw open their office to plebeians, and the chief flamens remained to the end purely patrician. So with the *interrex*, the occasional magistrate whose existence of itself proves that Rome once had kings. An *interregnum* came so seldom that no one thought of proposing a bill to allow a plebeian *interrex*, and that office too remained purely patrician. On the other hand, the tribunes of the *plebs*, once the defenders of the *plebs* against the patricians, had now become, so far as their office kept any useful functions, defenders of the whole people against any wrong on the part of the Senate or magistrates. But they still remained exclusively plebeian. A patrician could not be tribune at Rome, any more than a peer can be Chancellor of the Exchequer in England. When we remember the great powers of the tribune's office, when we further remember that both consuls might be plebeians, while both could not be patricians, we might be inclined to say that the tables were turned, that plebeians had the upper hand, and that, to make all citizens equal, a Licinian law the other way was needed.

But practically it was not so. By the time of the second civil struggles of Rome, struggles so unlike

the elder struggles of patricians and plebeians, so immeasurably more violent and bloody, the patriciate had practically gone out of memory. The few occasions on which a distinction was drawn between the orders, were, with the single exception of the tribuneship, mere curious survivals. But the new nobility which had arisen gradually became as exclusive in feeling as the old. This new nobility took in all plebeians whose forefathers had held any of the great offices of the state. It was thus a nobility of office growing into a new nobility of birth. It differed from the old patriciate in having no legal privilege. Proud and exclusive as it became, it existed wholly by sufferance. The nobles, patrician and plebeian alike, despised the new man whose family could show no images of consuls and prætors; but they could not, as the patricians had once done toward the plebeians, say that the election of such an one was contrary to the law of the commonwealth and the will of the gods. The noble plebeian Metellus deemed it as monstrous for the ignoble plebeian Marius to aspire to the consulship as any Appius Claudius of old could have deemed it for a forefather of Metellus to do the like. But Appius Claudius had at least the letter of the law on his side. It needed the enactment of the Licinian laws to enable a Metellus to be consul. To make a Marius consul nothing was needed but a will on the part of the people firm enough to bear down all opposition to a course which might seem strange, but which was perfectly legal.

The Roman history thus enables us to see, in the course of the history of one commonwealth, two of the ways in which a noble class is formed. There is a re-

markable parallel in the history of England and of some other Teutonic lands. In these also a newer nobility of office supplanted an older nobility of birth. Only in this case the older nobility is strictly immemorial, which we cannot say that the Roman patriciate was. Teutonic sagas set before us the three classes of mankind —the *eorl* or noble, the *ceorl* or simple freeman, and the *thrall* or slave—as brought into being by three separate acts of creation on the part of the gods. That is to say, the distinction was immemorial; we cannot explain it with anything like the same likelihood with which we can explain the origin of the Roman patriciate. We must simply accept the distinction as being as old as the earliest glimpses that we get of our own forefathers. Nor can we even see in what the privileges of this immemorial nobility consisted, whether it strictly had any privilege at all, or whether its nobility consisted simply in that reverence for ancient and illustrious descent which has often been a powerful agent even in societies which politically were purely democratic. So it was at Athens, where men of old Eupatrid family were long preferred for the great offices of the state; so it was in Uri and Glarus, where the chief magistrate was chosen year after year from certain great and respected houses. But at Athens, as at Rome, the nobility of the Eupatrids was that of old citizens; in the Swabian lands the origin of the great houses is part of the question of the general origin of the later Teutonic nobility, the very question which we have now reached. That nobility arose, largely at least, out of personal service to the king. As kings grew in power and dignity, their immediate following, their *comitatus*, their *thegns*, grew along

with them. They came to form a nobility of office, as distinguished from the older nobility of birth. This answers singularly to the later nobility of Rome, with the single difference which necessarily arises out of the difference of political constitution. In the one case it is office bestowed by the king: in the other case it is office bestowed by the people. But in either case we can distinctly see whence the nobility comes. It is a not an immemorial nobility, as to whose origin we can say nothing. And, again, it is not, like the old patriciate, a nobility which cannot receive any increase of members, or can at most receive them by an act of its own. When nobility depends on office bestowed by the king, it is plain that the king can ennoble; so at Rome, where nobility depended on office bestowed by the people, it would not be too much to say that the people could ennoble. I am here brought round to my former paradox, that it is only in a republic that a real aristocracy can exist. Aristocracy is the rule of the best. We will not dispute about the standard of best. If it were the morally best, then aristocracy, in that sense, would be the ideal form of government; only unluckily no such aristocracy ever existed. We must put up with some of the substitutes for the morally best. And there is one such substitute which is well worth some study. In old and well-ordered aristocratic commonwealths, as Venice, Bern, Ragusa, hereditary possession of power, early training for its exercise, does really seem to call into being a certain hereditary capacity for government, which does make the rule of such a body, in a certain secondary sense, a rule of the best. I need not, least of all in this land, stop to point out the faults of such a form of government: what I wish to point out

is that it has some merits. But what is more important is that no other form of government has so good a claim to the name of aristocracy. A body of men who, in a certain secondary sense, may be called the best, do rule. They really rule, and they rule of themselves; no external power can thrust new members into their order; if any such are ever admitted, it must be by the act of the order itself. It is plain that such an aristocracy as this can exist only in a commonwealth; it is inconsistent with the presence of a king. In a kingdom there may be an aristocratic element in the constitution; there can be no aristocracy in the strict sense. The old nobility of France, with all its pride and exclusiveness, was in no sense an aristocracy. The French nobles were in no sense the best, and they did not rule. The oppressors of the people were the slaves of the king. They sought to be marked out by titles of his bestowing. Yet in that large body of French nobility which was privileged but untitled, we see another sign that nobility does not, as is often vulgarly thought, need titles or depend upon them.

In England things in the end took a course quite unlike anything that ever happened elsewhere. The British peerage is something unique in the world. In England there is, strictly speaking, no nobility. This saying may indeed sound like a paradox. The English nobility, the British aristocracy, are phrases which are in everybody's mouth. Yet, in strictness, there is no such thing as an aristocracy or a nobility in England. There is undoubtedly an aristocratic element in the English constitution; the House of Lords is that aristocratic element. And there have been times in English history

when there has been a strong tendency to aristocracy, when the lords have been stronger than either the king or the people. And it is not to be denied that some of the lordly families of England have shown from generation to generation all the higher qualities of an aristocracy, among them that hereditary capacity for government which we see at Rome and at Venice. But a real aristocracy, like that of Venice, an aristocracy not only stronger than either king or people, but which had driven out both king and people, an aristocracy from whose ranks no man can come down and into whose ranks no man can rise save by the act of the privileged body itself,—such an aristocracy as this England has never seen. Nor has England ever seen a nobility in the true sense, the sense which the word bears in every continental land, a body into which men may be raised by the king, but from which no man may come down, a body which hands on to all its members, to the latest generations, some kind of privilege or distinction, whether its privileges consist in substantial political power, or in bare titles and precedence. In England there is no nobility. The so-called noble family is not noble in the continental sense; privilege does not go on from generation to generation; titles and precedence are lost in the second or third generation; substantial privilege exists in only one member of the family at a time. The powers and privileges of the peer himself are many; but they belong to himself only; his children are legally commoners; his grandchildren are in most cases undistinguishable from other commoners. The remotest descendant of a continental noble keeps all the privileges of nobility; the remote descendant

of an English peer has no privilege beyond his faint chance of succeeding to the peerage; till he succeeds, he differs in nothing from another man. The English peerage, if we must call it a nobility at all, is a nobility so exclusive that it shuts out from its privileges even its own children, even those who will or may be some day be peers themselves. In other words, it is not a nobility at all. A certain great position in the state is hereditary; but nobility in the strict sense there is none. The actual holder of the peerage has, as it were, drawn to his own person the whole nobility of the family. His position is so great that it allows of nothing that can be even the shadow of itself. The only distinction that the law of England knows is the distinction between peer and commoner—commoner being a name which takes in even the eldest son of the peer, even the younger children of the king, if they are not specially raised to the peerage. Any distinctions below that of the peerage convey no legal privilege. *Gentilhomme* in France was the name of a well-defined and privileged class: *gentleman* in England means whatever meaning we choose to put upon the word; it assuredly does not mean a defined class fenced in by legal privileges. Strictly it means one who has a real right to bear coat-armour; but the bearer of coat-armour by the best of rights has no advantage in the eye of the law. To me at least it seems that it is the extraordinary greatness of the peerage, gathering together all nobility in itself, which has hindered the existence in England of any privileged class answering to the nobility of continental lands. Where even the children of the peer were unprivileged, no lower class could assert any exclusive claim. The

peerage has its faults; but I am far less inclined to curse it for its faults than to bless it for having saved England from a far greater curse. It is because England has a peerage that she has no nobility.

My paradox then, I think, is made out. It is the existence of the English peerage which has made class distinctions impossible in the American commonwealth. They were impossible in the colony, because they had no existence in the mother-country, except in a form which no man thought of transferring to the colony. In Old England all men under the rank of peerage were legally equal. There was no peerage in New England; therefore all men in New England were legally equal. But if the growth of a real nobility in England had not been hindered by the existence of peerage, if there had grown up in England a real nobility like the continental nobility, such a nobility as that might easily have been transplanted to the colonies. A *gentleman* in the foreign sense would not have ceased to be a gentleman by crossing the Ocean, Not a few of the colonists were gentlemen of England in every sense of the word, and assuredly they did not cease to be gentlemen of England by crossing the Ocean. But then their position as gentlemen gave them no legal privilege. The social condition of different colonies differed; the gentleman, as such, might be of more account in one colony than another; the town's meeting might be more prominent in one, the lord and his manor in another. But a class fenced in by hereditary privileges known to the law was not, and could not be, formed anywhere. Men could not bring with them to the new land distinctions which

did not exist in their old land. The one distinction which did exist in their own land, the distinction of peerage, they did not bring; they hardly could have brought it. And they had no other distinction to bring. If then in America there has never been any really privileged class to be brought down to the level of its fellows, you may for that, in quite a new sense of a well-known saying, "thank God there is a House of Lords."

No one, I trust, will infer from anything that I have said this evening that the two ways of which I have spoken are the only ways in which distinctions of rank have grown up. The nobility of office and what I may perhaps call the nobility of elder settlement, such as that of the Roman patriciate, are only two ways out of many in which certain families have risen to hereditary pre-eminence over their fellows. I have simply chosen Rome as illustrating two of the most remarkable forms which the process has taken. I have hinted at other forms, as in the great case of Venice. It would be an useful exercise to trace out the various ways in which nobility has grown up, distinguishing the civic nobility, the patriciate of a free city, from the scattered nobility of a kingdom or other large territory. It is in the civic nobility only that the true aristocracy or any near approach to it can exist. Exclusive as it is, it may, among the privileged class, be a school of republican virtue, hardly less than the democracy. It is essentially legal and orderly, and towards subject towns and districts its rule has often been found less harsh than that of a ruling democracy. Far be it from me to defend any exclusive system; but it may be well to remember even the better

side of a kind of polity which just now seems the most impossible of any, but which flourished in several illustrious cities even within living memory. Where the old patrician street of Bern looks forth upon her subject mountains, where the palaces of Venice rise as by magic from her waters, where the less famous but not less lovely palace of enslaved Ragusa still groans under the rule of the oppressor whom Venice has cast forth, even a convinced votary of popular rights may be allowed to look back for a moment to the fallen glories of those old patriciates. Bern and Venice are free; Ragusa still wears the chain, and when we see her under the yoke of the stranger, we may be tempted to look only on the brighter side of days when her masters were at least her countrymen. But Bern, Venice, Ragusa, what are they all but children of Rome? It is from the Eternal City that we set forth, and it is with the Eternal City that we must carry on our tale.

LECTURE IV.

The Ruling City and its Empire.

In our last lecture we spoke of Rome, but we spoke of Rome mainly with regard to her internal state; we spoke of Rome as a city, as the city from whose history we may learn more than from any other history as to the origin, the growth, the dying out, the rising up again, of distinctions of orders in the same commonwealth. But this is only one side of Rome, and, in the general history of the world, it is not the most important side. The commonwealth of Rome gave way to the Empire of Rome. That change may be looked at in two lights. From the point of view of the local Roman city, it was a change from a commonwealth to a practical monarchy—I say a practical monarchy, for it must ever be borne in mind that the Roman Empire did not put on any of the outward forms of a monarchy till it had been in being for three centuries. But the change brought with it whatever consequences are implied in the change from a commonwealth to a monarchy, remembering the special circumstances and position of that particular commonwealth and of the monarchy into which it changed. At the moment, even a republican on principle, even a citizen of the Athenian democracy, might have allowed that the change from the anarchy of the civil wars to the mild rule of Augustus was a change for the better. But then, look-

ing at the Roman city only, it may be that the evils of the commonwealth could have been reformed in some other way, and it must be borne in mind that it was the rule of Augustus which made the rule of Caius and Nero possible. It is from the wider view of general history that the great change in the Roman government puts on another look. If we look beyond the Roman city and those who anywhere enjoyed its franchise to the vast range of the lands which formed the dominion of the Roman city, then we must look on the change from the commonwealth to the Empire with other eyes. As things stood, if the Roman dominion was to be kept together, it could be kept together only by the sacrifice of the freedom of the Roman city. "Imperium et libertas" were, as usual, found to be things which it is not easy to reconcile. The Romans boasted that they were lords of the world; they found that they could not remain lords of the world, except by making one of their own number a lord over themselves. From such a choice as this two questions arise: Was the Roman dominion a thing which it was wise and right to maintain? Secondly, How came it about that there was no means of maintaining it, except by setting aside the free constitution of the Roman city?

Of these questions we will look to the second first. The Roman dominion is the central fact in the history of the world. This is a truth on which I have in all times and in all places striven to insist. Rome is the lake in which all the streams of older history lose themselves, and out of which all the streams of later history

flow. To estimate the good or evil of the Roman dominion in the general history of the world, we must look both forwards and backwards. We must look, not only to those things to which the Roman dominion put an end, but to those things also to which the Roman dominion gave the chance of beginning. But we have not yet reached the stage of looking forwards. At this point we must take the Roman dominion as a fact, as a colourless fact; we will draw our moral afterwards. We have now to see how that dominion came about, and why its existence necessarily involved the change from the commonwealth to the Empire.

The dominion of Rome grew up as the greatest example of the dominion of a ruling city which the world has ever seen. In her character as a ruling city Rome is not solitary; there have been many such before and since. Indeed, we might say that the disposition to try to reconcile the two incompatible things, to enjoy at once "imperium et libertas," is so strong in mankind that every city that has had the chance has been a ruling city. That is to say, every city that has been able so to do has kept some other city or people out of the enjoyment of the freedom which it claims and cherishes for itself. But mark that this is more excusable in the city than in any other form of political community. A district or land, whether kingdom or commonwealth, if it extends its borders, can with perfect ease admit the inhabitants of the new territory to equal rights. This is less easy on the part of a city; for a city has a compact local being which can hardly be in this way indefinitely enlarged. Distinct cities, standing quite apart from one another, may be enemies, allies, confederates;

they may be ruling city and subject city; but they can hardly be merged into a single city. Yet some of the older cities, before they began their career of dominion strictly so called, went through a stage of incorporation. We have seen that several Greek cities arose from the incorporation of older villages or small towns standing near together. Incorporation was carried as far as it could be carried under the ancient system of city-communities, when the Athenian franchise was extended to the freemen of all the Attic towns. But when in later times Athens found herself at the head of a confederacy of distant and many of them insular cities, her headship gradually changed into dominion. Incorporation was impossible; representation, though possible, had not occurred to men's minds; federation, though both possible and existing, had never been tried on such a scale. Athens became, hardly of set purpose, a ruling city; but, when she became aware of the fact, she had no mind to part with the dominion which she had won. So it was with other cities, Sparta, Thebes, Olynthos; so beyond the Greek world with Carthage; so it was in later times with a crowd of German, Italian, Burgundian, and other cities, among which Venice by sea and Bern by land stand out conspicuous. The scattered dominions of Venice formed a power which ranked with great kingdoms; Genoa, in times which seem almost recent, bore rule over Corsica; it was only because the ruling city handed over its rights to a neighbouring king that Napoleone Buonaparte was not born either a free Corsican or a Genoese subject. All these, and crowds of others, are strictly cases of ruling cities. The city, whether aristocratic or democratic at home, was a corporate sovereign abroad. The

subject lands and towns might be in various degrees of subjection; they might be absolute bondmen, or they might keep full local freedom; they might be ruled by magistrates of their own chosing or by governors sent by the ruling city; but in any case they were subject so far as this, that questions of peace and war, and all that concerns peace and war, were settled for them by the ruling city without their having any part or lot in the matter.

But at the head of all these cities stands Rome, the greatest of incorporating cities, the greatest of ruling cities. Athens extended her citizenship over all Attica; she extended her dominion over the greater part of the Ægæan coasts and islands, and over some points beyond. But Rome first extended her citizenship over all Italy, and her dominion over the whole Mediterranean world, and then, by another stage, she made her citizenship coextensive with her dominion. Some steps of her incorporating process we have already followed. We have seen "the great group of village-communities by the Tiber" first form itself into a single city by the union of the detached settlements on the seven hills. We have next seen it incorporate not a few of the neighbouring towns and districts, and admit their people to an imperfect citizenship. We have seen the men who were thus admitted to an imperfect citizenship win their way step by step to full equality with the elder burghers. By these means Rome grew to the foremost place, first in Latium, then in Italy. There can be little doubt that Rome was, almost from the beginning, the foremost of Latin cities. These last, a fluctuating league of thirty towns, were, one by one, immeasureably less than Rome. And, more than this,

they belonged to an earlier stage in the growth of mankind than Rome did. Not a few of them were towns of the very earliest type, forts on the tops of lofty hills, away from the sea, away from any river, seeking safety by isolating themselves from their neighbours on sites which were deemed impregnable. Rome, on her low hills by the great river, keeping the mouth of the great river with her haven, belongs to a far later stage of progress. Tusculum, on her mountain-top, could be no real rival to the mistress of the Tiber. Rome had a seeming rival in Etruscan Veii, a city physically as great as herself, and enriched doubtless with far more of wealth and culture. But Veii was only a seeming rival; away from the sea, away from the Tiber, she might check the course of Rome, but she could never herself hold the place which was Rome's destiny. The difference between Rome and any other Latin city appears at once in the fact that Rome by herself always deals on at least equal terms with the Latin league as a whole. There seems no reason to doubt that Rome, in the days of her kings, had won a federal headship over all Latium, and that she lost that headship through her change from kings to consuls. She then won back something more than federal headship over all Latium by the gradual working of various and even conflicting causes. The pressure of the Æquians and Volscians drove, first the Latins, alike of the hills and of the coast, and then the stout hill-folk of the Hernicans, to join with Rome in a triple alliance. In that alliance Rome, the single city, held, even in form, an equal place with the two leagues, and she gradually grew into their chief. As in the early history of England Wessex grew by the invasions

of the Danes, so Rome grew by the attacks of the Æquians and Volscians. In each case the power which was in the end to be the ruling power had to go through a heavy struggle, and to be sometimes brought to the brink of overthrow; but the main stress of the war fell on the allied and subject states, by whose misfortunes the ruling power gained in the end. The allied leagues were broken up: Rome stood forth more distinctly than ever as the one great city amidst a crowd of allies and enemies, none of whom singly could compare with her. The great Latin war, the war in which the first Decius gave himself for Rome, marks the last struggle of Rome's immediate kinsfolk against her ascendency. The Latin cities, the other cities of Rome's immediate neighbourhood, receive whatever doom Rome thought good. In the end we may say that all gradually rose, often through the intermediate stage of the imperfect franchise specially known as Latin, to the full citizenship of Rome.

The five-and-thirty tribes of Rome, the tribes of the Roman commons as distinguished from the three ancient patrician tribes which were now well nigh forgotten, mark the extreme point of incorporation of this kind. The territory to whose free population Roman citizenship was now extended was of very unusual size according to the measure of ancient cities. We must remember that the franchise to which they were admitted was the local franchise of the Roman city; their votes at elections and in the passing of laws could be given nowhere but in the Roman city. Just as in the case of the Achaian cities, the votes in the Roman assembly were taken, not by heads but by tribes. In no other way

could the distant tribes have kept any voting power at all; they would have been swamped by the four tribes of the city. The Roman territory was now far too large for all citizens to appear habitually in their own persons; and it may be, as some scholars have thought, that those who appeared at Rome and gave the vote of a distant tribe were practically the representatives of their neighbours who stayed at home. Be this as it may, formal representation was unknown; the citizen who wished to take any share in public affairs could do so only by going to Rome and giving his vote in person. It was the city of Rome thus formed, with its vast citizen population spread over a large district, a population which more and more put on the character of a privileged race among the gradually descending ranks of Latins, Italians, and provincials, which became mistress of Italy and of the Mediterranean world.

The Latin franchise, a franchise not confined to the old Latium, but which belonged to not a few of the colonies which Rome planted, was, either for an individual or a community, a step to the full Roman franchise. The citizen of a Latin town could, under certain defined circumstances, specially by holding certain magistracies in his own town, claim Roman citizenship of right. This marks the Latin communities as children of Rome, as distinguished from Italians and provincials, both of whom were strictly subject, though in very different degrees of subjection. Rome, already the head of Latium, went on to the headship of Italy. Step by step, all the Italian towns and leagues, Samnite, Etruscan, Greek, or any other, became allies of Rome. But the days of incorporation were now past. Alliance now

meant subjection; but it was the subjection of one commonwealth to another. The old political communities of Italy lived on as political communities, bound to follow the lead of Rome in war and peace, liable to interference whenever the policy of Rome dictated interference, but still keeping their being as separate though dependent commonwealths, with their own laws, magistrates, and assemblies, controlled from time to time by orders from the Roman Senate, but not held down by the constant presence of a Roman governor. In this case the greater part of Italy remained for two hundred years. A galling position it must have been, above all to the leading men in each commonwealth. The Italians had lost the old freedom of their several towns and leagues, with very little chance of admission to the citizenship of the city which ruled over all. The Etruscan Lucumo, the Samnite *Imperator*, the natural equal of the proudest Roman patrician, counted at Rome for less than an emancipated slave. Still the Italian towns remained commonwealths, though dependent commonwealths; they kept all those powers of separate commonwealths which the ruling city did not deem it for her interest to keep to herself.

In the next stage Rome, already the head of Italy, advances to be the head of the Mediterranean world. The territory which she acquired out of Italy she made into provinces. Now the word *province*, in any accurate use of language, implies dependence; there is no greater vulgarism than when the word is applied, commonly contemptuously applied, to the whole mass of any kingdom or country, in opposition to its biggest town. When a whole country enjoys equal rights, no part

of it can strictly be called a *province*. But the word *provincial* was, with a near approach to accuracy, often applied to your Thirteen Colonies, while they were still dependencies of Great Britain, and not free and independent states. It was, with strict accuracy, applied to the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, lands which were not only dependencies, but were conquered from another power. So in the new-fangled Empire of India there are provinces, conquered and subject lands, dependent on the absolute will of a distant power. But in Great Britain there are no provinces, for every spot of the land has equal rights with every other. Little Peddlington is no more provincial than London. Still less is there any room for provinces in your federal system. A province, in the Roman system, was a subject land, a land beyond the bounds of Italy, a land of which the Roman People was the corporate sovereign. Indeed the soil itself was strictly the property of the Roman People; the provincials held it only on such terms and by such payments as the Roman people thought good. The corporate sovereign was represented in the subject land by a governor, proconsul, proprætor, or other, armed with powers pretty well despotic, responsible in theory for his acts, but a suit against whom was seldom successful, because it was tried before judges whose interest it was to screen him. Thus among those inhabitants of the Roman dominion who were personally free, there were four classes, ranged in an ascending scale—provincials, Italians, Latins, Romans. For any one of these to be raised to the rank next above his own was in its measure promotion. And we must bear in mind that, within any territory which appears on

the map as a Roman province, there was a wide difference of political conditions; all that appears geographically as the province was not in the provincial condition. Particular families, particular cities and districts, might have been raised to the Italian, the Latin, or even the full Roman, franchise. Or again, some cities might never have been brought into the provincial relation at all. Not a few cities remained till a wonderfully late time nominally free, geographically included within the Roman dominions, but in theory independent allies of the Roman people. Such cities kept on all the forms of the old free commonwealths, which seem to have in many cases died out gradually without any moment of formal abolition. Such a city was Athens, for ages in theory an ally, not a subject, of Rome, a confederate commonwealth, of which one year Hadrian was archon and another year Constantine was general. And even the strictly subject cities kept up their old forms, their old magistracies, though they had sunk from free commonwealths to municipalities or something less. If we are to name a day when the cities of Greece lost their last traces of independence, we can name no day earlier than the reign of Justinian.

Now all these distinctions are of great importance and interest; they illustrate the kind of way in which a city bears rule over other cities, cities standing to it in endless different relations of alliance, dependence, and absolute subjection. We shall presently see exactly the same kind of relations in the case of other ruling cities; Rome simply does on a gigantic scale what other cities before and after did in their measure. But for that reason Rome is the type; it is the grandest developement

of tendencies which Athens and Carthage, Bern and Venice, carried out as far as they could, but which they had not the opportunity of carrying out to the same extent as Rome. In the days of Roman dominion, and never before or after, did a single city, with its allied, dependent, and subject cities and lands, take up the whole of the civilized world. There is nothing like it in the world now; but remember that, up to the time of the French Revolution, Venice and Bern and a crowd of other free and ruling cities, as they kept up a lively image of Rome in their internal constitutions, also kept up a lively image of Rome in their relations to their allies, dependents, and subjects. And let me point again to a single small state of the modern world, which still keeps up an image of the position of the free commonwealths which lay within the geographical border of the Roman dominion. The commonwealth of San Marino, the last of many and more famous Italian commonwealths, still abides, surrounded by the kingdom of Italy, but forming no part of that kingdon. International lawyers can tell you whether there is any particular engagement to the contrary; otherwise I conceive that it is open to San Marino, if the fancy took her, to declare war against the Empire of Russia or against the United States. The difficulty would be that San Marino could not get at her enemies, and that her enemies could not get at San Marino, without the leave of the King of Italy. Now San Marino stands by itself; it is more of a political curiosity than anything else; it is perfectly harmless, and the King of Italy has no kind of temptation to interfere with its rights. But let us suppose that there was several San Marinos geographically placed within

the Italian kingdom. Let us suppose that, not a small rural district, but several of the chief Italian cities, were as independent of the Italian kingdom as San Marino is. Such a state of things would be fruitful of many difficulties and disputes, and the King of Italy would lie under great temptations to interfere with their liberties. So it was with the free cities which remained within the Roman dominion. Any real political danger was prevented by their helplessness; but it is certain that their nominal independence did not secure them from much interference, sometimes rising into actual oppression, whenever the policy or the caprice, either of the Roman government or of particular Roman governors, dictated such interference or oppression. Another special point of interest to us is the way in which the relations between Rome and the lands under her dominion are constantly referred to in the New Testament. Nowhere does the absolute power of a Roman governor over the provincials, his narrowly restricted power over a Roman citizen, the way in which Roman citizenship was held by this or that man in the provinces by birth, grant, or purchase, the relations between the Roman governors and the native princes who reigned under Roman supremacy, come out more strongly. Pilate, Festus, Felix, the Herods, Saul of Tarsus, the Jew who has inherited the Roman franchise, Claudius Lysias, the Greek who has bought it, the regard shown by the Roman officer to the privileges of his Roman fellow-citizen, the fear of the Philippian magistrates, when they find that they have broken those privileges, are all among the most living bits of Roman history that we have. They are almost our only glimpses of

Roman political life from the point of view of the ordinary provincial. In some things they give us a lively image of British rule in India, while in other things the two systems of rule are wholly different. The Herods exactly answer to an Indian prince under British supremacy; but the distinction of provincials, Italians, Latins, and Romans, has no parallel under British rule. In theory the Hindoo is as much a British subject as the Englishman, and in theory one British subject is as good as another. That such a theory is not, and cannot be, practically carried out, I need hardly stop to prove. Perhaps I need not go so far as either India or Rome for examples of the same law of human nature.

Some of our instances have carried us a little beyond the time which we had reached. We have passed from the days of the commonwealth into the days of the Empire. At the beginning of the first century before Christ the Roman power was far from having reached the full measure of its geographical extent. It was still far from taking in the whole of the coasts of the Mediterranean sea. But it was already spread over a very large part of the three continents. From its European centre it commanded or influenced the greater part of the three peninsulas of southern Europe, and it had won large provinces both in Asia and Africa. In fact, though the destiny of Rome was not yet carried out, yet it had become perfectly plain what that destiny was to be. Rome had advanced and was advancing. The only two powers which had once been able to meet her on equal terms, Carthage and Macedonia, had come to be part of her foreign dominion. Macedonia under her own name was a Roman province. Of Carthage the very name was

blotted out, the very site was left desolate. The Roman province of Africa had taken the place of the greatest of the cities of Canaan. The Mediterranean shores were studded with cities and kingdoms, some nominally independent, some under a greater or less amount of Roman influence, some even with which Rome had as yet hardly had any dealings. But there was no power which, standing alone, could withstand Rome, and there was no chance of any general union against Rome on the part of a crowd of scattered cities and lands, differing in language and manners and all that keeps cities and lands apart from one another. The fate of all was plain; all were to be swallowed up sooner or later, later it might be rather than sooner. For Rome never hurried. It is the manner of governments of that class, aristocratic in feeling and action, whether aristocratic or not in the actual form of government, not to hurry. A king is eager to distinguish his own reign; a popular assembly is eager to see great things done in its own day; an aristocracy has more of corporate feeling; it does not risk a greater future gain by clutching too greedily at a present gain. Rome let down her victims very easily. It was commonly by slow stages of dependence in various degrees that her once equal enemies or allies sank to the fate of provinces. Some, as we have seen, as far as names and formulæ were concerned, never sank to it at all. But all, in substance if not in name, were sooner or later to be swallowed up in the vast gulf of Roman dominion. By the beginning of the first century before Christ the great ruling city, the type of ruling cities, had already stretched her rule over so many lands and cities that it was plain that all

that remained in this her destined range, within the civilized world of the time, within the lands round the Mediterranean sea, were only waiting for their turn.

While Rome had thus waxed mighty in distant lands, her dominion was threatened for the last time in her own peninsula. Threatened indeed she was as she had never been threatened even by Pyrrhos or Hannibal. The old local warfare of the first days of the commonwealth, the older local warfare of the first kings, seemed to have come back, when Rome had again to fight, not only for dominion but for life, against Italian enemies at her own gates. The Italian allies, who had borne so great a share of the burthen of Rome's conquests and who had reaped so small a share of their fruits, were naturally dissatisfied with their dependent position. It must have been specially galling to them to see the Roman franchise lavished as it was on enfranchised slaves, strangers from every corner of the earth, while it was refused to tried fellow-soldiers, children of Italy no less than the proudest Roman. They demanded full admission to the ruling commonwealth in the building up of whose greatness they had had no small share. The gift was refused; the Social War followed, the war between Rome and her allies, which became so strangely mixed up with the civil wars of the Romans themselves. Then for the last time the stubborn Samnite rose with the avowed purpose of destroying Rome, and was himself destroyed by the strong arm of Sulla. The Samnite people, we may safely say, were wiped off the face of Italy. The other Italian nations won the boon for which they strove, the citizenship of Rome.

Now mark again, all that was given, all that was asked, all that was seemingly thought of on either side, was the local franchise of the local Roman city. When this was first denied, the allies set up a new Rome of their own as a rival of the old, the city Italy. The city Italy was but for a moment; the end of the struggle was that such of the allies as lived through it became citizens of Rome. That is, they obtained a franchise which could be exercised only by the citizen going to Rome and there giving his vote in person. The thought of any other system seems not to have come into men's heads. The only questions raised were into which of the existing tribes the new citizens should be admitted, or whether new tribes—and, if so, in what number—should be created to receive them. No thought of representation suggested itself. Yet representation would at once have solved the difficulty. When a commonwealth is spread over so large a space as all Italy, the right of choosing a representative becomes far more really valuable than what in theory is the higher right of appearing in person in a national assembly. This last right, when spread over all Italy, was in truth a mockery. The citizen could do no act of citizenship without going to Rome. If he went to Rome, he found himself a member, not of the comparatively small assembly of Athens, but of a multitude which might number its hundreds of thousands, a multitude which could at most say Yea or Nay, and which, unlike the smaller assemblies of earlier times, was beginning to show no small tendency to substitute the strong hand for the free vote. There is no more instructive lesson in all history than this. It shows that, even when there is no doubt as to the existence of a

political disease, it is not always easy to find the remedy. No doubt representation was the remedy that was wanted; to us, used as we have been to representation for many ages, that remedy seems so obvious that we wonder that no man thought of it. But no man did think of it. Representation at last grew up, casually, as most things did grow up, in other lands, at other times, and by other means. Now that the evil was felt is plain. The first Emperor passed a reform bill. Augustus devised some means by which the votes of citizens in distant parts of Italy might be taken without calling on all of them to come to Rome. The pity is that this reform was not thought of till it had ceased to be of any moment whether men gave any votes or no.

Representation was as yet unknown; what we wonder at is that no man was found to invent it just when it was wanted. We may be still more inclined to wonder that no one thought of solving the difficulty by the introduction of a federal system. Why could not the several commonwealths of Italy have been united in a federal bond, with Rome as the federal head? Precedents abounded both in Italy and in Greece. It is perhaps less easy to see why the allies did not ask for some system of this kind; it is very easy to see why Rome would never have consented to such a change except under compulsion. Not a few federal unions had been already formed, but they had been mainly formed among cities which felt the need of union for defence against threatening enemies. Each city saw in each of its fellows a helper and defender. We cannot conceive Rome, at this stage, entering into an equal federal bond with her Italian allies, or even being satisfied with any reasonable

kind of federal headship. A federal union of Italy under Rome would have been too much like the federal union of Boiotia under Thebes. The president would have been too nearly akin to a tyrant. And yet such a position would hardly have satisfied Roman pride. Rome had been so long used to look upon direct dominion as her right that the limited power of a federal head would have seemed less than her due. To admit the allies to her own citizenship was doubtless some sacrifice; but it it was a smaller sacrifice than this. But nothing shows more strongly how all political thinking in those days started from the idea of the city as the primary unit than this extension of the local franchise of the Roman city to all the free inhabitants of Italy. A scheme which to our notions seems utterly preposterous was the only means that could be hit upon for raising the Italian to the level of the Roman.

Thus all Italy became Roman, as all Latium had become Roman long before. Swiftly on the Social war followed those conquests of Pompeius, Cæsar, and others, which carried the Roman dominion round the whole Mediterranean. Pre-eminent among them stand the annexations of Pompeius in Syria, of the elder Cæsar in Gaul, of the younger Cæsar in Egypt. The work of Rôme was now practically done. At the beginning of the century no power was left which was in the least able to withstand Rome on equal terms; by the end of the century those lands and cities which had not been practically incorporated with the Roman territory were mere survivals of a past state of things, scattered exceptions to the general rule of Roman dominion.

Then, just at the time when the dominion of the Roman city had reached its height, its position as a ruling city was undermined by the silent change in its own government. In other words, the Roman Empire had begun. The series of Emperors, Augusti, *Patres Patriæ*, and the like, had begun with Caius Julius Cæsar Octavianus, and it was not to end till the second Francis of Lorraine. The differences between the first and the last Emperor speak for themselves. But we must carefully distinguish the position of either the first or the last from the position of the central members of the series. The position of Diocletian and Constantine was one into which the position of the first Augustus gradually grew; it was one which gradually changed into the position of the last Francis. In the long journey from the substance without the form to the form without the substance, we have to pass through the central stage where form and substance were joined together. *Imperator*, *Emperor*, came to be a higher title than King, because it came to be the special title of the master of that dominion which was greater than all kingdoms. But in the beginning *Imperator* simply expressed one side of an extraordinary magistrate, whom the Roman Senate and People, by a special vote, clothed with extraordinary powers. Offices hitherto deemed incompatible with each other, powers hitherto meant to be a check on one another, were, by a special vote, united in a single man. By a succession of such votes, the extraordinary magistracy became perpetual; the union of conflicting powers made their holder a practical sovereign; after three hundred years the holders of practical sovereignty assumed the outward badges and titles of sovereigns. A Roman

Augustus in the first days of the Empire held himself to be *dominus* to his slaves, *imperator* to the soldiers, *princeps* to the citizens. Before three hundred years had passed, he had become *imperator* and *dominus* to the the citizens also. But by that time the name of Roman citizen had been vastly extended. When the early Cæsar described his relation to slaves, soldiers, and citizens, he marked that the soldier was becoming a distinct class from the citizen. Of his relation to the provinces he needed not specially to speak. They were the possession of the Roman Senate and the People, and the power of the Roman Senate and People was wielded by their *princeps* and *imperator*. Before three hundred years were gone, the distinction between citizen and provincial had passed away, as the distinctions of Romans, Latins, and Italians had passed away long before, or survived only in legal theories. By the famous edict of Antoninus Caracalla all the free inhabitants of the Roman Empire became Romans. It is hardly a figure to say that all the Mediterranean lands had become Rome.

It may be doubted whether those who were thus raised from the rank of provincials to the rank of Romans really gained anything by the change. It may be doubted whether he who raised them meant them to gain anything. But the edict of Antoninus is none the less one of the great stages in the history of Rome and of the world. It looks both backwards and forwards. It marked that the distinction between Roman and provincial had practically lost its significance. Ever since the Empire began, it had lost its political significance. The citizen, as the Acts of the Apostles alone would teach us, had valuable personal privileges; but the private citizen

had no more voice in directing the affairs of the Empire than the provincial. The popular Assembly died out very early; the Senate, the Consuls, the other magistrates, went on; but all that they did was by the Emperor's sufferance or at his bidding. Citizens and provincials were practically alike the Emperor's subjects, though citizens were undoubtedly in some things a favoured class of subjects. But there can be no doubt that the provinces had greatly gained by the silent change from a commonwealth to a practical monarchy. To the Roman Senate and People the provinces were simply possessions. They were possessions out of which all who went to make up the corporate landlord had to make spoil. The proconsul who was sent to rule the province was sure to make a great deal; any Roman citizen who visited it might hope to make something. Everywhere and in everything the Roman was a member of a ruling class, the provincial was a member of a subject class. The provinces were ruled, or rather plundered, in the interest of the privileged class, above all in the interest of the leading members of the privileged class. There can be no doubt that the establishment of the Empire did something to better the condition of the provinces. A monarch may rule in his own interest, and not in the interest of his subjects, but a wise monarch soon learns that his interest and the interest of his subjects are commonly the same; at any rate he is not so likely to rule in the interest of an exclusive class as when the exclusive class rules itself. The Emperors, practically masters alike of citizens and provincials, had no temptation beyond the natural prejudices of their Roman birth to oppress the provincials for the

sake of the citizens. Such oppression as was done was done, not so much in the interest of Roman citizens as a class as in the interest of the local city as the seat of government. Rome had still to be adorned, the Roman mob had still to be pampered, at the cost of the subject lands. But the subject lands themselves gained by the fall of the liberties of the ruling city. The good Emperors gradually came to rule in the interest of the whole Roman dominion, and not of the Roman city only, and the bad Emperors were most to be dreaded by those to whom they were nearest. Some Emperors who bear a very bad character as rulers of Rome were popular as rulers of the Roman provinces. That the Roman Empire should go on, that all the Mediterranean lands should become Roman, would seem to have been for the general interests of mankind; at all events, it was a necessary step for the future course of history, a necessary step towards the establishment of the modern world in which we live. And to that end it was, before all things, needful that the exclusive dominion of the Roman Senate and People should be broken down. Representation, federation, constitutional monarchy, were remedies unheard of or impracticable. The despotism of the Cæsars, with all its faults, was a needful step towards the creation of modern Europe, of modern Christendom.

What then is the political lesson to be drawn from the fall of the Roman commonwealth, the establishment of the Roman Empire? Shallow indeed would he be who should draw from those facts any inferences unfavourable to freedom in any of its forms. The Roman

commonwealth fell, because it had become to a great extent hostile to freedom. It fell, because men who boasted of being themselves citizens of a free commonwealth made it their pride to hold other cities and lands in bondage. It is idle to enlarge on the inconsistency of so doing; human nature, in all times and places, and under all forms of government, is inconsistent in such matters. What the story of Rome tells is twofold. First it tells us the fitting limits for a state of the primitive type, a single city or land whose citizens habitually meet together to exercise their franchise in their own persons. It sounds almost like a truism to say that the territory of such a state should not be so great that its citizens cannot thus habitually come together. But this is really the lesson which the comparison of Athens and Rome teaches us. Attica was as large a territory as could be administered on that system; Italy was far too large. For a state of the size of Italy representation or federation is needful. We may suspect that the establishment of the Empire was a gain, not only for the provinces, but for the more distant parts of Italy, for all that lay beyond the old Latium and the other lands in the near neighbourhood of the city.

The other lesson might be made the theme of much moral exhortation which would be of little practical effect. The inconsistency of free states holding other lands in bondage is in itself a very obvious truth; but it is a truth which always ceases to be obvious to the particular state which needs to profit by its teaching. It would be one degree more practical to quote the example of Rome as showing the danger of an enlarged dominion to the freedom of the ruling city itself. The

municipal constitution of the Roman city, an admirable constitution for the Roman city and its original small territory, a constitution which had come in the best possible way, by gradually growing up as it was wanted, failed, as it was almost sure to fail, as a government for the whole Mediterranean world, or even for the whole of Italy. There was nothing in it to attach the subject nations to it; in some cases it supplanted really free commonwealths, in others it supplanted national kings; in either case the Roman provincial sank to a lower level than he had held before he became a Roman provincial. To forestall for a moment, the rule of the Roman city offered to the subject lands no such advantages as the rule of the Venetian city offered in after days to its subject lands. The rule of Venice, with all its faults, was in Italy better than the rule of local oppressors; out of Italy Venice was the champion of Europe and Christendom against the barbarian. The Roman Empire came in after days to hold this last place; it held it from the moment that barbarian invasions of any kind began; but such can hardly be said to have been at any time the calling of the Roman commonwealth. Greece and Greek Asia did not call on Rome for help against Mithridates; they rather looked on Mithridates as a deliverer from Roman oppression. We cannot disguise the fact that, in the rule of foreign dependencies, the rule of a commonwealth, unless there are some special circumstances like those of Venice, is commonly worse than that of a king. For the very essence of monarchy is rule over others; the essence of a commonwealth is self-rule; if it takes on itself the rule of others, it becomes a cor-

porate king. There is no doubt that the Roman commonwealth in its last days, even as an Italian, even as a local Roman, institution, needed the most sweeping of reforms. But no reforms could ever have made the municipality of Rome, under any shape, a good ruler over all lands from the Euphrates to the Ocean. The Imperial rule, with all its faults, was a gain to the subject lands.

The extension of the citizenship to the whole Empire by the edict of Antoninus Caracalla was the natural completion of the change to practical monarchy. All the subjects of Cæsar were now alike Romans. And, if this promotion was at the time little more than a shadow, it had most important effects on times to come. Hitherto the Roman power had been the very contradiction of all nationality; it had been the holding down of subject nations under the rule of a single city. But now a kind of artificial nationality was spread over the whole Empire; all its free inhabitants, if not fellow-countrymen, were at least fellow-subjects; they bore a common name; all were proud to be able to call themselves Romans; the Empire itself gradually came to take the geographical name of Romania; the Gaul and the Spaniard, won to Roman culture, called himself a Roman in opposition to his Teutonic invaders; even the Greek adopted the Roman name, and kept it till the classical fancy of later times revived the name of Hellên. The Latinized Thracian has stuck to the Roman name to our own times, and this very year a new Roman kingdom on the lower Danube has taken its place among the powers of Europe. The subject nations, if they found little practical gain in the boon of citizenship, were at

least raised in their own eyes; they were at least raised to equality of servitude; they no longer saw a master in every Roman citizen; the old Romans and the new had at least a common master in the prince who was fast passing from a supposed republican magistrate into an avowed monarch.

When all had alike become Romans, all might alike become Emperors. The Empire, in its origin an extraordinary commission which circumstances caused to become perpetual, passed by no definite law of election, by no definite law of hereditary succession. Formally, the Imperial power was bestowed by a special grant of the Senate; practically, it was the prize of any Roman that could grasp it. And now that the provincials were Romans, it became the prize of the most valiant among them. Above all, it became the prize of stout soldiers from the Illyrian lands, whose swords saved Rome now that the inroads of our own kinsfolk had begun. Proud of the Roman name, proud of the Roman dominion, zealous in their calling as its defenders, they were little touched by the local associations of the eternal city, or were at most touched by them as strangers. They girded the local Rome with the walls which again were needed; but they found that the local Rome was no longer fitted to be the seat of the Roman power. Untrammelled by the worn-out traditions of the commonwealth, finding themselves practically monarchs, they felt as monarchs. They forsook the local Rome for spots better fitted for the dwelling-place of monarchs who had a boundless frontier to defend against restless enemies. Emperors dwelled at various cities of Italy, of Europe, of Asia; at Rome itself hardly ever. Under Diocletian the Em-

perors, already for a long while more than kings in power, took to themselves the outward pomp, the outward badges, of kingship, all save that one forbidden monosyllable, that one title of *Rex*, at which every Roman still shuddered. For the Imperial power, now at last acknowledged for what it really was, Constantine found a fitting and an abiding home. His New Rome by the Bosporos became, as a seat of unbroken dominion, under whatever holders, far more truly eternal than the elder Rome by the Tiber. In all divisions of the Empire, whether among Imperial colleagues or among rival Emperors, other cities, Milan, Ravenna, Antioch, York, Trier, Aachen, Nikaia, Trebizond, the Old Rome herself, might be at this or that time a seat of Empire; at Constantinople alone dominion was abiding. As long as even the shadow of the Roman power lasted in the East, Constantinople remained the seat of Empire. The city which beat back the Avar, the Persian, the Bulgarian, was at last stormed by the arms of Western Europe. But the Frank still reigned in the New Rome as an Emperor of Romania; his rule soon gave way to the revived rule of the Greek still disguised under the Roman name; and when the Greek at last gave way to the Turk, the Asiatic barbarian, as he seems to us, still kept up in some sort the succession of Augustus, Diocletian, and Constantine. In the eyes of his fellow-barbarians, the Sultan of the Ottomans, the boasted Caliph of the Prophet, still held the rank of the Cæsar of Rome.

What I have in this course to say about the Eastern lands of Rome will come at another stage. In those lands the Roman Empire, the Roman power, went on in its

unbroken fulness. We have now to deal with that side of the Roman dominion which supplies us with illustrations for the history of the older Roman commonwealths and of the later commonwealths which, consciously or unconsciously, arose after its pattern. Let no man, I would warn you, believe, as shallow books will tell you, that the Roman Empire, or even the Western Roman Empire, came to an end in the year 476. The formal aspect of the act of that year was the reunion of the Western Empire with the Eastern, and that formal aspect, purely nominal at the time, became a living and practical thing, when, in the next century, Justinian won back Italy, Africa, and part of Spain, and reigned from the throne of Constantinople, over land and sea, from the Euphrates to the Ocean. Days of distress came; the Empire which had beaten back the Persian and the Avar lost its provinces to the Saracen and the Bulgarian; still the Old and the New Rome knew but one master, the Old Rome acknowledged the master who reigned in the New, in very truth for some way into the eighth century, in formal language till its last year. Then the Empire was split asunder for ever. The Frank received the crown of the West; for the first time the world beheld a Teutonic Augustus. In fact, though not yet in name, the Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation began with the coronation of the German Charles. Step by step, the Roman Empire of the West became practically a German power; the Roman Empire of the East became practically a Greek power. Step by step, by slow steps—for it took more than six hundred years—the Eastern Empire was broken in pieces from without. Step by step, by slower steps

still—for it took more than a thousand years—the Western Empire fell in pieces from within. Out of its broken pieces gradually grew up the states and nations of modern Europe. And what specially concerns us now, some of those states took the shape of free cities, of ruling cities, of confederations of lands and cities, furnishing us with a lively image of the free cities, the ruling cities, the confederate cities, of the earlier days of Greece and Italy.

The mediæval world of Europe differed from the older world of Greece and Italy in the days before the Roman power, chiefly in those points of difference which arose out of the fact of the existence of the Roman power. Not the least of these was the existence of that religion of which Rome was first the persecutor and then the missionary. In the elder state of things, every city, every land, every kingdom where kings still lingered, clave to absolute independence as a cherished ideal, even though in fact absolute independence might be cut short by the predominance of some ruling city or other power. In the mediæval world, on the other hand, the theory was that the Roman Emperor was lord of the world, that every city, every principality, every kingdom, was under at least the external supremacy of the one prince who alone was Emperor, who alone was Monarch, who alone claimed to be the temporal Vicar of God upon earth. That some cities, some kingdoms—the English kingdom pre-eminent among them—emphatically, even ostentatiously, denied the Imperial supremacy, is the best of all signs that the existence of that supremacy was everywhere the received theory. But the Empire, placed in the hands of a Teutonic king, took another

character from that which it had held in the hands of a Roman citizen. Step by step, while its boundless dignity remained, its practical authority lessened. If theory asserted everywhere at least its outward supremacy, in practice it kept little beyond that outward supremacy anywhere. Cities, lands, dukes, kings, might acknowledge Cæsar as a theoretical superior, they might even take their place in some great assembly summoned at his bidding, and yet they might in every-day life, act as freely in matters of war, peace, and alliance, as could Athens, Sparta, Aitolia, Achaia, cities and leagues which knew no superior on earth. This was largely the case in Germany, where the exercise of the Imperial supremacy and the gathering of assemblies at the Imperial bidding never quite died out, till the Empire ceased, even in name, to be. It was still more thoroughly the case in Italy, where the Imperial supremacy gradually left no traces beyond the occasional appearance of a king to be changed into an Emperor by his coronation, and his occasional bestowal of a formal title. So it was for a while in the lands which once formed the Burgundian kingdom, lands where, in those parts which have escaped French annexation, local freedom has kept on a very stubborn life down to our own day. In England, almost alone, strong national unity and the strong power of the Crown hindered the growth either of free cities or of independent principalities. One or two earls, one or two bishops, had rights which, if all earls and bishops had held the like, would have made England split up as Germany did split up. And not a few English cities and boroughs had local constitutions, local privileges, local powers, which might well have grown into independent

commonwealths, if the powers of the English kings had ever become as small as the practical powers of the Western Emperors. So much the better for England. What was lost in local freedom and local greatness was won for the common freedom and greatness of the whole land.

There is perhaps a more excellent way still, of which I hope to speak hereafter. As yet I have only to say a few words on the free cities of the Middle Ages, and specially on those among them which rose to the rank of ruling cities. Two regions of Europe stand out before all others as the homes of free cities, especially of ruling cities. There is Italy, northern and central; there are those border-lands of Germany and Burgundy at whose cities and other states we shall have to look again in another character, as they grow into the Confederation of Switzerland. We have now to look at them only in their character of free cities and lands, of ruling cities and lands. The districts which made up the Old League of High Germany, the Swiss Confederation of later times, show us a varied picture of every kind of relation of alliance, dependence, and subjection. This or that town or land was subject to this or that other town or land, or to several towns or lands in joint dominion. And it should specially be noticed that, in those dependent lands of Switzerland to which several cantons in turn sent a governor, a *vogt* or bailiff, it was always found that the subject lands were better off when the bailiff came from an aristocratic canton. A patrician of Bern or Basel, even if he did not forget his own interests, had gained experience at home in the art

of government. A landman of Uri, who had too often bought his office in the *Landesgemeinde*, sought for nothing but to recover with interest what he had spent, and proved a far more oppressive ruler. Here we have the same lesson: the local government of a democratic city or a democratic land is, by its very nature, unsuited to act as the ruler of other cities or lands. So in Italy, democratic Florence deemed it one chief object of her policy to keep Pisa in bondage; when Pisa was set free from Florence, and Florence was set free from her own tyrants, the first desire of every Florentine was to take away from Pisa the freedom which he rejoiced to have won back for his own city. In truth, there was hardly a free city which had not something of a subject territory attached to it. I may add that there is a survival of something very like this rule even in England. The county of Middlesex is in some sort a subject district to the city of London. It is a clear mark of subjection when any town or district has to receive magistrates who are neither of its own choosing nor yet appointed by the general government of the whole country. Now, the Sheriffs of the city of London, chosen by the citizens of London, act also as Sheriffs of the county of Middlesex. That is, so far as the chief executive officers of the county are concerned, the people of Middlesex have magistrates who are neither chosen by themselves nor appointed by the Crown, but who are put upon them by their neighbours of London. So far as its Sheriffs are concerned, the county of Middlesex is certainly a province of London; it is, like Triphylia or the Levantine Valley, a subject land.

This is of course a mere survival without practical

importance; except in this purely formal matter, the Middle-Saxons have the same rights as the rest of the people of the United Kingdom. A much more remarkable case of a ruling city, or rather of two cities ruling in partnership, was still in being sixteen years back; whether it is in being still I know not; most likely later changes have swept it away. When I was in North Germany in 1865, the two Hanseatic cities of Lübeck and Hamburg held the small district of Vierlände in joint sovereignty, what is technically called *condominium*. This was exactly like the holding of subject districts by two or more cities or lands of the Old League of High Germany till masters and subjects became members of the Swiss Confederation on equal terms. But among all ruling cities of the later world, we may pick out two, cities, both of them cities whose names we have already often spoken, one of them a ruler by land, the other a ruler by sea and land, one of the Teutonic tongue, the other of the Romance, but each bearing rule over cities and lands of other tongues than its own. Bern on her peninsula, looking forth upon her subject mountains, is the queen of ruling cities of the mainland, queen of ruling cities of Teutonic speech. Venice on her islands, looking forth upon her subject mountains and yet more upon her subject seas, is the queen of ruling cities of the waters, queen of ruling cities of the Romance speech. Of Romance speech she is, and she was ruler over wide and fair lands of that speech, wide and fair lands and noble cities of the Western Empire. But Venice herself grew into being as a city, not of the Western Empire, but of the Eastern. And the most glorious part of her history belongs to lands beyond

our present immediate range, but lands at which we may well take a glance before we have done. Venice is, before all things,

> Europe's bulwark 'gainst the Ottomite.

And that character of the Republic gives to one side of her a nobler aspect than belongs to any other ruling city. In a large part of her dominion, Venice was not only a ruler, but a defender and deliverer. Whatever were the faults of her rule, and in not a few of her possessions those faults were many and great, she at at least kept out something far worse. She saved a large part of the Eastern lands from the dominion of the barbarian. One might say something almost the same with regard to her later possessions on the Italian mainland. When the independence of the several cities had passed away, the rule of the wise oligarchy was felt to be at least better than that either of local tyrants or of foreign kings. The men of the subject lands of Venice felt a loyalty towards Saint Mark which they did not feel towards either a Visconti or a Habsburg. Venice, with her earliest and greatest possessions lying apart from herself beyond the sea, in the lands of the Eastern Rome, shows us the greatest of all examples of the ruling city of later times, the widest in its dominion, the most abiding in its rule, the most far-reaching in its relations to other lands. But Bern, not to be compared to Venice in any of these points, is the more lively image of the elder Rome. Bern and Venice fell almost at the same moment, and at the hands of the same enemy. Bern was a city of the Western Empire in every sense

of the word. The city itself and its subject territory all lay within both the earlier and the later bounds of the Western Empire, within the Gaulish province of the first Augustus, within one or other of the kingdoms of his Frankish and Swabian successors. While Venice, as long as she owned any lord, bowed to the Eastern Cæsar only, Bern, from her birth to the day when all external superiority was disowned, was a free Imperial city of the West. Bern, as a city of comparatively late foundation, founded on the borders of Germany and Burgundy, as Rome was founded on the borders of Latium and Etruria, a land city, growing by land, with the Leman lake as her miniature Mediterranean, growing step by step, annexing town after town, land after land, in various relations of alliance, dependence, and subjection, till she had formed a continuous dominion, small indeed as compared with that of Rome and Venice, but large indeed among the neighbours of her own immediate world,—the city of the Bear, rather than the city of the Winged Lion, is the truest representative in the later world of at least the earlier growth of the city of the Wolf and the Eagle. But Bern and Venice alike are true parallels of Rome as examples of the long and abiding rule of a civic aristocracy. For in the mixed constitution of Rome, it was the aristocratic rather than the democratic side which showed itself towards the subject lands. Neither the Bernese nor the Venetian patriciate had the same origin as either the earlier patriciate or the later nobility of Rome; indeed, the origin of the Roman and the Venetian patriciate are, as we have seen, exactly opposite to each other. But in all three we may study

the growth and the nature of civic aristocracies, above all in their relation to subject lands. All three show us the special feature of aristocratic commonwealths, that to which mainly they owe their permanence, the rich crop of men who are great enough for the work that they have to do, but not too great. Men of the greatest stamp of all, whether for good or for evil, are more at home either in the kingdom or in the democracy. Periklês would have found but little scope in any one of the three. When Rome at last produced a citizen too great to be a citizen, her own freedom fell, if her subject lands gained. Venice fell by the hands of a man of the same mould; Cæsar and Buonaparte both display the same union of the highest natural gifts with the utter lack of moral feeling. And Bern fell, if not by the same hand as Venice, at least as part of the same course of events. The later fate of Bern has been the happier of the two. She was never handed over to a mere foreign oppressor, and she and the whole of her once subject lands—save her momentary possessions beyond the lake—have long flourished as equal members of a free confederation. Venice has twice groaned under a foreign yoke; she and part of her once subject lands are free; part of them still bear unwillingly the rule of the foreign oppressor to whom they have been twice betrayed. At this very moment, in one small corner of Europe, men stand in arms, as they have so often stood in other lands in other ages, against the selfish tyranny of the House of Habsburg. The brave men of the *Bocche di Cattaro* stand ready, not for the first time, to guard their homes and their chartered rights against the base faithlessness of their Austrian oppressor. They had no such need in

the three centuries when the Lion of Saint Mark was their defender against every enemy.

And now what immediate practical lessons may we learn from all this? Are we to say that it is all matter of mere curiosity, and that no lessons of practical politics can be learned from it at all? Can we, in a world on so great a scale as our present world, a world so richly endowed with modern inventions, a world not only of writing and printing, but a world of steamers, railways, and electric telegraphs, learn anything from times when everything was on so small a scale, and when none of these great inventions were known? I venture to think that we may learn much; and I am strongly tempted to make one general inference, though an inference which I fully admit can be made only with some very important exceptions. The great lesson to be drawn from the history of these ruling cities seems to me to be this: that, as a rule, the fitting extent of territory for any power or nation is so much, and no more, as a national government can administer from a common centre. This rule applies to great states and to small, to single cities and to great nations. The territory of a single city should not be so great as to hinder its citizens from appearing personally in one place. Attica, not all Italy, is the measure of a city-commonwealth. By the same rule, the territory of a greater power or nation should not be so great or so geographically disposed as to hinder its representatives from habitually appearing in one place. I should be inclined to lay these down as general rules for all times and places. The system of provinces, of dependencies, of territories

which cannot be brought into the general system of government, which need to be administered by some special delegated power, seems to me to be vicious in idea. Where there is need of a proconsul, satrap, pasha, governor, lord high commissioner, or any one of that kind, it seems to me to be a *primâ facie* presumption that there is something wrong in the state of things which needs his presence. There is a *primâ facie* objection to the very notion of a dependency. Dependencies are either colonies or foreign dependencies. One is tempted to say, Let colonies be free from the beginning, and let foreign dependencies not exist at all. Yet there is no rule without exception. In some cases the dependent relation has worked for good; in some special and exceptional cases, it would seem to be practically the best position for some particular lands. When Bern conquered Vaud from the dukes of Savoy, it may be doubted whether Vaud gained or lost at the time by passing from the rule of a despot to that of an oligarchy. But had Vaud remained part of the Savoyard territory, it is hardly likely that it would now be a free member of the Everlasting League. I suspect that, when a Spanish dependency in the Netherlands was incorporated with France, it gained at the moment; but had it remained a Spanish dependency, it would now help to swell the strength of independent Belgium. The peculiar position of Venice in her Eastern dependencies, her mission as the champion of Europe and of Christendom, tends to put out of the sight the darker side of her rule, as it showed itself in many times and places, but not in all. Yet all that we can say for Venice at her best is, that she kept out things that were worse at a time when

there was no chance of anything better; it would be absurd to compare the state of her most favoured dependencies with that of either a free city or a constitutional kingdom. Or, to come nearer home, while no thoughtful Englishman can defend the acquisition of India, yet a thoughtful Englishman may easily defend its retention. We may leave the babble about honour and glory and empire and the outlandish thing called *prestige* to the Jingoes of "society" and the newspapers. But a thoughtful man might argue that, if it was a crime to take it, it would be a worse crime to throw it up; he might argue that the British people has taken on its shoulders the frightful responsibility of governing millions of people who cannot govern themselves, and that no man can rightly, simply to ease himself of a burthen, cast aside that responsibility, with the strong chance before him that, whatever may be the evils of the present system, the evils of anything that could take its place would be greater. But I will rather take a case within the bounds of Europe where it is plain to me that a singular combination of causes has made the dependent relation the right thing. That may easily be the case with a state or people too small to stand by itself, and yet having too marked a separate life to be merged in any greater whole. Such is surely the case with those parts of the duchy of Normandy which, after so many ages, are still held by the crown of Great Britain. I was once asked in England, "When did we get the Channel Islands?" I was driven to answer, "We never got them; they got us in 1066." Jersey, Guernsey, and their fellows are simply that part of the Norman duchy which clave to its dukes when the rest fell away. Their people are those Nor-

mans who remained Normans while the rest stooped to become Frenchmen. The Queen of Great Britain has a perfect right, if she will, to call herself Duchess of the Normans, a title which, in my ears at least, sounds better than that of Empress of India. Those islands, keeping their own tongue, their own constitution, their own laws, would lose not a little by being merged in either of their greater neighbours. They would lose much by becoming an English county; they would lose yet more by becoming a French department. Yet they are not strong enough to stand by themselves; an attempt on their part at perfect independence could lead to nothing but absorption in one direction or another. For a people in this case the dependent relation is clearly the most healthy. They can keep local freedom only by giving up all claim to external independence. And the power on which they are to be dependent can be none but Great Britain. Union with France, whose whole history and spirit tends to the absolute incorporation of every new territory, would mean the extinction of all local freedom. England, used to dependencies of all kinds, has no temptation to meddle with local freedom. As dependencies of Great Britain, the Channel Islands practically unite the local freedom of a small commonwealth with the safety of a great kingdom.

In your federal system the provincial or dependent relation has no place. The position of the territories, as distinguished from that of the States, is in point of fact somewhat like that of provinces, but in point of sentiment it is quite different. The territory is an infant state, dependent only till it is able to walk by itself. It is rather

like a Latin colony, not yet admitted to the full Roman franchise, but hoping some day to be promoted to it. But the history of dependencies is no small part of the history of the world; it is no small part of it if we do not look beyond the dependencies of Rome only. And I think that the general result of its study will be that there is a strong presumption against the dependent relation, that it is justifiable and beneficial in certain exceptional cases, but that it needs to have a case made out for it in each instance; till such a case is made out, our first impression is the other way. Among the darkest pages of history are those which record the evil deeds of princes and of commonwealths too toward their subject and dependent lands. Among the brightest pages of history are those which record the struggles by which subject and dependent lands have won their perfect independence. We can even rejoice when subject lands have been set free by means which on every other ground are most alien to our feelings. We mourn for the overthrow alike of Bern and of Uri, but we must not forget that the overthrow of Bern was the deliverance of Vaud, that the overthrow of Uri was the deliverance of Ticino. The fall of Venice has no such redeeming side; there all was the deepest and blackest treachery that the Corsican and the Lorrainer could devise between them. The wrong indeed has been partly undone in later times. One region of the old subject lands is now part of free Italy, another region is now part of free Greece. Between them, yearning to be like them, lie the shores and islands which have been twice betrayed to the Austrian intruder.

I just now defined the fitting extent for the territory

of a single city to be that which is not too great to allow of the citizens habitually assembling in their own persons. In the present state of Europe and America this is a question which it is hardly worth while to press further. The day of free cities seems to be past, unhappily, I think, but I fear beyond recovery. Of all that once were, three only remain, and of those three the freedom is not a little cut short. But the other rule which I laid down, that the limit of territory for a greater commonwealth or kingdom should be fixed by the limit within which habitual representation of the whole territory is possible, seems to be of constant and practical application. I assume of course national unity, or some of those substitutes for it which history sometimes provides. I assume, that is, either a nation in the strict sense, like France or Germany, or else, like Switzerland, an artificial nation, formed by the will and act of those who have formed it. I am not speaking of powers which are in no sense nations, but mere gatherings of odds and ends of nations, stitched together to patch up the family estate of a single man. It may be that this qualification will confine the supposed state within very narrow limits. It may be that it will allow it a boundless range of space. It may, in short, be as small as Switzerland or as vast as your own Union. But what I wish specially to point out is that here is the point where the practical effect of the great modern inventions steps in. Railways, telegraphs, and the like, really alter the scale of the world and of the things in it. The real measure of extent is not the area on the map, but the means of communication. A large area on the modern map is

practically only of the same size as a much smaller area on the ancient map. Without railways, without telegraphs, a land like yours, stretching from the one Ocean to the other, could not form one free state, even on the federal pattern. Your system could not be carried over so vast a region, if there was no quicker means of communicating between Washington and San Francisco than the speed of a horse. One may doubt whether, even with railways and telegraphs, so great a territory could be kept together except by a federal system. No single parliament could deal with all the local affairs of so many communities which, with so much in common, have so many differences of position and circumstances. This is the real way in which these great mechanical inventions affect history and politics. They allow the same moral forces which once affected only a smaller area to affect a much greater. That is, they lessen the importance of space and distance. The very inventions which are boastingly referred to as making an impassable gap between one age and another, and as proving the immeasureable inferiority of the later age, are simply the means of putting the two upon a level. We are enabled to keep on a political life essentially the same as that of the old commonwealths, by the very means which are thought to part them and us hopelessly asunder.

We have in this short sketch and comment passed through many ages and many lands; but we have never gone beyond the ken of the great centre of the world's history: we have never lost sight of the seven hills; we have ever had Rome to look to, whether as the direct cause of the events of which we speak or

simply as illustrating our familiar law that like causes produce like effects. No fact in all history is plainer than the abiding influence of the Roman power, as the centre of the whole thought, one might say of the whole being, of the middle ages. And yet, save the even simple doctrine that we, men of English stock and speech, are really ourselves and not somebody else, no doctrine seems harder for the mass of men to take in. I remember once being looked at with dumb amazement, as if I had been an object of preternatural antiquity, because I said that I had been for some years contemporary with a man who had been Roman Emperor. Yet as the Roman Empire came to an end only seventeen years before my birth, and as the man who had been its last sovereign endured to live on in his abasement some ten or a dozen years after I came into the world, there was nothing very wonderful in the statement. The very badge of Rome is forgotten; when, on tomb or tower or trophy, men see her two-headed eagle marking the dominion of her Cæsars, to not a few minds the Imperial bird suggests only a shameless imposture of our own times; they cry "Austria" instead of "Rome." Because a certain German duke chooses to call himself "Emperor" of his duchy, the grotesque title that he has devised is carried back into past times: I have heard the name of "Emperor of Austria" thrust upon Roman Cæsars and German Kings who had nothing to do with the Austrian duchy except to receive its homage. The last Emperor but two did indeed go to Rome and come away without his crown; but, if the reforming Joseph had forgotten who he was, others remembered it for him. The Roman people, in a fit of

abiding Ghibelinism, shouted greetings to "our Emperor," and bade him welcome to his own house. And in the amphitheatre of Verona the inscription may still be read which tells how "Imperator Cæsar Josephus Secundus, Pius, Felix, Pater Patriæ, Semper Augustus," and all the rest of it, saw the ancient building restored to its old bloody purpose, how with pleased eyes, like Claudius or Constantine, he looked upon a bull-fight, and, like Claudius or Constantine, received the applause of the people. Bear in mind, I would again ask you, that the Roman Empire did not end when Augustulus resigned the purple; bear in mind that it lived on in name for thirty years after the declaration of independence of the United States—that your Jefferson and your Adams survived it by twenty years—and that, if long before that time, it had become only a name, the survival of the name is no small witness to the long survival of the thing. The Empire of Frederick Barbarossa was in a sense an unreal thing; that is, the words "Roman Empire" meant in his day something widely different from what they had meant in the days of Trajan. But it was not unreal in this sense, that the Roman Empire was still a name which influenced men's thoughts and actions, that it was still a thing for which men were ready to live and die. Never then forget this cardinal fact in the history of fourteen hundred years, that the Roman Empire lived on, during the whole of that time as a venerable name, during many ages of it as a living thing round which the history of Western Europe still gathered. And remember too that for a thousand years of that time it lived on in Eastern Europe with a more unbroken life. Of that

life of "Rome transplanted" I shall have again to speak; let me only remind you now that, as the Empire of Constantine Palaiologos fell with a more worthy fall than the Empire of Francis of Lorraine and Austria, so the Empire which had the nobler end was also the truer representative of the power which grew up on the seven hills by the Tiber and flitted to the seven hills by the Bosporos.

LECTURE V.

The Elder and the Newer England.

THE history of Rome, commonwealth and empire, has been found, in the researches which we have already made, to throw light on not a few of the greatest political questions in the general history of mankind. But the two great branches of the English people, those who made only their first voyage from the European mainland to an European island and those who made the further voyage from that European island to the American mainland, have been less directly touched by Rome and her power than most of the nations of Europe. Britain fell away from the elder Roman dominion before any part of the island had become England, and England never admitted the supremacy of that younger Roman dominion which begins with Charles the Great. Britain fell back into her old character of a world apart from the world of Rome, and it was only in a very slight measure that England ever gave up this character of insular independence. We came under the influence of Rome, but not under her rule. Neither our conversion to Christianity by Roman teachers, nor our conquest by the Latin-speaking Norman, ever brought us within the Latin world in the same sense as the Latin-speaking lands of Italy, Gaul, and Spain. Neither were we

brought within it in the same sense as those Teutonic lands whose kings added the Imperial crown of Rome to their own Teutonic kingship. We became the disciples of the Roman Pontiff; we never became the subjects of the Roman Cæsar. The Roman law had less effect on the law of England than on the law of any other part of Western Europe. Less purely Teutonic in our tongue—more affected, that is, by a Romance infusion—we are really more Teutonic in our history than the Teutonic realm itself. We stand in some measure apart both from those lands, whether Romance or Teutonic in speech, which became part of the renewed Western Empire, and from those lands, whether parts of the Empire or not, whose speech was of Latin origin. On the lands of both those classes Rome had an amount of direct influence which she never had on England. Yet even the direct influence of Rome on England was not small. It was something quite different from the indirect influence which is all that we can claim for old Greece. If neither Latin nor any of its daughter-tongues ever displaced the Teutonic speech of England, yet the English tongue received a large Romance infusion into its vocabulary; a Romance speech became for three hundred years the polite and courtly speech of England, and Latin itself became the received speech of learning, in England no less than in the other lands of Western Europe. And if the Roman law never became the groundwork of the law of England, as it became the groundwork of the law of some other European lands, yet not a small infusion, both from the Roman law itself and from the institutions of the Romance-speaking lands, made its

way into the body of our primitive Teutonic institutions. Ours, I say, because whatever is ours is yours also. Whatever belongs to the elder England in the European island belongs no less to the younger England on the American mainland. If there is one point more than another on which I wish to insist with all emphasis, it is that our history is yours also—that the history of the United States does not begin with the landing of the English in America in the seventeenth century, but with the landing of the English in Britain in the fifth. The two great branches of the English people, geographically and politically divided of late years, but still none the less branches of the same people, had for thirteen hundred years a common history; for the last hundred years they have had a parallel history. To you, citizens of this newer England, transplanted children of the elder England, common children with us of the oldest England of all, I would, before all things, preach this lesson. When you read the history of Aryan Europe, or of any of the nations of Aryan Europe, you are reading the records of a kindred folk, in which you have the interest of kinsmen. When you read the history of old Greece, you are reading the records of that eldest branch of the common stock which was given to be a political and intellectual example to all that followed. When you read the history of Rome, you are reading the records, not only of a kindred power, but of the power which has stamped its direct impress for all time on all Europe and on all the lands colonized from Europe. But when you read the history of the English folk, whether in the isle of Britain or in the older time before any part of

the isle of Britain became English, you are reading the records of yourselves. You are reading the records of the time when the two now severed branches were still unsevered, the time whose events, whose institutions, whose worthies, are the common possession of one branch of the common stock no less than of another. In the ups and downs, the defeats and the victories, of the earliest days of England, your share is no less than ours; the long struggle with foreign invaders, with foreign conquerors, with foreign-hearted kings, was waged by your forefathers no less than ours; the men who built up the fabric of English freedom built up the fabric of American freedom also as part of their building. Our blood, our speech, our memories, the long glories of our common ancestry, are yours no less than ours. As of old wherever Hellênes dwelled, there was Hellas, so we should deem that, wherever the English folk dwell, there is England. Whatever be the geographical or the political division, be the rule that of a king or of a commonwealth, be the land dwelled in the old world or in the new, or in that newer southern world which has risen to take its place beside them, in all times and in all places the speakers of the English tongue, the inheritors of the English blood, are one. It is said that the sun never sets on the dominions of the British crown; it is a higher truth that he never sets on the dwelling-places of the English people.

In the present lecture I wish to say somewhat, from our special point of view, of the history, especially the constitutional history, of the English people. And I wish to look at that history with a special reference to

that branch of the English people which forms the great commonwealth in which I now find myself. And I wish more specially still to look at it with reference to the character of that commonwealth as a federal commonwealth. In other words, I wish to run swiftly over, from my own point of view, the common history of the English people down to the separation between the English in Britain and the English in America, and then to speak somewhat of those special points in your American polity which suggest a comparison with other federal systems, specially those of ancient Achaia and modern Switzerland. I have purposely touched already on some particular points in all these branches of the subject, as supplying instances of the way in which the history of one age and country may be illustrated by the history of very distant ages and countries. I shall now deal with them more directly as parts of a connected tale. And here mark how connexion by direct cause and effect differs from mere analogy brought about by the independent working of like causes leading to like effects. The constitution of the United States has manifest points of likeness to the constitution of England; it has manifest points of likeness to the constitution of Switzerland. But the likeness to England and the likeness to Switzerland are two distinct kinds of likeness. Or rather, I would say that likeness is not the right word to use between England and America. Your American constitution is really our English constitution, first put into a formal written shape, and then modified in those points in which the circumstances of the American States required it to be modified. I decline to look upon it as a new thing; I

look upon it as an old thing, largely changed indeed in detail, but still keeping its essential identity, with its own older forms. The men of the eighteenth century reformed, as the men of the thirteenth and of the seventeenth century had reformed before them. Some might say that the likeness is the likeness between parent and child; I would rather call it the likeness between a man at one stage of his growth and the same man at some earlier or later stage. But the likeness between the American and the Swiss system is of another kind, or rather of more than one other kind. Neither has any direct connexion with the other, neither has had any direct influence on the other, in the way of cause and effect. But each has that likeness to the other which comes of like causes leading to like effects. And each has had over the other the direct influence of example. The Swiss Union is in one sense older, in another sense younger, than the American Union. The older and laxer form of the Everlasting League was undoubtedly before the ages of the men who drew up your Declaration of Independence and your first Articles of Confederation. But the American Constitution of 1789 was still more plainly before the eyes of the men who drew up the Swiss Constitution of 1848. As I have already said, its founders, like the wise men that they were, followed your American model in some points that suited them and forbore to follow it in some other points that did not suit them. And so, before them, the founders of the American constitution, like the wise men that they were, I will not say followed, but rather preserved, the constitution of England in those points in which it still suited the changed circumstances of America, and

modified it in those points in which it no longer suited those changed circumstances.

In this inquiry, be it observed, that side of it which deals with analogy and example still keeps us in the strictest sense within the bounds of Rome and her Empire. If we look back to old Achaia, we look back to one of the powers which lost itself in the mass of the elder Roman Empire; if we look to more modern Switzerland, and to the German realm from which Switzerland did but part off, we are looking at one of the powers which arose out of the break-up of the later Roman Empire. That side therefore of your polity which is most modern connects itself more directly with illustrations, analogies, conscious and unconscious reproductions, which keep us within the Roman range, or which, if they pass its bounds, carry us on to the older days of Greece. That side of your polity which is older, that which is English by direct and unbroken continuity, takes us into the world which lay beyond the world of the Cæsars. It takes us into the world of those Teutonic tribes which, having lived beyond Cæsar's rule on the European mainland, went forth to carry their Teutonic speech, their Teutonic polity, their Teutonic creed, into the island from which the rule of Cæsar had passed away. We cannot, by any reckoning of dates, carry back any records of this primitive English polity into days so ancient as the days of your old Achaian model and of the earlier Greek confederations which were its models. But if not in years, yet in idea, it is far older. Not only Aratos and Philopoimên, but Agamemnôn and Achilleus, belong to a later stage of political developement than Hengest and

Cerdic. The federal General, the forerunner of the federal President, marks a far later stage than the king of the city. But the king of the city marks a later stage than the ealdorman of the tribe. And remember that it was not by kings, but by ealdormen, that the land of Britain was won for the English folk. Their kingship began in the conquered island; it was again to yield to the rule of ealdormen under other names, of Presidents and Governors, when Englishmen had won themselves a third home beyond the Ocean; it was to live on in the island of its birth, as an useful formula and an useful pageant. It is well to remember in how many things, both you in this later England and we in our older one, have advanced by going back. And among them it is well not to forget that, when, like the men of Rome and the men of Athens, you exchanged the rule of kings for that of magistrates, you did but fall back on the most ancient polity of the English folk.

Let us then start from those earliest times, from that primitive polity. Look at our own forefathers, yours alike and ours, settling themselves in small communities, each living its own life, each making its way by its own strength, upon the conquered shores of Britain. Ages afterwards, your immediate forefathers, that part of the English people which made the second of their great voyages, did the like upon the shores of America. Mark, I leave out the epithet "conquered." Conquest in the strictest sense played a far smaller part in the second migration than it played in the first. For the English settlers in America found no such enemies in the land to strive against as the earlier English had

found. The native Indian was not as the Briton, himself an Aryan kinsman, and still keeping some traces of the arts of Rome learned in three hundred and fifty years of Roman rule. Yet in many things the men of the seventeenth century, while bringing with them the civilization and experience of the seventeenth century, were driven to play over again the parts of the men of the fifth and sixth centuries. Not a few of the primitive institutions of the Teutonic people sprang again to life when the English settlements were made on American soil. In this case, unless we go so far as to call in any notion of abiding, though unconscious, tendencies in the race, the likeness comes wholly from the rule of like causes producing like effects. Assuredly the settlers of the seventeenth century had not the faintest thought of consciously following the example, or of reproducing the institutions, of the settlers of the fifth century. What they did consciously reproduce was the institutions of England in their own time, so far as they could be reproduced under the circumstances of their new land. And it so happened that the circumstances of their new land caused them in some points unconsciously to reproduce the English institutions of the fifth century rather than the English institutions of the seventeenth.

Between the fifth century and the seventeenth, the institutions of England and the whole national life of England had grown up to full maturity, Or rather we may say that they had reached their full maturity at a time a good deal earlier, and that at the actual moment of the settlements in America the genuine institutions of England had, not so much gone backward as rather

in a manner fallen into abeyance. Between the days of the first settlement in Britain and the end of the fourteenth century the main outlines of the English constitution, very much as it still stands in outward form, had been already traced. The endless small settlements of the English in Britain were merged, first into seven chief kingdoms, then into a single kingdom of all England. With each advance of territory the kingly power had grown; the king of a great kingdom, withdrawn from all daily contact with the great body of his subjects, becomes, by the mere force of distance and mystery, more of a king than his predecessor who reigned only over a small island or a single shire. And, in the same way, without any formal change, the democratic character of the primitive Teutonic assembly passed away. The law which we have seen working in Greece and Italy found full play in England also; with each advance of territory, it became more and more impossible for all the freemen of the kingdom habitually to come together in one place. The national assembly, the *Witenagemót*, the Meeting of the Wise Men, shrank up insensibly into a gathering of the great men of the land and of the king's immediate followers, that later nobility of the thegnhood which, as we have seen, supplanted the ancient nobility of the *eorls*. The ancient popular character of the assembly revived only now and then, when some special cause brought together unusual numbers, or when the assembly was held in or near a great city, whose citizens could without difficulty appear in person. The English assembly in short passed through that change which must happen to the assembly of every state which has passed the limit which allows all freemen

habitually to meet together, and in which the device of representation has not been thought of. Presently came the great blow of the Norman Conquest, one of whose chief immediate results was to hasten and strengthen a crowd of tendencies which were already at work, and among them all that in any way tended to the increase of the kingly power. But the final result was to call up again the old national life in new shapes, to open the way for a second growth of English freedom more lasting than the first. The Norman nobles changed on English ground into worthy leaders of the English people, champions of English freedom against kings who remained or became foreign after all their subjects had become English. Kings seeking their own ends, patriots seeking to curb the power of kings, alike hit on the device of calling on communities of men, shires, cities, boroughs, to send a few of their number to act on behalf of the whole. Thus did representatives of the people come to take their place in the national councils alongside of those great men of the realm who had never lost the ancient right of every freeman to appear in his own person. In place of that ancient right, the very shadow of which was now passing out of mind, the freemen of the land gained the far more practical privilege of choosing representatives to appear and act in their names. The Witenagemót, the Great Council, now, under the name of Parliament, took the shape and won for itself the powers, which it has kept ever since. A series of experiments, a series of accidents, gave that Parliament the shape of two distinct chambers, and the two illustrious names of House of Lords and House of Commons were added to the po-

litical vocabulary of England and of the world. The House of Lords, a house of great official personages, spiritual and temporal, among whom the temporal members soon developed a strong tendency to hereditary succession, continued the ancient Witenagemót unbroken. By its side arose the House of Commons, the elective house of the knights, citizens, and burgesses. Step by step, the houses established their positions as powers co-ordinate with one another and with the king. The king remained, clothed with many and mighty powers, which he might still exercise according to his personal discretion, but which he must exercise within the limits of the law of his kingdom. To that law he might not add or take away, nor might he lay any tax or burthen upon his subjects, without the consent of the two Houses of Parliament. That is, he could make no law, he could lay on no tax, without the combined consent of the great men of the realm speaking with their own mouths and of the whole commons of the land speaking through the mouths of their representatives.

Thus we may say that the constitution of England was fixed by the change which, after a season of unlaw, gave England a constitutional king in Henry the Fourth. To this point it was brought back three hundred years later by the revolution which, after another and longer season of unlaw, again gave England a constitutional king in William the Third. The last two hundred years of constitutional progress in England have been spent, not in changing the legal powers of the three great elements of the state, but in fixing, by the silent understandings of an unwritten constitution, the way in which those powers are to be exercised. Nothing has been

taken away, as far as the written law goes, from the powers of the crown or of the House of Lords, but it is known, as well as if it had been formally proclaimed, that the will of the people expressed by their representatives in the House of Commons is in the end to prevail. The powers of the crown are untouched, but the principle is fully established that some of its powers shall never be exercised at all, and that the rest shall be exercised only by the advice of a Minister approved by the House of Commons, a Minister whom that House virtually, though not formally, appoints, and whom it can virtually, though not formally, remove. Silently to establish these principles has been the work of English statesmen since the last English revolution. The thirteenth and fourteenth centuries drew the great outlines of the constitution; the eighteenth and nineteenth have filled in the details. The thirteenth and fourteenth centuries called the skeleton into being; the eighteenth and nineteenth clothed it with full flesh and life. It is not the least wonderful thing in the wonderful history of our people, that the bones of freedom lay for nearly two hundred years, almost like the bones in the prophet's vision, dry and seemingly lifeless, and that they then were able to rise up again with a revived life, to take up a renewed being, almost at the exact point at which they had practically all but ceased to be.

In a strictly constitutional point of view, the constitutional king who landed on the errand of deliverance at Torbay steps exactly into the place of the constitutional king who landed on the errand of deliverance at Ravenspur. William of Orange takes up the work of Henry of Bolingbroke. The Yorkist, Tudor, and

Stewart reigns become a long time of unlaw, during which little more than the forms of the elder days were left; but, because the forms were left, it was possible again to breathe life into them in the later days. During a succession of reigns law was openly trampled on, not simply in the way of irregular acts on the part of the king at a time when irregular acts were common on the part of all men, but as the deliberate system of kings who were strong enough to compel others to obey the law, but who were fully purposed not to obey it themselves. During this reign of unlaw, largely by the efforts of men who were seeking shelter from the reign of unlaw, the American colonies of England first came into being as local and isolated settlements, with institutions simply local and isolated. As one of the great powers of the world, shaping its institutions into forms suiting one of the great powers of the world, the United States of America came into being at the time when the unwritten constitution of England was fast growing, but was not yet fully grown, round the older fabric of her written law.

At each of these stages the direct influence of England, the direct and conscious influence of cause and effect, comes in. In the time of the first settlers the notion of imitation is out of place. The English settlers in America brought the institutions of England with them, modifying them only as new circumstances needed, and, as I have already said, modifying them largely, though unwittingly, in the direction of institutions more primitive than those of the England of the seventeenth century. The institutions of the American colonies were not made, but grew. But the institutions

of the United States of America had in a certain sense to be made. I altogether decline to look on your federal constitution as a new thing; I maintain that it is in truth the existing constitution of England, largely modified indeed, but modified only so far as the circumstances of a new state of things called for. Still the original settlers could hardly have done anything else but bring the institutions of England with them. The authors of the federal constitution, might, if they had chosen, instead of reproducing the constitution of the mother-country with the needful changes, have followed some other model or produced something wholly out of their own heads. In this sense the federal constitution was made, in a sense in which the local institutions of the several states could hardly be said to be made. The elaborate schemes which were drawn up at home for some of the later colonies hardly came to much. Sometimes institutions which more truly grew supplanted the institutions which were more strictly made. The different positions and characters of the earlier settlers led them to reproduce different sides, and even different stages, of English life; but it was natural growth either way. But the work of the eighteenth century was a conscious and deliberate work, in a sense in which the work of the seventeenth century hardly was any more than that of the fifth and sixth. I do not like to use the word imitation; but the later reproduction was a matter of choice, while in the earlier time there was hardly any choice in the matter.

I may be thought to undervalue the amount of change between the British and the American systems, if I apply so small a word as *modify* to constitutions which dif-

fer with all the differences which part off a federal commonwealth from a consolidated kingdom. The differences truly are great; but I am always far more struck with the amount of likeness that was kept than with the amount of unlikeness that was brought in. Compare for a moment your very conservative revolution with the really destructive revolution which happened a little later in France. If you contrast the sober action of your wise men, preserving with a good reason here, changing with a good reason there, with the frantic havoc wrought by men bent on changing everything, good or bad, for the mere love of changing, you will see what I mean when I say that the real wonder is that the institutions of the United States remained so like the institutions of Great Britain. As it was, the circumstances of the American colonies, needing union, but not minded to carry union so far as to destroy local independence, made a federal commonwealth the necessary form of government. The wonderful and instructive thing is that a federal commonwealth could have been devised which differed so little from the consolidated kingdom which furnished its model.

But the fact that the new power did become a federal commonwealth carries us away to another line of thought; it sets us down within another range of parallels. The federal commonwealth of America is at once connected with the other federal commonwealths of the world, not, as in our comparison between Britain and America, by the law of direct cause and effect, but by the law that like causes lead to like effects. Alike in Achaia, in Switzerland, and in America, a number of

small states, having enough in common to feel the need of a certain amount of union, but not enough in common to make them inclined for absolute consolidation, feeling too the special need of union for external purposes against a common enemy, were led, were almost driven, to the federal system as the true intermediate point, as the system which gives as much of union as was wanted and not more than was wanted. And let me add—what I personally hope may not happen—if circumstances either in Switzerland or in America should ever lead to the forsaking of the federal system for any closer form of union, that will not be, as shallow people talk, an argument against the federal system, but rather a strong argument in its favour. It would only show that the federal system was needed as an intermediate stage, as a means to make that closer union possible which at the beginning was certainly impossible. Everything in the position, the circumstances, the traditions, of the American colonies suggested the federal union as the one system which met the circumstances of the case. And, exactly as in the other case, a certain amount of experience and of experiment was needed before the most perfect shape of the institution was reached.

Between the federations of Achaia and America some of the points of likeness are most striking. They seem to me to come as near to one another as could be, considering the difference of scale between the two territories, and considering that representation was known in the one case and not in the other. Long before the eighteenth century, long before the seventeenth, the system of representation had been firmly established in the elder England by the work alike of wise kings and

of patriotic leaders. It was thoroughly familiar in the local constitutions of the American colonies, in some of which indeed it had supplanted the primitive Teutonic democracy which had again sprung to life in the institutions of the first settlers. But for its establishment, it would, as I said long ago, have been impossible to remedy the main evil of the Achaian and other ancient federal systems, and to represent in two houses the two elements of the federal system, the separate states and the united nation. But it is well worthy of notice that this application of the principle of representation was not thought of when the first articles of confederation were drawn up. In that earlier and laxer form of the federal union, each state, great and small, had an equal voice, exactly as in old Achaia. It was only in the second and more perfect attempt that this great triumph of political skill was compassed. The way of compassing the object was undoubtedly suggested to the founders of the federal constitution by the two houses of the British Parliament. That system, itself the result of accident, was turned about to fulfil a certain end which had assuredly never been thought of in its elder home. And, as the forms of the English constitution supplied the means for correcting an unavoidable defect in the Achaian system, so those forms also made possible the revival, I feel sure the unwilling revival, of a most characteristic feature of that system. The position of the President of the United States is, I think, one which would hardly have occurred to men whose political experience was purely republican. The President is, beyond all doubt, the English king modified by the necessities of a state of things in which heredi-

tary succession was out of the question, and in which even a life term of office would have awakened the greatest jealousy. But in transplanting this modified republican image of the English King, the founders of the American constitution stumbled on a no less lively image of the Achaian General. I should say that no republican constitution, certainly no earlier federal constitution, ever entrusted such large powers to a single man as Achaia gave to her General and as the United States give to their President. The Roman dictator indeed held greater powers still, but then his office was not a standing magistracy, but a special commission granted in some moment of extraordinary need. The powers of the earlier Roman consuls and of the later Spartan ephors must have been quite as great, but then they were not held by a single man. And in the case of Achaia the great position of the federal General is the more remarkable, because the single generalship was deliberately introduced after some experience of a system like that of Rome, by which the chief magistracy was put into the hands of two holders. Had the founders of the constitution lived a little later, they might possibly have been led to make the likeness between the Achaian General and the American President still closer. When the federal constitution of the United States was drawn up in writing, the unwritten constitution of Great Britain was fast growing, but was not yet fully grown. The state of things established by the revolution of 1399, and established again by the revolution of 1688, amounted pretty much to this, that the king was strictly bound by the law, but that, within the limits of the authority which the law gave him, he could

rule according to his own personal will. Mark you that this is very much the position of your own President; it is the natural position of any republican magistrate, indeed of any elective officer, who is supposed, in courtesy at least, to be chosen to his office on account of his personal fitness. But in the course of the hundred years between the English revolution and the enactment of your federal constitution considerable steps have been taken toward the establishment of the modern doctrine that the king must rule only by the advice of ministers approved by the House of Commons. It is quite certain—you know it well enough in this land and we know it well enough in ours from another side—that George the Third did exercise a will of his own in public affairs. Indeed it is a great mistake to fancy that the will of a king in any case goes for nothing. It must always go for a good deal in the case of the most constitutional king of the most constitutional kingdom. If a king cannot enforce a policy, he can do a great deal to hinder one. It is certain that George the Third could act more freely than his modern successors, and, through his special circumstances, more freely than his immediate predecessors; still he was certainly in a different position from Henry the Fourth or William the Third. When Lord North found it necessary to disclaim the name of Prime Minister, it was proof enough that he was Prime Minister. The system of Cabinet Government, though it had not reached its full development, was fully established. But the fact was hardly recognized either in Britain or in America. Writers like De Lolme, as Macaulay long ago remarked, take no notice of it; the writers in the Federalist take no notice of it;

they suppose throughout that a King of Great Britain exercises, and exercises according to his personal will, every power which the letter of the law entrusts to him. The relations between a modern King and a modern Prime Minister seem not to have come into their minds. The result is that your President, while holding powers smaller than those of a King of Great Britain, can exercise such powers as he has far more freely than a king can. Now the Achaian General, while in most things a lively forerunner of your President, did in some things come nearer to the position of an English Prime Minister. Here again comes in the difference between representation and no-representation. Both the Houses of your Congress are strictly representative, the Senate no less than that which is specially called the House of Representatives. From those houses the Ministers of the President are shut out. In the earlier times of the Union the President addressed Congress in a speech—like a king's speech; in later times he has sent only a written message. But at neither stage could the President or his ministers be members of either house or take part in its debates. But it is of the essence of the unwritten English constitution that the Prime Minister and his colleagues in the Cabinet should be members of one or the other house of Parliament. There they are called in question; there they defend themselves. I will not now discuss the comparative merits of the two systems; my point is that the British system was also the Achaian system. A representative system can, at pleasure, admit the members of the executive Government to the assembly, or it can shut them out. But from a primary assembly, where every citizen has

a right to attend, the chief magistrate and his colleagues can no more be shut out than any other citizens. Thus the Achaian General, a member of the assembly but not the president of the assembly, held the exact parliamentary position of an English Prime Minister, a position which was not thoroughly grasped by the founders of your federal constitution nor by any of their contemporaries. It is possible that, had they completely seen the working of the British cabinet system, they might have made the President less of a king and more of a prime minister. I shall presently say a word or two about the Swiss Federal Council, the executive of the Confederation. I have here only to notice that, while with you the Ministers of the President are shut out from both houses of Congress, the members of the Swiss executive, though not members of the assembly and not having the right of voting, can attend at pleasure in either house and take part in its debates. Thus the Achaian, the English, and the Swiss systems all allow the policy of the Government to be stated and defended in Parliament by the members of the Government, which the American system does not allow.

In this way then the position of the Achaian General did, in its practical working, come nearer to that of an English Prime Minister than to that of an American President. But his formal position was that of a President, not that of a Prime Minister. The General, like the President, like any republican magistrate—indeed like any magistrate strictly so called—exercised openly in his own name such powers as the law of the confederation gave him. The minister of a king necessarily acts indirectly in the name of the king who is the legal

holder of power. The General, like the President, was formally chosen, chosen for a definite time, and, under ordinary circumstances, incapable of removal till the end of that time. The Prime Minister, as such, is neither formally appointed nor formally removed, for no such office as Prime Minister is known to the law. Nor does he hold power for any definite time. We may say that he is informally chosen and informally removed by the House of Commons; that is, he holds power for such a time, long or short, as the House of Commons continues to approve of his policy. This I myself have always held to be the great advantage—balanced by some disadvantages—of our informal republic called a constitutional monarchy over your avowed republic. The existence of the king gives our House of Commons the power of practically dismissing the executive government, as soon as it simply ceases to approve of its policy. Your chief magistrate, because he is a chief magistrate and not a minister, cannot be removed from office without the formal proof of some definite crime, nor can he be continued in office beyond his term except by a formal re-election. This difficulty seems to be inherent in the position of any republican magistrate, but it must be felt far more strongly in the case of a chief magistrate chosen for four years than in the case of one chosen, as in Achaia, for one year, or, as in some other commonwealths, for a shorter time. And may I hint that the Achaian system may on one point throw some light on a point in your federal system which I have heard debated on both sides of the Ocean? Is it well to re-elect a President? It is undoubtedly in itself well to continue a good President in office as long as

you can keep him. But then he can be kept in office only by making the chief magistrate of the state, while still in office, become a candidate for renewed office. To this there are surely manifest objections. The constitution of the defunct Southern Confederacy—which we may refer to as a political scheme just as much as to any other—forbade re-election, but gave the President a longer term of office. This would get rid of one evil; but it would aggravate two others. The chief of the state could no longer be a candidate; but then it would be harder than before to get rid of a bad President and absolutely impossible to keep on a good one. Is not the Achaian plan worth considering—always bearing in mind the difference between one year and four? The General, elected for a year, could not be elected for the year next following: he could be elected, and often was, over and over again in later years, but always with a year's interval between his terms of office. Would not such an arrangement as this work better than your existing system, a system, by the way, purely traditional, and in no way ordained by the letter of the constitution? The tradition is that a President may be re-elected once and once only. Several Presidents have held office for two consecutive terms; no President has held it for three consecutive terms or for two terms with an interval between them. Might it not be on the whole a better system to forbid immediate re-election, but to allow re-election at any later vacancy? The chief of the state would no longer, while still in office, be an immediate candidate for the next vacancy. You would indeed sometimes have to part with a President whom you would gladly keep; but you would not be

parting with him for ever; you could call him back to power at the end of four years. There is something to be said for and against all these systems; but it has sometimes struck me that this Achaian system, under which Aratos was, for a large part of his life, chosen general in alternate years, is the one which has most to be said for it, and least to be said against it.

In the Confederation of Switzerland these questions cannot arise in anything like the same shape. Neither in its oldest nor in its latest form has the Everlasting League ever known a personal head. There we find no king, no minister, no president even, in the sense which the word president bears on this side of the Ocean. But there we do find something which, if I am freely to speak my own mind, I must call a more excellent way than either. The Swiss executive, the Federal Council, is most like a ministry without a king, a ministry formally, instead of virtually, elected by the assembly of the nation. We will come back to the details presently; let us first, by a sketch of the history of the Confederation, see how it comes that Switzerland has altogether dispensed with the personal chief whom both Britain and America have kept in different shapes. Is it a paradox to say that the American Union has a personal chief because its states were once subject to a king, and that the Swiss Union has no personal chief because its states also were once subjects of a king? The American states kept a personal chief, a king, one might say, under republican conditions, because, large as were their local liberties, they had had a king, an immediate though an absent king. The Swiss cantons felt no need of

a personal chief, because, though they once had a king, they never had an immediate king, because, in a word, they had no king but Cæsar. Of all the delusions against which history and historical geography have to strive there is none more deeply rooted than the notion that there has always been a land called Switzerland and a people called the Swiss. And there is another delusion like unto it, namely that the freedom of the Swiss lands and towns was won from personages unknown to history, but who figure in fiction, sometimes as Emperors of Germany, sometimes even as Emperors of Austria. Be it remembered that Sir Thomas Erskine May, K. C. B., Chief Clerk of the House of Commons, wrote a History of Democracy, which records the fact, quite unknown in the fourteenth century, that Duke Leopold at Morgarten commanded an Imperial army. I wonder what any professor of astronomy would say if I were to write a History of the Planets, and put out statements equally odd about the doings of Jupiter and Mars. I will not venture on any statement by way of specimen, lest, in trying to choose a statement that should be quite wrong, I might casually stumble on one which should be quite right. I will take for granted that it is needless to explain yet again the nature of the mediæval Empire, and the position of its chosen chief, lord of the world, Emperor of the Romans, King of his three kingdoms of Germany, Italy, and Burgundy, but immediate sovereign only of those parts of his Empire which might form the hereditary possession of his own house. The choice of the electors might fall at one time on a Duke of Austria, at another time on a Duke of Bavaria. But whatever land it was which, at any particular moment, supplied Ger-

many with her king, Rome with her Emperor, and Western Christendom with its temporal chief, his supremacy in no way interfered with the full local independence, whether of principalities, of free cities, or of free lands. Three such lands on the borders of the three kingdoms of Germany, Italy, and Burgundy, the famous lands of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden, towards the end of the thirteenth century, formed or more probably simply renewed, a strict alliance, the germ of the federal commonwealth of two-and-twenty, more truly of five-and-twenty states, which still abides. The fight of Morgarten secured their freedom against the Austrian duke, to the delight of their Bavarian King, who deemed that, in smiting the supposed commander of an Imperial army, they were fighting the battles of the Empire as well as their own. Cities like Luzern, Zürich, Bern itself, did not scorn to join the mountain alliance, and in the course of the fourteenth century, the Old League of High Germany, the League of the Eight Ancient Cantons, had come into being. Early in the sixteenth century the tale was made up, and the Confederation consisted of the thirteen cities and lands, whose number remained unchanged till the last year of the eighteenth. Of some of the cities, specially of Bern, I have already spoken from other points of view; I have now to look at them as a contribution to strictly federal history. It must be specially borne in mind that there was as yet no such thing as a Swiss nation, apart from the German nation. The Old League of High Germany was purely German; it was simply one of many German leagues, whose destiny it was to win a longer life and greater independence than its fellows. The land of Schwyz had, as early as

the days of Philip of Comines, begun, in popular use, to give its name to the whole alliance, but the name was never accepted as a formal title till within the present century.

The federal tie, if one can call it a federal tie which bound together the old Thirteen Cantons, was of the very laxest. Not only did the cantons vary as widely as any states could, both in their political constitutions and, after the Reformation, in their religious establishments; each acted as an independent state in its relations with other powers; each could make conquests for itself; those whose geographical position allowed it had each of them its own following of allies and subjects, besides those districts which were allies or subjects of several cantons or of the League as a whole. In no part of the world, in no age of the world, were so many forms of political life, so many shades of political relation, to be seen within so small a space. There was the pure democracy of Unterwalden and the close oligarchy of Basel; there was the Levantine valley, held in bondage by the freemen of Uri who never dreamed of extending their own freedom to their subjects; there were the prince and the people of Neufchâtel, each so bound by treaties to Bern, that, if the prince oppressed his people or the people rose up against their prince, the Bear might in either case put forth his paw and bring back order. Within the bounds of the League and its allied states, there were the five cantons round the lake, firm and unbroken in their adhesion to their ancient faith; there was Zürich, home of Zwingli, and Geneva home of Calvin, Geneva where to worship according to the elder rite was a crime for which death only could atone.

There was Zug, unable to spread herself beyond her ancient limits, and Bern, mistress of a dominion which in old Greece would have passed for a mighty empire. There were the encircling allies, princely churchmen like the Bishop of Basel and the Abbot of Saint Gallen, free cities like Geneva and isolated Muhlhausen, kindred confederations like Wallis by the young Rhone and the Three Leagues by the young Rhine, still sheltering the tongue of Rome among the Rætian hills. But in all this busy and shifting drama two points specially concern us. The League became independent of the Empire, and it ceased to be purely German. It was shown to be practically independent by the end of the fifteenth century; by the Peace of Westfalia its independence was formally acknowledged. Then the conquests and alliances made both by varions cantons and by the confederation itself in the Romance-speaking lands of Burgundy and Italy, while they left the ruling bodies still German, brought a large extent of non-German territory within the range of the League. Pre-eminent among these lands were the territories on the Italian lakes ceded by the dukes of Milan, and the great dominion wrested by Bern from the dukes of Savoy, her short-lived conquests south of the Leman lake, her abiding dominion to the north of it. On the League thus formed came the storm of the French Revolution; the true democracy of the mountains stood face to face with the sham democracy of the bloody city. Then men stood forth to show how nobility in the highest sense could live on for ages in commonwealths of either form, handing on the great inheritance of illustrious names, names all the more illustrious because no titles that kings can give

overshadowed their unbroken traditions. Aristocratic Bern sent forth her Erlach, democratic Uri sent forth her Reding, to do, in all but the accident of success, as Erlachs and Redings had done so many ages earlier. In the classical cant of the time, the Old League of High Germany became a Helvetic republic; the federal tie, convicted of the crime of antiquity, was swept away; the patrician of Bern and the landman of Uri, stretched and pared to one Procrustean model, found their lands degraded from states into departments. At the preaching of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, the eternal democracy of the Three Lands ceased for a moment to exist. At the bidding of the reformers of Paris, the free Teuton was constrained to turn away from fashions that were old in the days of Tacitus; the Rights of Man forbade the gatherings of a sovereign people beneath the open canopy of heaven. Yet even in the triumph of wrong right had some share. The madness that swept away all that was old swept away ancient bondage as well as ancient freedom; the men of Bellinzona and Lausanne became the equals of their ancient masters. The card-house of empty theorists fell to the ground; Napoleon Buonaparte had at all events the eye of a statesman, and towards the Swiss commonwealths he showed a degree of thoughtfulness which he showed towards few other lands. He had clearly no mind to deal more harshly with them than was needful for the objects of his selfish policy. His Act of Mediation undoubtedly gave to such of the confederate, allied, and subject lands as escaped French annexation a better general constitution than they had ever had before. The old communities again rose to the rank of independent

states; but the old distinctions of confederates, allies, and subjects, did not revive with them. Allies and subjects rose to the rank of Confederates. By this means, while the Federal character of the Union revived, its distinctively German character passed away. Romance lands, Burgundian, Italian, Rætian, stood side by side on equal terms with their old German allies and masters.

An artificial nation was thus formed, a nation not marked out by the usual signs of blood or language, but still a nation by adoption. But it is adoption without assimilation. The Lombard of Ticino, the Burgundian of Vaud, has been raised to the level of his former German masters, but he has not adopted their tongue, neither have they adopted his. In your Union you adopt citizens from all parts, but what you adopt you assimilate, wherever the physical laws of nature allow of assimilation. All, sooner or later, are merged in one body; all become members of what I venture still to call the English people. To you the sight must seem strange to see two states of the same union side by side, speaking wholly distinct languages; it must seem yet more strange to you to find one state all but wholly Catholic, another all but wholly Protestant, and to learn that the laws which in either case secure civil equality to the minority are in most cantons of recent date. Yet, with all this diversity, the Swiss people, Teutonic and Romance, Catholic and Protestant, undoubtedly forms a nation, though a nation artificially put together out of fragments of three elder nations. That nation needed a name, and, at the reconstruction of the Confederation after the general European war the name which had been in popular use for more than three

centuries came into formal use also. The Swiss Confederation of twenty-two cantons—now practically of twenty-five—began its renewed course. The federal tie was lax: the governments of many cantons were oligarchic. Local revolutions upset the oligarchies; a civil war, not without points of likeness to the civil war among your own States, led to a general reconstruction of the federal system. The constitution of 1848, the parallel of your constitution sixty years earlier, began a new order of things, which, with some lesser changes, is still in vigorous being.

In one sense it is needless to show that the Swiss Confederation is older than the American; in another sense the American Confederation is older than the Swiss. Your first articles of confederation are nearly five hundred years younger than the first recorded alliance of the Three Lands; they are more than two hundred and fifty years younger than the full establishlishment of the Thirteen Cities and Lands. And the Thirteen cities and lands were undoubtedly before the eyes of those who framed the first laxer union of the Thirteen colonies which had just grown into thirteen free and independent States. But it is yet clearer that the "more perfect union" established by the later federal constitution of America was before the eyes of those who established the more perfect union of the Swiss federal constitution. Like wise men, they adopted whatever in your constitution suited their circumstances and traditions; like wise men too, they did not blindly transplant things which had naturally sprung from the circumstances and traditions of America, but which did not suit the circumstances and traditions of Switzerland. The two

houses of their federal assembly are modelled exactly on the pattern of the two houses of your Congress. The Senate, representatives of the States, reappears in the *Ständerath*, or *Conseil des États*, to which each canton, great and small, sends two members. The House of Representatives, representing the whole federal nation, reappears in the *Nationalrath* or *Conseil National*, to which each canton sends a greater or less number strictly apportioned to its population. But, as I have already implied, the form of the Swiss executive wholly departs from yours. I venture to think that it departs from yours far more widely than yours departs from ours. The change from King to President seems to me a much slighter change than the change from the President to the *Bundesrath* or *Conseil Fédéral*. Such powers as the Swiss constitution gives to its executive, powers far less than those of either King or President, are entrusted to a council of seven. Of that council the so-called *Bundespräsident*, or President of the Confederation, is simply chairman. He is not President in the same sense as the President of the United States. He is not personally an element in the commonwealth, holding important powers in his own hands. The nearest approach—and a very distant approach it is—to either King or President which the Swiss system allows is found in the Federal Council as a whole. And here to my mind comes in the great virtue of the Swiss system. I hold that the great advantage of our practical republic over your avowed republic—an advantage purchased by some disadvantages—is the power of changing the actual ruler at any moment, while you must keep the chief magis-

trate once chosen till the end of a fixed term. This last difficulty seems inherent in any republican form of government; but the Swiss seem to me to have cut down that difficulty almost to a vanishing point. Under their system there is less likelihood of the nation wishing to get rid of its actual chiefs than under any other. There is more chance than under any other system of the executive and legislative branches of the government living together in unity. The first act of each federal Assembly is to choose the federal executive for the term of its own life; that is, for a term of three years. The greatest chance of harmony between the two branches is thus gained. The executive and legislative branches are in constant intercourse with one another. And, as we have seen, through the power of the members of the Federal Council to attend and speak in either house, the Swiss Assembly can therefore hear, while the American Congress cannot hear, what in England we call a ministerial statement. Nothing again is more common than for the Assembly, when any question comes up for discussion, to ask the federal Council to put it before them in the shape of a definite bill which they may discuss and vote upon. No system seems to me to be better devised as a mere political machine, and to my mind at least the Federal Council has certain incidental advantages above kings or presidents either. You cannot turn a council of seven men into an object of social worship; and the election by the Assembly gets rid of what I confess seems to be a weakness in your American system. The founders of your constitution, less far-sighted on that point than on most others, meant the President to be chosen by

wise men specially picked out for that purpose. As it is, he is practically chosen by the people, but with the modification that he may happen not to be the real choice of a majority of the people.

On the other hand, the Swiss system lacks two points which I have always looked on as among the wisest in yours. I mean the great position held by your Supreme federal Court, and those special powers which are held by the Senate, and which are not shared by the other branch of the federal legislature. In the Swiss constitution of 1848 the great deficiency was on the side of the federal judiciary. Later constitutional amendments have in some measure remedied this fault; but there is still nothing in Switzerland at all like that great tribunal which can judge between State and State and can declare an act of the combined three powers of the Union to be null and void. The special powers of the Senate seem to me to be wise on this ground. In any constitution which has two houses and an executive, the "other house," be its title Senate, House of Lords, or any other, is in its own nature the weakest of the three. There must be some kind of executive, some kind of popular assembly; men may propose to change the form of either, but no one will propose wholly to get rid of either. But the "other house" is something much less obvious; it is something artificial, some might say something purely ornamental. The British House of Lords rests on its traditional dignity; the American Senate rests on its absolute necessity for the full carrying out of the federal idea. But the Senates of other lands have, in every revolution, been the first elements of the state to give way. Even here in the United

States, though a little thought will show that the Senate is absolutely necessary, yet it needs that little thought to see the necessity; it is not so simply obvious at the first glance as the necessity for some House of Representatives and for some kind of executive, whether in the shape of a President or in any other. It was therefore a great stroke of wisdom to give the Senate a special stability by making it something more than a branch of the Legislature, by vesting in it certain powers in which the other branch of the Legislature does not share. The Swiss *Ständerath* has not those special powers; the simpler relations of the three elements in the Swiss system, the greater power vested in the Federal Assembly as a whole, perhaps hardly allowed it to hold quite the same position as your Senate. But it is a fact to be remembered that the abolition of the *Ständerath* has been proposed, and proposed within the walls of the Federal Assembly. The proposal indeed met with no support, but it is an instructive fact that it should ever have been made.

I have used some freedom in speaking of the working of political institutions of which, as matters of every-day experience, every man here present must have more knowledge than myself. Yet there may be something to learn from the light in which these things seem to an outsider who has made political constitutions a study, and who has certainly given some special heed to the constitution of the United States. I have always looked on both what I may call the conscious and what I may call the unconscious side of that constitution with special interest. Looking at it from my point of view, as a

political study, there is something very instructive, something especially instructive for the immediate purpose of these lectures, in both those sides. Wherever the founders of the constitution preserved the institutions of the older England, there was conscious reflexion. Wherever the needs of the case caused them to fall back on unconscious reproduction of the institutions of times long past, there was the working of my pet rule that like causes produce like effects. They strove to preserve the traditions of English kingship, so far as they were consistent with the changed circumstances in which they found themselves. In so doing they unwittingly lighted on a lively image of the old Achaian generalship. From my point of view the reproduction is all the more valuable because it was unwitting. If the founders of your constitutions had been, like the founders of some other constitutions, theorists cumbered with more learning than was good for them, your institutions might have been crowded, like the institutions of some other lands, with grotesque imitations of inapplicable models, with grotesque misapplications of misunderstood names and phrases. I speak of political, not of local nomenclature. You have none of the follies of France, no Councils of Ancients, no Prefects, no Consuls, best of all, no Emperors. I might perhaps wish that, with so many good Teutonic names to choose from, the meeting-place of your Union had been called by some other name than that of the Roman Capitol. It is some comfort, on the other hand, that the man whom you all reverence, your first general, your first chief magistrate, bore a good Teutonic surname, and gave to your federal capital a sterling English name, the name of an English *gens*

which had ages before fenced in the town of the *Wascingas* on British ground.* Yet on the other I may wonder why, if one of the heroes of old Rome was to be canonized, Licinius and the Gracchi were left out in the cold, while an order and a great city received the name of a fierce and stubborn oligarch like Lucius Quinctius Cincinnatus. But things like these are mere trifles compared with the essentially wise and essentially conservative spirit of the founders of your commonwealth; and it is certainly not by virtue of any article of the federal constitution that either the Capitol or the city of Cincinnati bears its name. The founders of your commonwealth were not great scholars. They had the wisdom to see that the records of past times were worth searching into, but they had not enough of acquired learning always to guide them aright as to matters of facts when searching into those records. This was not very wonderful in an age when the single mind of Gibbon seemed to have absorbed into itself the stock of knowledge that was meant for the whole century. Nor do I believe that their deficiencies in minute historical scholarship did them any harm. At all events, whenever they did stumble on any reproduction of ancient institutions, it made such reproduction the more valuable, because it was unwitting. If, in paring down a king into a president, they did just what Athens and Rome had done before them, if the result was the erection on American soil of a lively image of Aratos and Philopoimên, the likeness is all the more precious because its authors did not know exactly what they were doing. It causes us more ground for musing, perhaps even some ground for regret, that they seem not to have fully understood the

working of their own century in Great Britain, and not to have fully grasped the relations which even then existed between a King of Great Britain and his chief minister. Anyhow, either the British or the American form of executive is better than the odd confusion of the two which passes for a republican magistracy in the eyes of the ingenious people of France.

I have thus said what I have to say of the federal constitutions of America and of Switzerland. To my mind, those two constitutions seem two of the most memorable works of man's wisdom. They show that man's political faculties are not deadened, that the men of the eighteenth century and of the nineteenth could do as much for the advancement of freedom and good government, and could do it in as wise a way, as the men of any earlier age. What I see in England, in America, in Switzerland, is stability, the power to make changes, when change is needed, without pulling the whole political fabric down on the heads of the reformers. Your constitution above all has gone through the most frightful of trials, and it has stood the test. I remember twenty years ago how shallow people were crying out that the principle of a federal system was proved to be worthless because certain members of a particular confederation wished to separate from it. I can only suppose that they fancied that no revolts, no separations, no dismemberments, had ever taken place in lands governed by kings. The retort is so obvious that I need hardly point out that the recent experience of Greece, of Belgium, of Poland, of Lombardy, of Sicily, of half a dozen European lands, proved at least as much against monarchy as the secession of

the Southern states proved against federalism. At all events, they did not stop to think that, after all, they were only backing up one federal commonwealth against another. They must have shut their eyes to the fact that the Southern Confederacy, in its short-lived constitution, re-enacted all the essential features of the constitution of the United States. That fact is one which I should turn about another way. I can conceive no more speaking tribute to the wisdom of any political system than the fact that the men who were most dissatisfied with its actual administration, the men who were most anxious to escape from its actual fellowship, of set purpose re-enacted its chief provisions for their own separate use.

In looking back again to our earlier subject of this evening, to the historic relations of England and her great Western colony, I must above all things, as a man of the older England, rejoice, as every man of the older England should rejoice, in the greatness of the newer England beyond the Ocean which men went out from his own land to found. It is something to see the institutions of England copied, successfully or unsuccessfully, by men of other races and other tongues. But it is far more to see the first place in a vast continent held by a mighty commonwealth founded by men of the English stock, not borrowing—for men do not borrow what is their own—but carrying on as their own heritage, developing, expanding, adapting to new circumstances, the institutions of the elder land. I have been present at local elections in more than one State of your Union. Those elections were a study in institutions, and some-

thing more than a mere study of institutions. I marked how some offices still bore the ancient English names and pretty much the ancient English functions. There was the immemorial Sheriff, the origin of whose office is lost in the gloom which gathers round the earliest institutions of Angle and Saxon on British ground. There was the Coroner, one of the gifts which the wisdom of the great Edward gave to his people. Nor did I wonder to find the place of sheriff, as well as the place of coroner, bestowed, according to the law of the great Edward, by the voice of the people. And if, alongside of these ancient English offices, I found some others which had grown up on this Western continent, I could but say, Here is a people who are not afraid to change when change is needed, to devise new things when new things are needed, but who cleave to old things, to old names, to old offices, if the need of change, the need of new devices, is not clearly made out. When I look at the great work of your federal constitution, at the whole system, so complicated and yet so simple, of your institutions, federal, cantonal, local, I feel that it is no small matter that it should have been the English folk on a new soil which has wrought this great work of later times. It is something to hear the English tongue spoken as the tongue of so many free commonwealths, of so many free commonwealths knit into one free commonwealth, a commonwealth stretching from the Eastern Ocean to the Western. And to you I would say, men of this younger and vaster England, above all, men of this land which boasts itself to be specially New England, never forget whence you came. In the greatness of your new Western continent, do not forget the old

European island, do not forget the older European mainland. Remember that the English folk could hardly have made their way to the mainland of America in the seventeenth century, if they had not made their way to the isle of Britain in the fifth. Remember that the work of Washington and Hamilton implied the earlier work of Earl Simon and King Edward. Remember too that neither Washington nor Simon could have had an English people to deliver, that neither the settlers of the seventeenth century nor the settlers of the fifth could have found an English people to lead to new homes, if, in the very childhood of our race, Arminius had not kept back the legions of Rome from engulfing our earliest home in her universal dominion.

LECTURE VI.

Rome Transplanted.

In the present series of discourses we have, under the guidance of our wide subject, learned the habit of taking bold leaps over no small spaces, both of time and of distance. Our subject has been nothing short of the history of Europe and of the lands colonized from Europe. In other words, it has been the history of the dominion and the influence of Rome. The power of Rome, the law of Rome, the creed of Rome, have brought no small part of the world under their obedience. The sway of Christ and Cæsar has been from one sea to the other, and from the flood unto the world's end. In following its track we have had to span the Ocean; we have had to mark the way in which the chief nations of Europe have reproduced the tongues, the laws, the arts, of Europe, on the soil of this New World; above all, we have had to mark how one group of European settlements, the settlements of the English folk, have grown on its soil into a second English nation, the peer of the elder English nation which still abides in its European home. We have spanned the Ocean in the natural course of our story; let me now ask you to span the Ocean back again —for to me at least it seems to be back again—if not in the natural course of our story, yet in order to give our treatment of our general story some faint approach to

completion. We have said something about the fortunes of the Roman Empire, its growth, its divisions, its break-up, the powers which arose out of its ruins, the powers which arose beyond the bounds of its political rule, but not beyond the bounds of its moral influence. But in all this we have been dealing with one side only of the Eternal City and its dominion. We have been dealing wholly, or nearly so, with the Rome of the West, with a dominion and an influence whose centre was the local Rome on the seven hills by the Tiber. But the tale of Rome, the tale of Christendom, the tale of European civilization, is not fully told, its barest outline is left utterly imperfect, unless we cast at least a glance at that long and stirring part of the world's history the centre of which is the New Rome, the translated Rome, the Rome which had moved from the seven hills by the Tiber to the seven hills by the Bosporos. I must therefore now, before we finally part, ask you once more to span the Ocean with me, and not merely to span the Ocean, not merely to land on the native soil of your forefathers, but to span Europe in its length and breadth. I must ask you to journey on to those further lands of Europe where, in these days of progress, Europe is still in bondage to Asia, the civilized man in bondage to the barbarian, the follower of Christ to the follower of Mahomet, and where the powers of Europe still love to have it so. There still abides that "eternal Eastern Question"—that epithet given in blind good luck by the shallow sneerer who so named it—that eternal question which was old when the Eternal City was not yet, the question which was hardly new in the days of Achilleus and Odysseus, the question between the

West and the East, between light and darkness, between civilization and barbarism, between freedom and bondage, in these later ages between Christendom and Islam. So old is that question that it seems but as yesterday's stage of it when Rome, so to speak, parted her being asunder, when her greatest fortress, her greatest colony, rather her second self, the New Rome of Constantine, arose at the junction of two worlds, to be for eleven hundred years the foremost bulwark of all for which man can think it worth to live and die. On this side of the history of Rome, that is, on this side of the history of the world, I wish specially to insist. I wish to insist on it because there is no side of the history of the world which has been so unreasonably neglected and despised, while there is none more important, if we are to keep the different parts of the general history of the world in their true relation. And, in our present way of looking at things, I wish to insist on it even more, because there is no part of history in which a knowledge of the past is more absolutely necessary for the understanding of the present, because there is no part in which history is more truly past politics, and politics more truly present history. And there is no part in which a little wholesome pedantry is more useful, no part, that is, where we more need somewhat of care to make our thoughts correspond with facts and our words correspond with our thoughts. There is no part of the world, no part of its history, in which so many have been led astray by the use of words which do not answer to facts. A crowd of familiar phrases, phrases which either in America or in Western Europe have a meaning, are every day transferred to South-eastern Eu-

rope, where they either have no meaning at all or else an exactly opposite meaning. Above all, the conventional jargon of diplomacy, misleading everywhere, becomes tenfold more misleading in those parts of the world. Everywhere does that conventional jargon look only to courts and princes and forgets the people; but in South-eastern Europe to look only to courts and princes and to forget the people is a tenfold greater evil than it is elsewhere. In those lands every one of the conventional phrases of diplomatists is a falsehood alike as to the present and as to the past. So are many of the popular forms of speech which we unconsciously transfer from lands where they express facts to lands where they express the opposite to facts. Let me go on with a few simple illustrations, of all of which, I doubt not, I have made use before, but which may be new to some in a new place, and which in any case I venture to think will bear setting forth more than once. They are good instances of the way in which lack of pedantry, failure that is to make words correspond with thoughts and thoughts correspond with facts, leads to utter misapprehension of things both present and past.

I would first of all ask you to look at the so-called six great powers of Europe, a list by the way in which several of the most respectable nations of Europe are left out, merely because they do not happen to be so big as some of their neighbours. That list takes in five great nations. The powers of Great Britain, France, Italy, Germany, and Russia are strictly national powers. In some of them the power coincides as nearly as is ever likely to be possible with a nation in the strictest sense. In all of them a nation gives the tone to the power; the

power may fairly pass for the exponent of the will of a particular nation. Of these five again four rank as constitutional powers, where we may fairly expect that the government for the time being speaks the will of the people, where, if at any moment it fails to do so, it is the people themselves who are to blame. Even in the fifth, in despotic Russia, the nation is far from dead, far from silent. Though the government of the Russian Emperor is not under the same popular control as the free governments of England and France, yet the acts of the Emperor do in a general way represent the wishes of the Russian people; he could not venture on any course against which the heart of the Russian people was steadily set. But there is a sixth power on the list which has a wholly different character, and whose presence alongside of the five national powers always reminds me of the words of the prophet: "I will provoke you to jealousy by them that are no nation." Alongside of the five nations stands a mere family estate, a collection of odds and ends, a motley gathering of scraps of nations, with no interests or feelings in common, whose single tie is that this or that lucky marriage, this or that piece of military or diplomatic robbery, has brought them together as the possession of a single man. Queen Victoria, President Grévy, King Humbert, the Emperor William, and the Emperor Alexander, may all be fairly looked on as speaking in the name of the several nations of which they are severally the chiefs. But Francis Joseph of Lorraine, archduke of Austria, king of Hungary, king, duke, count, and lord of endless kingdoms, duchies, counties, and lordships, which the above-mentioned marriages, the above-mentioned robberies, have at one time or another

brought together, speaks only in the name of his own desire to keep all that he has got and to get more if he can. I need not tell that he calls himself Emperor of Austria; but you know very well that his right to call himself Emperor of Austria because four men of his house were chosen Emperors of the Romans is much as if a man who has had one or more forefathers Presidents of the United States should, on the strength of that fact, call himself President of his own private estate. You know that he takes as his badge the eagle of the Cæsars; this is very much as if such a man as I have imagined should take the stars and stripes as the private arms of his family. Now these titles and badges are not trifles; they confound and mislead; they falsify history; they throw a shadow of antiquity, respectability, and conservatism over a power which is essentially modern, upstart, and revolutionary, a power whose mission seems to be to wipe out within its range all that is ancient and venerable, a power which exists only by trampling on every historic right and every national memory. Of the six powers this power of Austria, Austro-Hungary, or whatever it is to be called, is the only one which can be fairly asked to give a reason for its existence. The other five speak for themselves. In some of them we may wish the form of government to be altered; in some of them we may wish the territorial boundaries to be altered; but no sane person would wish any one of the five to cease to exist. For they all are nations; they all have a right to exist as nations. If any of us holds that some of the lands belonging to some of these powers might well cease to belong them, it is purely on the ground that those lands are not really possessions of

the nations which form the kernel of those powers. The worst enemy of Germany or of Russia could only ask that those powers should be made more German, more Russian, by taking away from them whatever was not strictly German or Russian. But if we take away from the so-called Austria whatever is not Austrian, there will be mighty little left indeed. A simple Archduke of Austria would have his intelligible place. He would take his place in the German Federal Council alongside of the Duke of Oldenburg and the Prince of Reuss-Schleiz. A simple King of Hungary would have an intelligible place. He would take his place among the princes of South-eastern Europe alongside of the King of the Greeks, the King of Roumania, the King of Servia, and the Prince of Bulgaria. But, as no historical reason can be given why an archduke of Austria and king of Hungary should call himself Emperor, so no practical reason can be given why such an archduke and king should reign over the Italian of Trent, the Czech of Prag, the Pole of Cracow, the Russian of Gallicia, the Rouman of Transsilvania, or the Serb of Dalmatia. There is no greater case of successful imposture on record; it shows the wonderful way in which names and titles become facts and influence events. The barefaced stealing of the Imperial title and badge leads people to fancy that the so-called Empire of Austria has something to do with that Roman Empire which has become wholly a thing of the past, with that ancient German kingdom which is not unfairly represented by the federal Emperor at Berlin. Or, more truly, men do not altogether look on the "Austrian Empire" as being the old Roman Empire and German kingdom. They more com-

monly forget that there ever was a Roman Empire and German kingdom, and fancy that there has been an "Empire of Austria" from the beginning. Then too the habitual and cunning use by an unnational and anti-national power of language which is true only when applied to a nation tends to make men believe that there is an Austrian nation, as there is a French or an Italian nation, to believe in short that the power of Austria has as good a right to exist as the power of France or of Italy. I have heard of "Austrian national honour," a thing which cannot exist, because there is no Austrian nation. I have heard of the "interests of Austria," a phrase which commonly means something dangerous to free Slaves or free Roumans. I ask what, in such a phrase, is meant by "Austria"? Does it mean the very respectable German duchy to which alone the name of Austria properly belongs? I do not see how its inhabitants can have any interest whatever in doing any damage to people who are not so much as their neighbours. Or does "Austria" in this phrase mean all the lands of which the Archduke of Austria chances to be ruler? Of those lands the majority of the inhabitants are themselves Slaves and Roumans, and they assuredly have no interest in furthering the plots of their foreign master against their own kinsfolk. The "interests of Austria" then mean simply the personal and family interests of Archduke Francis Joseph himself. But the use of phrases like these tends to mislead people. Talk about the "honour of Austria," the "interests of Austria," and the like, makes people think, sometimes even unconsciously, that "Austria" is a word of the same kind as "France" or "Italy," and

that "the interests of Austria" mean something which would be for the advantage of some people, nation, or language, in some part of the world or other. It is a fact that a British traveller, landing in a Dalmatian, that is diplomatically an "Austrian," haven, expected to find its Slavonic and Italian-speaking inhabitants speaking the "Austrian language." He had been always used to hear "Austria" spoken of in the same kind of way as France and Italy; and he leaped to the conclusion that, as there is a French and an Italian language, so there must be an "Austrian" language also.

But let us go on a step further. In the language of diplomatists, newspapers, and telegrams, a way of speaking has come in within my memory which easily lends itself to this kind of confusion. The phrase which I have already quoted, "the interests of Austria," may pass as a specimen of it, though that form is not quite so characteristic of the style as another form, "Austria's interests." I mean a fashion of personifying nations, powers, and the like, in a way which has always been usual in poetry and in rhetorical prose, but which has lately become common in the driest and most business-like forms of speech. England, France, Germany, any other nation or power, is spoken of as if it were a person which walked and talked and did this and that. Now in some phrases this is a mere question of style which does not affect facts. Whether we talk of "the interests of the French" or of "the interests of France," or even, in the newest fashion, of "France's interests," all these forms mean exactly the same thing. But let us pass to the other end of Europe. Endless confusions, misconceptions, misrepresentations, delusions of the most im-

portant practical kind, have all come out of a mere silly use of the one word "Turkey," an use which has come into fashion long since my boyhood. If the word "Turkey" has any meaning at all, it is an awkward geographical name for the still enslaved part of Greece, the still enslaved part of Bulgaria, the still enslaved part of Servia, and any other lands that still remain in bondage to the Turk. It means in short a space on the earth's surface, a space happily a good deal smaller now than it was some years back. But people see "Turkey" marked on the map, as they see France, Germany, Italy, and they fancy that "Turkey" is a word of the same meaning as France, Germany, and Italy. They think that, as France is the land of the French, so "Turkey" is the land of the Turks. They think that, as the interests of France and the interests of the French are the same thing, so the "interests of Turkey" and the "interests of the Turks" are the same thing. Or perhaps they do not really think so; if they were examined, they would show that they know better; but they practically think so; that is, they speak and act—for speech, even if it goes no further, is action—as if they thought so. And so they help to increase the general mass of confusion, and, in their degree, by that invisible influence of each unit of which I spoke long ago, to strengthen and prolong a vast mass of practical oppression.

For my own part, I have not for many years used the word "Turkey," though newspaper reporters are often kind enough to put it into my mouth, sometimes just after I have said that I never do use it. I find that I can speak of the affairs of South-eastern Europe, even of the affairs of the lands which are marked on the map

as Turkey—enslaved Greece, enslaved Bulgaria, and the rest—without using the misleading word. The word is misleading in this way. It makes people fancy that Turkey and the Turks stand to each other in the same relation as, for instance, Italy and the Italians, whereas in truth they stand to each other in an exactly opposite relation. Italy is the land of the Italians; the Italians are the people of Italy. But Turkey is not the land of the Turks, neither are the Turks the people of Turkey. "Turkey" is that extent of territory within which the Turks, as foreign oppressors, hold the people of the land in bondage in their own land. We hear of "the honour of Turkey," "the dignity of Turkey," the "susceptibility of Turkey," "the interests of Turkey," "the friends of Turkey," "the enemies of Turkey," the "debts of Turkey," or perhaps, in more poetical phrase, "Turkey's debt." Now, if these phrases mean anything, they mean the exact opposite of what they are designed to mean. If by the honour, the dignity, the susceptibility of Turkey, is meant the honour, the dignity, the susceptibility of the Turk, I can only say that the Turk has no honour or dignity, and that his susceptibility does not matter. If what is meant is the honour, the dignity, the susceptibility, of the people of the lands marked Turkey on the map, then I can only say that the presence of the Turk in their land keeps them from having any honour or dignity, but that their susceptibility is very strong, and that it is most keenly called out by the presence of the Turk among them. As for "the interests of Turkey," we again ask what is meant; for the interests of the Turk and the interests of the people of Turkey are the two most opposite things in the whole world. The in-

terest of the Turk is to keep the land called Turkey in bondage as long as he can; the interest of the people of Turkey is to free themselves from the bondage of the Turk. The phrase "friends of Turkey" commonly means the enemies of the people of "Turkey," those who would prolong their bondage to the Turk; and, on the other hand, by "enemies of Turkey" is most commonly meant people who wish to free Turkey from the Turk's oppression. And as for "Turkey's debt," the case is a very serious one. I do not mean serious for the bondholders; never mind them; I mean that it is a very serious case for both the enslaved and the liberated nations. Diplomatists, bound by the custom of their trade to look at words instead of facts, seem to have persuaded themselves that "Turkey's debt" is something of the same kind as a debt contracted by Great Britain or by the United States, by France or Germany or Italy, or any other civilized power. Now when the government of a civilized power contracts a debt, it presumably contracts that debt in the interest of the nation which it represents. If, as the result of any war or any treaty, part of the territory of that power should either become an independent power or should be ceded to some other power, there is nothing unreasonable in transferring to the new administration a proportional share of the debt which had been contracted by the old administration. But in the case of the Turk we need not say anything presumably; there is no presumption in the matter. We know perfectly well why the Turk contracts his debts. Every penny which the Turk has borrowed has been borrowed for one or other of two purposes. It has been borrowed to gratify the personal pleasures, commonly

the infamous pleasures, of successive Sultans, to buy them slaves or to build them palaces. Or else it has been borrowed for military purposes; that is, it has been borrowed to make the Turk better able to hold the people of the land called "Turkey" in bondage. When Christian men are not ashamed to lend their money for such purposes as these, it is well that they should lose it. But it is not reasonable that such parts of the people of the land as are set free should be saddled with any part of the debt which was contracted to hinder them from becoming free. It sounds very neat and diplomatic when we read that free Bulgaria or enlarged Montenegro is to take upon itself a share of the Turk's debt proportional to the extent of the territory ceded by the Turk. What is really meant is that the people who have escaped from bondage are to be made answerable for debts which were contracted by the oppressor from whom they have just escaped for the express purpose of keeping them in bondage. A more glaring case of injustice cannot be conceived. And it all comes out of the diplomatic fashion of putting words instead of facts.

So it is with other phrases in common use. We hear of "the Turkish government;" we hear the Turkish Sultan spoken of as the "sovereign" of the people of those parts of South-eastern Europe which he still keeps under his power. And this "government," this "sovereign," is held, after the analogy of other governments and sovereigns, to have "rights." It is even argued that the "subjects" of this "sovereign" owe him some kind of duty, perhaps even the duty of "loyalty." Now all this kind of talk leads to utter misconceptions and to real practical evils. For it is all mere talk, which has

nothing answering to it in the world of fact. If by "government," "sovereign," "subject," "rights," "loyalty," etc., we mean the things which bear those names in America or in Western Europe, the words are out of place anywhere where the Turk rules, because the things do not exist. By "government" we understand an institution which serves a great many ends, the chief of which are to protect life, property, and other valuable things at home, and to speak in the name of the nation abroad. If the head of such a government be a prince, an emperor, king, or any other, we call him a "sovereign." And the people who live under such a government we call "subjects" or "citizens," according to its form. And such a government undoubtedly has "rights"—whatever rights the law of the particular country gives it; the subjects or citizens have undoubted duties towards it, the duty of obedience to all the lawful commands of the ruling authority, whatever may be its form. And a government which does its duty, which exercises its rights only according to law, will surely call forth that feeling of "loyalty," which some people seem to think can be called forth only by a prince, but which, it seems to me—and I doubt not seems to you also—can be no less fully called forth by a commonwealth or by its chief.

In short, in civilized lands the duties of the ruler and the subject are reciprocal. The whole thing is of the nature of a bargain: lawful obedience is given in return for lawful protection, lawful protection is given in return for lawful obedience. Now in Western Europe one government may be better than another, either in the form of its constitution or in the character of its administration at

any particular moment. But the worst government in Western Europe is much better than no government at all; it does on the whole more good than harm; it may be desirable to change its constitution or to reform its administration; it cannot be desirable to sweep it away altogether. There must be an English, a French, an Italian, a German, and a Russian government, of some kind. But we may fairly ask, Need there be a Turkish government of any kind? Or rather we may ask, Is there such a thing as a Turkish government? Is not the word "government" altogether misapplied to anything that exists in enslaved Greece, enslaved Bulgaria, or any other land where the Turk bears rule? The truth is that there is no government in those lands; there is not even mis-government. There is the opposite to government. The business of government is to make life and property safe. The so-called Turkish government simply makes life and property unsafe in enslaved Greece and enslaved Bulgaria. The business of government is to represent the nation in dealings with other nations. The so-called Turkish government exists simply to hinder the people of enslaved Greece and enslaved Bulgaria, not only from having any dealings with other nations, but from union with the nations to which they ought to belong and to which they are eager to belong. In a well-ordered state the government will speak the will of the people. The so-called Turkish government must, in its very nature, always speak the opposite to the will of the people. The sovereign of a civilized kingdom is the chief of the nation, the personal embodiment of the nation. The Turkish Sultan, the so-called sovereign of enslaved Greece and enslaved Bul-

garia, is not the chief or embodiment of either of those nations; he is the foreign enemy who hinders those nations from having any national being. Wherever the Turk is in power there is no government; the presence of the Turk hinders the existence of government. As soon as he is turned out, government begins. There is government, better or worse, but government of some kind, in free Greece, free Servia, free Bulgaria. There will be government, better or worse, but government of some kind, in enslaved Greece, enslaved Servia, enslaved Bulgaria, when the Turk is driven out of those lands, but not before.

In short there is no such thing as a Turkish government. There is, in certain parts of Greece, Bulgaria, and some other lands, an organized system of foreign oppression which hinders the existence of government. The head of that system of foreign oppression is the Turkish Sultan. But the Turkish Sultan is not the sovereign of those lands, in the sense in which Queen Victoria is the sovereign of Great Britain and King Humbert the sovereign of Italy; he is the sovereign of those lands only in the sense in which a burglar who has broken into a house might be called a sovereign of that house. He has no rights, for wrong can have no rights, and his whole position is the embodiment of wrong. The people of enslaved Greece and enslaved Bulgaria are not his subjects in the sense in which an Englishman of Britain is a subject of Queen Victoria or an Italian a subject of King Humbert. The Englishman or the Italian is a "subject" only in a sense in which "subject" means the same thing as "citizen." But the enslaved Greek, the

enslaved Bulgarian, is a subject of the Sultan only in the sense in which the lawful owners of the house into which the burglar has broken may be said to be the subjects of the burglar. They owe him no duties, except the duties which orderly citizens owe to burglars, that is, to hand them over to the police. Only for the people of enslaved Greece and enslaved Bulgaria there is no police; they must be their own police; for them there is no law but the law of Mr. Justice Lynch. His vigorous arm has already done a good deal of justice in those lands; but there is a good deal more for him still to do.

Remember then that all these words, "Turkey," "Turkish government," "rights of the Sultan," and the like, are mere delusions, words which answer to no facts, words which every time they are used tend to promote misconceptions and practically to strengthen the hands of oppression. I would say, dare to be sentimental; that is, dare to look at the facts themselves and not at the conventional formulæ which misrepresent them. Dare to be pedantic; that is, dare to make your thoughts answer to the facts, and your words answer to your thoughts. Leave misleading phrases to the cunning people who use them in order to mislead, and to the careless people who use them because they will not take the trouble to avoid being misled. Above all, do not be taken in when any Turk, when any Greek or Armenian traitor, talks about his "sovereign" and his "country." There is his Excellency Musurus Pasha, Ambassador from the Grand Turk to the court of Great Britain. He talked big at a Lord Mayor's dinner about his "august sovereign" and his "Ottoman fatherland."

That means that he is hired by the Turk, with gold which the Turk wrings from Greek and Bulgarian households, to do all that his Greek subtlety can do to prolong the oppression of his own people and to patch up the tottering throne of their oppressor. And there is the more famous Midhat, whether the assassin of Abd-ul-aziz or not matters very little—in any case the assassin of countless Bulgarian lives, the dishonourer of countless Bulgarian homes, the man who planned those deeds of Batak over which Lord Beaconsfield jested so merrily, and who, crowned with such merits as these, naturally became the cherished guest of the polite society of London. Midhat too could talk at a public dinner about "my country." Where Midhat's real country may be, from what corner he or his father may have been first imported as slave or minion, it is not very important to inquire. But when Midhat applies the words "my country" to any spot of Christian soil, he can mean "my country" only in the sense in which a master of fox-hounds talks of "my country." He can mean only that space on the map which furnishes him with victims.

Now at this stage some one may perhaps put in a very common cavil. I am quite prepared to be told that the rule of the Turk in South-eastern Europe is simply a case of a very common class, a case of a government which had its origin in conquest. I am prepared to be told that there have been and still are many governments of that class, and that, however wrongful they have been in their beginning, they are legitimated by time. I have often heard the question, 'If five hundred years of unbroken possession does not legitimate a government,

what can legitimate it? Now when I put the question in this shape, and make the gainsayer talk about "five hundred years," I am paying the gainsayer a compliment which he is not likely to deserve. He is a great deal more likely to say "four hundred years" than "five hundred;" that is, he is likely to think that the taking of Constantinople was the beginning of Ottoman conquest in Europe instead of its crown. But let us examine the answer as an answer. No doubt there are many governments in the world which began in conquest, but which lapse of time has made legitimate; and we may add that, in most cases, they have become legitimate in a much shorter space of time than five hundred years. But the truth is that space of time has nothing to do with the matter. A government founded on conquest may become thoroughly legitimate on the morrow of the conquest; it may remain utterly illegitimate five hundred years after it. Now, looked at by this rule the Ottoman power in Europe, whether it has lasted, as it has in different parts, five hundred and thirty years or only a little over sixty years, is in either case a thing as wrongful as it was when the conquest began. The rule of the conqueror is unlawful as long as it remains the rule of a conqueror; it becomes lawful as soon as it becomes a national government. If the conqueror, from the morrow of his conquest, makes himself one with the people whom he has conquered, if he makes himself really their national head, if he gives them as good protection as a native ruler could give them, then his rule, if wrongful on the day of conquest, becomes rightful on the morrow. At whatever time, sooner or later, the conquered can look to their conqueror or his suc-

cessor as truly the chief of their nation, giving them the benefits of a national government, at that time, whether sooner or later, the government founded on conquest is legitimated. It becomes legitimate whenever it really becomes a government. But the rule of the Turk has never become a government; it has never discharged the duties of government; it was foreign brigandage five hundred years back, and it remains foreign brigandage still. There is in truth a good deal of difference between the rule of the Turk now and the rule of the Turk five hundred years back. But the difference is this, that the rule of the Turk is even further from our definition of a government, that it is more distinctly organized brigandage and nothing else, now that it has lasted five hundred years than it was at the time when it began.

Akin to this is another fallacy. When we speak of any particular evil doings of the Turk, we are told that Christian rulers, Christian nations, have done things just as bad. And, as a matter of fact, this is perfectly true; the falsehood lies in the inference. I have little doubt that for every one of the worst deeds of the Turk we could find a parallel in some deed of some Christian power or other. But what then? The Christian powers have reformed, while the Turk, so far as he has changed at all, has changed only by getting worse. If we look back five hundred years or one hundred years or fifty years or any smaller number of years, we shall find that all Western governments have improved, while the Turk alone has gone back. Perhaps every government in the world still needs reform: my point is that even those Western governments which we may think

still stand in need of most reform have positively reformed a great deal. The Turk has not reformed, because from the nature of his religion he cannot reform. And a government, like most other things, if it fails to become better, commonly becomes worse. It has been often said that the Hungarians were better off while they were under the Turkish Sultans than they were restored to the rule of their Austrian kings. I am no lover of Austrian kings; but I must do them justice in this matter. I have no doubt that, as regards the Protestants of Hungary at the actual time of the deliverance of Hungary from the Turk, the saying is strictly true. That deliverance was very little of a deliverance for them. The Turkish Sultans, though in the nature of things oppressors of men of other religions, were not, and hardly could be, persecutors in the strictest sense. The Austrian King of Hungary at the time of the deliverance was a persecutor in the strictest sense. But it is quite certain that, for a long time past, no Hungarian Protestant would have bettered his condition by becoming a rayah—a Christian subject—of the Turk. So an English Protestant in the reign of Mary, an English Roman Catholic in the reign of Elizabeth, would certainly have been better off as a rayah under Suleiman the Lawgiver; so would a French Protestant or a Genevese Catholic at a much later time. I need not insult you by telling you that things have become widely different in all these lands. We are used to look upon Spain as a backward country, as one of the most backward countries in Europe. We ever and anon hear stories about religious intolerance in Spain. A Spanish Protestant is subjected

by law to vexatious restrictions on the public exercise of his religion, and, as usual, when the letter of the law is bad, its administration is worse than its letter. Now the sooner all such restrictions are abolished the better; but let us do justice to Spain also. A hundred years back a Spanish Protestant would undoubtedly have been better off as a rayah of the Turk. In Spain a hundred years back we could not have said that a Protestant was subject to vexatious restrictions on the public exercise of his religion, for any attempt at the public exercise of his religion would have been impossible. He would have run a great risk of being burned alive for its most private profession or confession. As a rayah of the Turk, he would have been liable to great oppression in many ways, but he would have been in no danger of being put to death either for the profession of his religion or for its public exercise. The Jews of Spain bettered themselves by migrating to the dominions of the Turk, and the Protestants of Spain, if there had been any considerable number of them, would have bettered themselves by migrating with them. But assuredly a Spanish Protestant would not better himself now by such a migration. He has still something to complain of; but the greatest ground of complaint is removed. Not only is his life safe, but he is, what as a rayah of the Turk he would not be, the civil equal of his neighbours of the dominant religion. That is to say, even Spain, which has still much to reform, has actually reformed a great deal. But the Turk meanwhile has not reformed, but has, if anything, got worse. It is perfectly true that Christian governments and Christian nations have in times past done things as bad as the worst

deeds of the Turk. But they have left off doing them, while the Turk goes on doing them still. The worst Christian governments can reform, and they have reformed. But experience shows that the Turk never has reformed, and reason, arguing from experience, will tell us that the Turk never can reform.

Now what is the cause of this marked difference between Eastern and Western Europe? Why is it that in Western Europe government is on the whole a good thing, that at the very worst it is misgovernment, the abuse of a good thing, but that in Eastern Europe, in all those lands which have not been as yet set free from the Turk, that which is conventionally called "government" is neither a good thing nor even the abuse of a good thing, but a thing purely evil? Why in short, is it, not government nor even misgovernment, but the direct opposite to government? Why again cannot the Turk reform, while the worst Christian governments can reform and have reformed? The causes for this difference lie down very deep in the history of the South-eastern lands. They are indeed mainly to be found in the special circumstances of Mahometan conquest. But, fully to grasp them, we must go back many ages earlier than Mahometan conquest in the South-eastern lands, many ages earlier than the beginnings of Mahometan conquest in any lands. The immediate cause of the difference is that the so-called "Turkish government" is the rule of a Mahometan master over subjects of another religion, in this case over subjects of one of the forms of the Christian religion. Now it is certain that Mahometan rule over men of another religion can never be govern-

ment in the truer and better sense of the word. In such a case we may lay aside all talk about political rights, about parliaments, constitutions, and the like; no Mahometan ruler can really give ordinary civil rights to his subjects who are not of the Mahometan religion. He cannot give them that protection against wrong, that redress when wrong has been done, which among civilized nations is looked for no less from a despotic than from a constitutional government. The Turk cannot give them that protection, because the first principles of his religion forbid him to give it to them. A Mahometan government is not bound to be persecuting in the strict sense, or rather it is bound not to be persecuting. While the denial of Christianity, or its profession in some form other than the dominant form, has often been punished with death in Christian countries, the simple profession of Christianity never has been, and according to the principles of the Mahometan religion cannot be, treated in any Mahometan land as a capital crime. The first principle of Mahometan rule is that the Mahometan is to fight against men of other religions till they submit, but that, by submission and tribute, they purchase the right to their lives, their property, and the free exercise of their religion. The Christian subjects of a Mussulman ruler are thus condemned in their own land to the condition of a subject and degraded class; but they are not, strictly speaking, persecuted, in the sense in which Christians of one sect have often been persecuted by Christians of another. Righteous expounders of the Mahometan law have often stepped in to hinder Mahometan princes from dealing worse with their Christian subjects than the Mahometan law ordains. In the days of

Sultan Selim, and again in the days of Sultan Mahmoud, within the lifetime of many of us, the heads of the Mahometan law—all honour to them for so doing—stepped in to hinder wholesale massacres of Christians. But if the Christian or other non-Mussulman subject of a Mussulman power is not strictly persecuted, he is oppressed and degraded. He is a bondman in his own land; he buys his life and all that he has by payment of tribute to foreign masters. And the Mahometan law hinders him from having any real security even for that which the Mahometan law promises to him. For his oath is not taken against a Mussulman wrong-doer. That is to say, every Christian is practically at the mercy of every Mussulman. His legal condition is bad enough; his practical condition is worse. This is what always happens; if the letter of the law condemns a certain class of people to a certain measure of oppression and degradation, the practical working of the law will always be worse than its letter. The only exception will be when members of the oppressed class can obtain personal relief through bribery or personal favour. In this way, while most Christians under Mussulman rule have been worse off than the Mussulman law ordained, particular persons and classes have often been better off. But there never has been, and never can be, any real reform under Mahometan rule. Of course I do not mean that Mahometan rule cannot be better and worse in different times and places. At the present moment, in Constantinople and other great cities, where the eyes of Europeans are upon him, the Turk does not dare to do such monstrous particular acts as were constantly done a hundred or even fifty years back. But in the back parts of Ma-

cedonia, in the lands which Lord Salisbury rejoiced that he had given back to Turkish rule, the general oppression, done out of European sight, is undoubtedly greater than it was a hundred or five hundred years back. There, if things could go back to what they were in the days of the first Sultans, it would undoubtedly be a change for the better. But real reform, such as we should understand by reform in America or in Western Europe, there never can be. For the principles of the Mahometan religion forbid what we understand by real reform; they forbid the putting of the Christian on a real level with his Mussulman neighbour. There has been no moment when revolt against his Mussulman lord has not been the right of every Christian subject. There has been no moment when revolt, if only there was any hope of success, has not been the duty of every Christian subject. The Englishmen of other days, your common forefathers and mine, revolted against the yoke of kings of their own people in their own land. Englishmen of later days, your own immediate forefathers, revolted against the yoke of a king of their own people in another land. We do not commonly blame either of them for so revolting. Yet, judged by the standard of South-eastern Europe, they had but small grounds for revolt. Wherever the Turk rules, wherever any Mussulman power rules over men who are not of the Mussulman religion, the rule of George the Third, of Charles the First, of Henry the Third, might be welcomed as a happy deliverance. The people of enslaved Macedonia, enslaved by order of Lord Salisbury when the Russian sword had won their freedom, would hardly lose by exchanging the rule of Abd-ul-Hamid for the rule of John or William

Rufus. The doom of the South-eastern lands has been the nineteen winters of the anarchy of Stephen prolonged for five hundred years.

But, even without the presence of a Mahometan power in the land, in the days before any Mahometan power was in being, the state of things in South-eastern Europe, in the Eastern-Roman Empire and in the lands bordering on it, was widely different from anything that was ever seen in Western Europe. Mussulman rule has in truth continued and strengthened certain tendencies which are already at work, and which in a very marked way distinguish the history of the Eastern Empire from that of the Western. One special feature of the South-eastern lands has ever been the permanence of races, as contrasted with the way in which, in Western Europe, races have been in some cases assimilated and in some cases mixed. Not but that there has been a large amount of assimilation in Eastern Europe also. The Bulgarian has for ages past been Bulgarian only in the sense in which the Romanized Celt of Gaul has given himself and his land the name of his Frankish master, in the sense in which the Slave of Kief and Moscow has given himself and his land the name of his Russian—that is, his Scandinavian—master. The Bulgarians have for ages been a Slavonic people who have taken the name of their conquerors, the old Bulgarians of Finnish race. The conquered people thoroughly assimilated the foreign infusion, and the conquest has in no way affected the essentially Slavonic character of the modern Bulgarian nation. Still it has made a marked distinction between them and their Servian fellows, who have assim-

ilated no such foreign element, and who must come as near to being purely Slavonic as any people can come to being purely anything. So again, the various processes of old Greek colonization, of Macedonian conquest, of East-Roman dominion, have, from the very beginning of recorded history, spread the Greek name, the Greek tongue, Greek civilization, over millions of men who were not Greek by birth. At the present moment the best definition of the Greek nation would be to say that it takes in all who speak the Greek tongue and belong to the Orthodox Church. So again the Ottoman Turks, so far as they can be called a nation at all, are most strictly an artificial nation. It is not merely that the Sultans and other chief men have ever been the sons of foreign slave-mothers, the Ottoman caste or army—for it is either of those rather than a people—has ever been largely recruited by renegades of all nations. The Janissaries, while they kept their first strength—that strength which made the Ottoman power what it was—were all kidnapped Christian children. In the most flourishing days of the Ottoman power the great mass of the holders of high office were renegades or sons of renegades; the native Turk lay almost under a ban. These facts go largely to explain the advance of the Ottomans while they drew into their ranks the best strength of the conquered nations; but it shows how far they were from being themselves a nation in any strict sense. Yet, notwithstanding these facts, the permanence of race is the rule in those days, and the Ottomans themselves are an example of it. There was a genuine Turkish kernel, round which the other elements have gathered and from which they have received their

character. The Ottomans, if not to be called in strictness a nation or a people, are yet a very strongly marked company, strongly marked off, not only from their Christian subjects, but from other Mussulmans and even from other Turks.

Now in this the Ottomans have simply conformed to the general law of the lands into which they have thrust themselves. All the races of those lands, all the nations which were there when we get our first glimpses of recorded history, all the nations which have in later times settled in those lands in such numbers as really to form nations, still abide as distinct nations. This is a marked contrast to the state of things in Western Europe. There, within the lands which formed part of the Roman Empire, the races earlier than the Roman occupation survive only in remote corners. They survive as fragments which for the most part are without political importance, and which cannot pretend to any distinct national being. The primæval Basque, at least on the Spanish side of the Pyrenees, may perhaps claim a higher position; but the Briton, whether in his own island or in Gaul, can hardly pretend to a strictly national life. Still keeping a marked distinction in other ways, he has, for all political purposes, become one with his English or French neighbours, and a separation of Wales from England or of Britanny from France would assuredly be a scheme lying quite beyond the range of practical politics. In the rest of Southern Britain, the Teutonic settlers, either exterminating or assimilating every alien element, abide in the form of the English people. In Gaul, so far as Gaul has accepted the fellowship of Paris, we cannot say that either extermination or

assimilation has taken place; the original Celts, the Roman and the Teutonic conquerors, have more truly coalesced to form a new and distinct whole, a nation distinct from either of its three component elements, the great nation of the French. We smile at the idea of a journey through a few English shires, and finding here a British settlement, here one of Saxons or Angles, here one of Danes, here one of Normans, here one of later settlers, Flemings, Huguenots, Palatines, each keeping its national being, its national name, its national tongue, each perhaps distinguished from its neighbours by the profession of a separate religion. We smile no less at the idea that a like journey through a few French departments might reveal the existence side by side of settlements of Celts, Romans, Franks, perhaps Scandinavian Normans, each keeping its distinctive nationality untouched. But what seems an absurdity even to think of in Western Europe is the living reality of the East. There all the earlier races, all the later settlers, still exist as distinct nationalities, and there are districts in which several of them may actually be found as distinct settlements side by side, in the way of which the very thought sounds so grotesque in Western Europe. The three races which the Roman conqueror found in the South-eastern lands are still there in their distinct national being, still there in all the strength of an abiding and regenerate national life. The great Thracian race, veiled under the Roman name, speaking a Roman tongue, abides alike in its scattered settlements in more southern lands and in its great colony beyond the Danube. It abides in both to show how deep was the impress which Rome and her speech made on the

South-eastern lands. The new-born kingdom of Roumania, the only European power to which the Roman name still cleaves, may claim to be a more direct representative of the Western Rome than the other new-born kingdom which has the Western Rome for its capital. West-Roman in speech, East-Roman in creed, the Rouman people form one of the ties between the Eastern and the Western lands. So, in another way, are the other people who for many ages cast away their own name for the name of Rome, but, who in casting away their name, never cast away the precious heritage of the most perfect form of the speech of man. The Greeks, Hellênes of old on their own lips and now Hellênes again, were for ages content to bear the Roman name, and to claim that name as their exclusive possession. On the Greek fell the mantle of the Eastern Cæsars, as the mantle of the Western Cæsars fell on the German. That the Greek still lives, keeping the tongue of his fathers, restored to the name of his fathers; that he is still in many things the foremost among the nations of the South-eastern lands, I need not stop to show. And his ruder kinsman and neighbour, the Albanian, the Skipetar, the remnant of the old Illyrian stock, still abides among all changes as a vigorous and self-asserting folk, keeping a very distinct national being. Divided in religion, Latin, Orthodox, Mussulman, brought under Italian influences at one end and under Greek influences at the other, brought under as full subjection to the Turk as such a people could be brought into subjection to any rule, still speaking the ancient tongue of days before Rome had spanned the Hadriatic, the Albanian, as he never became Roman, as in his own land he

never became Greek, so even, in accepting the creed of his Ottoman conqueror, never became Turkish. He still abides, the most unchanged representative of the ancient folk of the South-eastern lands. He abides as a relic of days before Illyrian pirates drew on them the vengeance of the mighty commonwealth on the other side of Hadria, and thereby opened a path for Rome herself, hardly in a figure, to move to the shores of the Bosporos.

Such are the three primitive races of the land, still keeping each one its national life, two of them keeping their ancient tongues. And, along with the nations which were there before the Roman came, we see too the nations which have come in since the establishment of the Roman power, the nations which came to undermine and break up the Roman power in its translated home. The Slaves poured into the Roman provinces of the East in nearly the same character in which the Teutons poured into the Roman provinces of the West. Like them, they came as half conquerors, half disciples. But the Slaves have kept up a distinct national being in the provinces of the East such as the Teutons never kept up in the provinces of the West. The Teuton abides in his old German and Scandinavian lands; he abides in the other world of Britain; in the conquered provinces of the Roman world he has been lost among the folk of the land; he has at most contributed one element in the formation of new nations of mingled being. The Slave, largely displaced or assimilated by Teutonic advance in his own elder lands, has won for himself new homes within the Eastern provinces of Rome, within some of which he has himself assimilated

new conquerors. We have already seen how the Serb, the purest Slave, abides side by side with the Bulgarian who has taken the name of alien conquerors whom he won over to his own national life. But the Slave has nowhere lost himself in the nationality either of the Greek or of the Roman; nor is there in Eastern Europe any nation of mingled national life, made up of mingled primitive, Greek, and Slavonic elements, as in Western Europe the French nation is made up of mingled primitive, Roman, and Teutonic elements. Nor did any Slavonic prince ever take on himself as it were the very personality of the Roman power in the East in the way that a whole line of Teutonic princes took on themselves the personality of the Roman power in the West. Not a few Slavonic invaders seemed destined to enter the Imperial City as conquerors from without. Not a few dared to take among their own people the badges and titles of Imperial greatness. But to none of them was it granted to play in the New Rome the part which Alaric and Genseric had played within the Old. Still less was it granted to any Slavonic lord, not even to Bulgarian Simeon or Servian Stephen, to enter the New Rome as a welcome master. For none of them was it in store to receive the Eastern diadem beneath the cupola of Saint Sophia, at the hands of the Byzantine patriarch, amid the rejoicing shouts of the Byzantine people, as the Frankish Charles had received the Western diadem among the long colonnades of the old Saint Peter's, at the hands of the Pontiff of the Western Rome, amid the rejoicing shouts of those who still specially deemed themselves the Roman people.

Thus, even within the Aryan and Christian fold, races have kept distinct in the Eastern lands in a way in which they have not kept distinct in the Western lands. The Roman Empire lived on while Slavonic invaders parted its provinces asunder; but there has never been a Holy Roman Empire of the Servian or Bulgarian Nation as there was within living memory a Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation. The main cause of this marked difference between East and West seems to lie in the different positions which the Roman power held in its Eastern and in its Western provinces. The political conquest was equally thorough in both regions; indeed the Greek nation came to identify itself with the Roman name and the Roman power, in a way that we cannot say that any people of the West ever did. Even the Frankish wearers of the Roman diadem did not keep on the same unbroken tradition of Roman power and Roman political being which was kept on by the Cæsars of the East. But in the East there was not, there could not be, the same complete moral and intellectual conquest which Rome made in her Western provinces. To the Gaul and the Spaniard the Roman came, not only as a conqueror, but as a civilizer and a teacher. But wherever men were Greek either by birth or by adoption, whether in old Greece or in the lands which had put on a deeper or a slighter measure of Greek culture, Rome could have no such mission. The work of teaching and civilizing lay all on the other side. In the oft-quoted words of the Roman poet, it was captive Greece that led captive her conqueror. Throughout the Hellenic and hellenized lands, the Greek in a manner became Roman, and the Roman in a manner became Greek. In the end the Eastern-

Roman power became nearly coextensive with the artificially formed Greek nation. It became a power whose titles and political traditions were all Roman, while its culture, its speech, its literature, its theology, were all Greek. So it was in the end; but for ages the Roman Empire of the East spoke with two tongues. While Greek was already the tongue of literature and of worship, Latin was still the tongue of law and government and warfare. A power of a twofold nature like this could hardly take up the office of a teacher towards other nations in the same way in which the unromanized Greek would in the East or in which the unhellenized Roman could in the West. A Macedonian king at Antioch or Alexandria was the missionary of a culture distinctly Greek. A Roman Emperor at Trier or York was the missionary of a culture distinctly Roman. But a Roman Emperor at Constantinople had no errand quite so clearly to be understood. High and great was his calling; he represented the power of Rome and the culture of Greece; he guarded Europe against the barbarian, and Christendom against the Fire-worshipper and the Mussulman. But he did not represent any distinct national or quasi-national life, like that artificial nationality of Rome in which the nations of the West were content to merge themselves. Here, it may be, is one great reason why the nations of South-eastern Europe, both those who were in the land before the Roman came and those who came into the land after his coming, kept on every attribute of distinct national being in a way in which the nations of the West failed to keep theirs.

That this was the case with the Slavonic immigrants

was plain from the very beginnings of Slavonic settlement. The Slaves, as a mass, never became either Greek or Roman. And that such was the case with the elder nations also became clear to the world about the end of the first millennium of our æra. Nearly seven hundred years had then passed since Byzantium, under its new names, had become the seat of the Roman power. It had been for a while one seat out of several, but the greatest and most abiding seat, the seat of the prince who ranked highest among two or more Imperial colleagues. While still only a division of the Empire, the Eastern half of the Roman dominion already began to put on a Greek look in the eyes of strangers. Our own Teutonic forefathers and kinsmen apply the Greek name to the Empire of Justinian and of the Emperors before Justinian. But the great events of his reign, the recovery of Italy, Africa, and Southern Spain, put off for some ages all tendencies on the part of the Roman Empire of the East to develope in a Greek direction or in any direction but one strictly Roman. The one Roman Augustus, the present master of the New Rome, the absent master of the Old, again rules from Ocean to Euphrates. By the early years of the eighth century, the Empire has been cut short by the Lombard, the Saracen, and the Slave. Syria, Egypt, Africa, Southern Spain, Northern Italy, have passed away; the dominion of the Roman Emperor in the Old Rome has dwindled to a name. On the Eastern borders the rivalry between Rome and Persia, between the votary of Christ and the votary of Zoroaster, has given way to the far more fearful rivalry between Rome and the Saracen, between the votary of Christ and the votary

of Mahomet. But what the Empire has lost in extent, it has gained in real strength. It gained again when, in the last year of the eighth century, Latin Italy formally fell away, when the Empire was parted asunder for ever, and when a Teutonic Augustus reigned over the Old Rome. Ever falling back, ever advancing, ever losing lands, ever winning them again, restored to much of its old extent and to far more of its old greatness, the Roman Empire of the East stood forth in the eleventh century as the greatest power of the civilized world. The Heraclian Emperors of the seventh century, the Isaurian Emperors of the eighth, had beaten back the Saracen from the walls of Constantinople, and had fixed Mount Tauros as a bulwark beyond which the misbeliever, though he might often harry, might never reign. The Macedonian Emperors won back lost realms in Kilikia, Syria, and Southern Italy; they won new realms in Armenia; they subdued the Bulgarian; they beat back the Russian; the spirit of the second Basil, like the spirit of the great Gustavus, lived on in those to whom he had taught the trade of victory; of the conquests of each no small part was won when the conqueror was in his grave.

Nothing could have been further from the thoughts of the great Emperors of the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries than that it was a Greek power that they were thus raising to the highest place on earth. Nor can we say with any truth that it was a Greek power that they did so raise. Still signs were not wanting that their Empire was fast putting on a Greek character. "Roman" was fast becoming the national name of the artificial Greek nation; "Romania" was fast becoming the

territorial name of the land which that artificial nation occupied. It is at this period that we now begin to see the primitive races of the peninsula, so long merged together under the common name of Romans, stand forth each with a distinct national being of its own. That is to say, as the Empire became silently identified with one of the nationalities within its range, the other nationalities, unconsciously it may be, but none the less effectually, began to assert their own position. In the eleventh century the Albanian for the first time stands forth by that name, no name of his own choosing, but that by which other European nations have ever since thought good to call him. Ever since that time he has kept his place in history, and the end of his history has not come yet.

A little earlier, perhaps than the Albanians, we come across the first distinct appearance of the other primitive race of the peninsula, those whom other nations speak of as Vlachs or Wallachs, but who still keep to themselves the special possession of the Roman name, as they alone among the South-eastern nations have adopted and kept the Roman tongue. Their existence best gives us the measure of direct Roman influences in the South-eastern lands. That they still speak a Latin tongue shows that there were people in the South-eastern lands who embraced the Roman speech, if not the Roman culture, as Gauls and Spaniards did in the West. But we see who they were who did so. They were those who lagged behind, those who had never received the tongue and culture of Greece. Where that tongue and culture had made their way, nothing Roman could displace them. Where they had not made their way, the field

lay open for Rome. But the presence of the Greek tongue and culture hindered the Romance speech and Romance folk of the East from ever rising to the level of the Romance speech and Romance folk of the West. Greek-speaking Roman Emperors looked down on those of their subjects and neighbours who kept on the acquired tongue of Old Rome, just as they looked down on those of their subjects and neighbours who kept on the primitive speech of Illyria. In truth, within the South-eastern peninsula, the speech of Old Rome and the speech of Illyria remained on much the same level. While the Greek went on adding to the written literature of his tongue, while the Slave began the written literature of his tongue, the Albanian and the Rouman went on for ages without any written literature at all. The tongue of Old Rome sank, in the provinces beyond the Hadriatic, to the rank of an unwritten popular dialect. Men went forth from the dominions of the prince who still deemed himself Emperor of the Romans to plant a more truly Roman speech, in some sense a more truly Roman nation, in barbarian lands beyond the Danube.

Thus, in the course of the eleventh century, we may look on the Eastern Roman Empire as becoming practically a Greek power, a power whose Greek character became strongly marked in opposition alike to the primitive races of the Illyrians and Roumans, and to the great immigrant race of the Slaves. In the course of that century too the Empire was first attacked by men of the two races which were presently to break it asunder. The Norman of Apulia showed himself at one gate of the Empire as the forerunner of its Frankish and

Venetian conquerors. The Turk of the house of Seljuk showed himself at its other gate as the forerunner of his more fearful kinsmen of the house of Othman. The Empire began to break in pieces. The great islands began to be the prey of Western lords; the inland regions of the great peninsula of Asia Minor passed away to Eastern lords; the great Bulgarian revolt, the great Rouman migration, had, before the end of the twelfth century, cut down the Empire to that dominion of coasts, islands, and peninsulas which, as I said long ago, so singularly reproduced the extent of the elder settlements of the Greek people. A Roman Empire which took in little that was not Greek, which no longer took in all that was Greek, began, not unnaturally, to seem in Western eyes as nothing more than a kingdom of Greece.

Yet when, in the early years of the thirteenth century, the Roman Empire of the East was broken asunder for ever, when a prince from Flanders sat on the throne of Constantinople and a prince from Montferrat on the throne of Thessalonica, the territorial, if not the national title, which the East had borrowed from the West, still lived on. While Emperors of the Romans, Greek in speech, still kept on the Imperial name at Nikaia, in Epeiros, and at Trebizond, a prince of French speech bore in the Imperial city itself the territorial title of Emperor of Romania. That Empire was not long-lived; the kingdom of Thessalonica was shorter-lived still. Greek princes, still Romans on their own lips, won back the new seat of kingship and the ancient seat of Empire. The revived Empire of the Palaiologoi kept on the titles and traditions of the old Eastern Roman Empire, and

it remained for a while, in Europe at least, an advancing and conquering power. But it was still only one, though the chief, among many states, Greek, Frank, and Albanian, which arose out of the ruins of the Eastern Empire of Rome. Frank princes reigned in Cyprus, at Athens, in Achaia, at Naxos. The Sicilian kings and the Venetian commonwealth divided and disputed the possession of the Western coasts and islands. At last, in the middle of the fourteenth century, the Slave of the purer blood arose to shine for a moment as the chief power of the South-eastern world. The revived Bulgarian power was already waning; but Stephen of Servia, Stephen Dushan, sprang to a might rivalling that of Simeon or Samuel. Bearing himself as Emperor of the Serbs and Greeks, the Slavonic conqueror ruled from the Danube to the Corinthian gulf. With the experience of five later ages, one is inclined to mourn that he was not fated to fix his throne in the New Rome. The vigorous nationality of Servia, strengthened by the position and the traditions of the Imperial City, might perhaps have beaten back even that most fearful of invaders who now threatened alike Greek and Frank and Slave. A body with a head, a kingdom with a capital, might perhaps have withstood even the assault which was now in store. But the invader found a body without a head, a head without a body, a kingdom without a capital, and a capital without a kingdom—and all fell an easy prey.

That invader was the last of all, the most terrible of all, he who still abides to witness to the permanence of even artificial races in the South-eastern lands. The Ottoman had already swallowed up nearly all Christian

Asia; before the Servian Emperor had passed away he had crossed into Europe also. Slowly but surely he advanced, winning land after land, city after city. Never hurrying, making each land pass through the three stages of mere harrying, of tribute, of absolute incorporation with his dominion, within a hundred years from his entry, the Ottoman, in the shape of his greatest Sultan, of Mahomet the Conqueror, was fully lord of the South-eastern peninsula. There were still lands to gather in, but these were but as the gleaning after the vintage. The Imperial City, so long hemmed in, had at last fallen; it had changed from the seat of Greek or Roman to the seat of Turkish power. The barbarian sat on the throne of the Cæsars; the infidel practised the rites of his Arabian creed beneath the spreading cupola of Justinian. The tale of Rome in the Eastern lands was over; the mission of her long line of Emperors as guardians of Europe and of Christendom had passed to the city which had grown up under their shadow, to be first their enemy and then their heir. Venice, as we have already seen, with all her faults, had the glory of keeping, here a city, there an island, there a strip of coast, free from barbarian bondage, under a rule which, if foreign, was at least civilized and Christian. And higher glory still belongs to that heroic remnant which kept up the fire of faith and freedom in the very darkest times. While Greek and Magyar were alike bondmen, while the Turk had his pashas reigning alike in Athens and in Buda, one small fragment of Servian race still kept on the memory of better days on the unconquered heights of the Black Mountain.

With these exceptions, all the South-eastern nations

passed under the yoke. It was a yoke of different degrees of heaviness at different times and places; but even the most exceptionally favoured spots were tributary to a foreign power, and through the great mass of the Greek and Slavonic lands the men of the land were the bondmen of the stranger on their own soil. On the whole, the yoke grew heavier as the ages passed on; the rule of the earlier and greater Sultans was not more cruel than the rule of their weaker successors in modern times, and it was certainly far less corrupt. But "government" it never was; the rule of the Ottoman has been an organized brigandage of five hundred years. It has been only when the brigands had become weak as well as wicked that it became the fashion to flatter them with the titles of European royalty, to treat them as admitted within the pale of European civilization, to bolster up and guarantee their tyranny as something which in some mysterious way conduced to the good of mankind. Those Most Christian Kings who did not scruple to ally themselves with the infidel were in those days looked on as traitors. And no man then saw honourable men, discharging an honourable calling, in those base souls who have sold themselves for barbarian gold, and who abase the wit of the Greek, the sword of the Englishman, to keep the infidel yoke tight down on the necks of their Christian brethren. And yet perhaps the ordinary diplomatic trade has more to answer for than the avowed traitors and hirelings. Every time a Turk is flattered, every time he is called "Majesty" or "Highness" or "Excellency," every time the wolf is given credit for benevolent intentions towards the lamb, every time the "susceptibility" of the tormentor is alleged as

a reason for prolonging the bondage of those whom he torments, the reign of evil is, in a greater or less measure, propped up and prolonged.

But, from the later years of the seventeenth century onwards, the range of oppression has, with some counterworkings, steadily lessened. Hungary and its annexed lands, Servia, Greece, Bulgaria—parts, that is of Greece and parts of Bulgaria—have been wrested from the fangs of the barbarian. Some of these lands have freed themselves, some have been set free by friendly helpers; some lands, when set free by friendly helpers, have been thrust back again into bondage by Western statesmen whose boast is that they can do mischief. While Bulgaria reveres the name of Alexander, while Thessaly reveres the name of Gladstone, the names of Beaconsfield and Salisbury are cursed in the Macedonian homes which they condemned to a slavery the more cruel because it came after a glimpse of freedom. The lands of the Greek, the Rouman, the Servian, have taken their place among the kingdoms of Europe; free Tzernagora again stretches to her own sea; but the lands where the first blow was struck for freedom seven years back, the lands of Bosnia and Herzegovina, have been strangely handed over to an Austrian middleman, to be administered by him in the name of his master the Turk, and to be administered by him in such a sort as to make the rule of the master seem less hateful than the rule of the middleman.

And now for a word as to the probable future of these nations. At the very beginning of these lectures I spoke of some points in their possible future as illus-

trating some of the general principles which I began by laying down. I spoke of the possibility of a Greek dynasty reigning in Constantinople; I spoke of the possibility of some kind of federal union of the various nations of South-eastern Europe. But I spoke of both merely as possible things, as things which some tendencies which are manifestly at work make not unlikely, and which therefore a wise statesman will not pooh-pooh as things which cannot possibly be. Still I said that "not unlikely" is the strongest thing that we can say for either of them. If I were called upon to map out these South-eastern lands, I must assign the New Rome to the people who most nearly represent its old Imperial masters. I must assign the seat of the Basils and the Constantines to the race which still speaks the tongue, and stills keeps on the traditions, of the Basils and the Constantines. That is, if I had to award the throne of Constantinople, I must give it to a Greek prince. But if things should of themselves turn out otherwise, if a successor of Simeon and Samuel should get the start of the successor of Basil and Constantine, that is, if Constantinople were to find itself Bulgarian before I could make it Greek, I should see in the event an "indication of Providence" which was not to be withstood. I am bound to the general cause of the independence of the South-eastern nations. I am not bound to any particular form for that independence or to any particular means for bringing it about. I should always say, Do whatever is right at any particular moment, and let events shape themselves. If no blow is ever to be struck till we have a cut-and-dried scheme ready to meet every contingency, we shall never have any contingency to

meet. When William the Silent crossed the frontier on his errand of deliverance, he had not the articles of the Union of Utrecht, still less the articles of the Peace of Westfalia, ready written in his pocket. When Washington took the command under the elm at Cambridge, he had not the Federal Constitution, or even the Declaration of Independence, ready written in his pocket. The few brave men who seven years back first unsheathed their yataghans amid the hills of Herzegovina did not carry with them a scheme for an independent kingdom of Roumania, an independent principality of Servia, a tributary principality of Bulgaria, an autonomous province of Eastern Roumelia. They did not foresee Macedonia delivered and thrust back into bondage, Montenegro stretching to the sea at Antivari and Dulcigno, but bidden to give up Spizza to the big neighbours who had a fancy for it. They did not foresee Larissa with her freedom both promised and granted, and Joannina with her freedom twice promised but never granted. Their simple minds did not look forward to see Cyprus pass in some mysterious way under British administration; least of all did they dream that the fruit of their labours on the part of their own land would be to hand it over to the administration of their Imperial, Royal, and Apostolic neighbour, and that they would have to wage again the same warfare against him which they had so lately waged against the older enemy. They could foresee none of these things; they simply struck a blow, and struck it at the right moment; and if the Great Powers have not allowed all the good to come of it that might have come, the Great Powers have not been able to hinder a large amount of good from hap-

pening, or to hinder a large amount of evil from being swept away. And those other few brave men who lately stood, who perhaps still stand, to defend their rights by the lovely mouths of Cattaro—they know not—we know not for them—what a day may bring forth. They may be trampled—they may already have been trampled—under foot by the overwhelming might of their faithless enemy. The odds are of a truth frightfully against them. Or it may be that the little cloud which has arisen on those hills may be like the little cloud which arose seven years back on the hills a little further inland. It may swell step by step into a mighty storm which may cut short the fabric of evil which has its twofold—its "dual" —centre at Pest and at Vienna, as the fabric of evil which has its centre at Constantinople has been cut short already. The odds against the men of the *Bocche* are yet more frightful than were the odds against the men of Herzegovina; they are perhaps not more frightful than the odds were more than once against William the Silent; and it may be an omen that, if we search our tables of genealogy, we shall find that Philip of Spain had some grandmothers in common with Francis Joseph. Through all these lands the chances are doubtful, because the contending forces are many. The forces of the South-eastern nations, if united, if left to themselves, could, we may believe, easily drive the Turk out of Europe; certainly they could easily pen him up in the Imperial City. But will those forces be united? Can Greek and Bulgarian so forget the jealousies of a thousand years as to act together against the common enemy? Will the Great Powers allow them to act singly or together? Or again, it may be that Constantinople, the possession which has

twice prolonged the life of powers which must otherwise have passed away, whose walls so long sheltered the Frank against the Greek and the Greek against the Turk, may again enable the decaying Turk to prolong his being, after Europe, and even Asia, has passed away from him. Or yet again, it may be that the Ottoman power may be threatened, not only by Christian, but by Mussulman enemies. Can Christian and Mussulman unite in such a cause? Very recent events perhaps may show that such an union is possible. At this moment Christian and Mussulman warriors, both of Slavonic blood, united by the old rite of Slavonic brotherhood, are fighting side by side against the Austrian. It may be therefore that the Christians and Mussulmans of other races may be able to make common cause against the Ottoman enemy of both. Or are things to go back to the days when the New Rome had to fight for her being, not against the Turk, the comparatively recent proselyte of Islam, but against the true countrymen and kinsfolk of the Arabian prophet? It may be that the nations of South-eastern Europe and of the Christian fringe on the coast of Asia may have in the end to strive, not with the decaying Ottoman, but with the regenerate Saracen, marching forth as of old, not at the bidding of a Sultan of Brousa or Constantinople, but of a Caliph of Bagdad or Damascus. All these things may be; some of them are not unlikely to be; but we cannot say that any of them will be, any more than that any of them will not be. All that we can say is that the end is not yet. There are forces of great strength on the side of evil; there are also forces of great strength on the side of good. Keeping within the bounds of Eu-

rope, leaving as a distant possibility the chance of successful movements within the bosom of Islam itself, we may say that the cause of South-eastern freedom has three enemies to struggle with. There is the old enemy the Turk, the sick man truly, but not yet a dead man, one who, like his Roman predecessors, has sometimes a strange way of picking up renewed life when he seems to be at his last gasp. Then, worse than the Turk, are the selfish intrigues of the Great Powers of Europe, ever ready to make any free and small people their tool and catspaw, and to throw aside a weak ally when it is convenient to win the favour of a strong one. Above all there is the ever-grasping, ever-stealthy, ambition of the Austrian house, despising no gain, however base, deeming no course shameful if it tends to the enlargement of the family estate. Lastly, more dangerous than all, because likely to be more lasting than all, there are the dissensions among the subject nations themselves. The Great Powers are indeed great forces, great forces for the most part on the side of evil, unless now and then, when, as twice within two years past, the strong will of a righteous man is enabled to turn even the powers of evil to the ends of good. Yet it may be that there are forces even stronger than the great powers of Europe. Nations after all outlive powers, and the national life of the nations of South-eastern Europe is a very stubborn life indeed. It may be that nations which have lived through the assaults of the Persian and the Saracen, through the rule of the Frank and the Turk, may show that they have more in them of the stuff that leads to success than can be found in the intriguing brain of Francis Joseph, even though he may be backed by the mightier hand of

Bismarck behind. But if this is to be, it can only be by the union of all the nations whose interest and duty it is to get rid of the common enemy. If South-eastern Europe only were as Italy, the intrigues of Francis Joseph against its union and independence might be as easily shattered as were the intrigues of Louis-Napoleon Buonaparte against the union and independence of Italy. But unhappily South-eastern Europe is not as Italy; the gap, wide as it is, which parts the man of Piedmont from the man of Calabria, is not so wide as the gap which parts the Greek, the Albanian, the Rouman, the Servian, and the Bulgarian, each of them from all his immediate neighbours. Here is the great difficulty of all. It is a greater difficulty than any of the others, because it does not depend on causes which may be momentary, like the intrigues or the ambition of this or that man or of this or that power, but is inherent in the nature of the case. I can only say once more, Look to the lessons of experience. It was by the disunion of the nations of South-eastern Europe that the Turk first made his way in; it is by the union of the nations of South-eastern Europe that he must be driven out.

Among so many and so great contending forces, it would be indeed rash to foretell anything. But the unpractical man, the sentimental man, that is the man who looks both behind him and before him and who takes reason and experience as his guides in looking both ways, has some advantages over the so-called practical man, say the diplomatist or the clever journalist, whose practical wisdom commonly consists in refusing to look further either way than the length of his own nose. Whatever happens, the practical man is sure to be sur-

prised; for of all the ways in which things may turn out, the way in which he expects them to turn out is always the one which is the least likely of all. It must be so; for he refuses to listen to reason and experience; he refuses to take in either the facts of the particular case in hand or the general facts of man's nature. Seven years ago practical men thought that they, or the Turk at their bidding, could at once put down the revolt of Herzegovina. A few months later they were driven to put on record that the war, "contrary to expectation," had lasted through the winter. But at all events, so the wise men told us, the area of war would not be extended. But presently it was extended; notwithstanding the soothsayings of the wise men, first the Servian and the Montenegrin, then the Russian, stepped in to extend it. But, at all events, so the wise men said, the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire will remain untouched; even a tributary province, the oracle told us with all solemnity, lay "beyond the range of practical politics." But the range of practical politics was presently widened. The impossible tributary province is there, and alongside of it are things yet more impossible in the shape of two independent kingdoms, while the integrity of the Ottoman Empire has been further cut short by the advance of free Montenegro, of liberated Greece and Servia, and it is now further threatened by the Austrian middleman himself. And when we remember that the things which the practical men said never could happen are many of them just the things which the sentimental men wished to happen, and some of which they thought not unlikely to happen, the sentimental people may perhaps be excused for doubt-

ing whether the practical people are, after all, so much wiser than themselves. At least to those who take experience for their guide, the past is not without good hopes for the future. I have seen somewhat in my own life-time, and I have seen some little of it with my own eyes. When I was born, Italy was bowed down under the yoke of foreign and domestic tyrants; Greece was fighting for her being against her barbarian oppressor. I may say, almost without a figure, that the last echoes of the cannon of Navarino were the first sounds from the great world of present history which fell on my childish ears. I cannot actually remember that great day; I was too young for that; but I can remember when the memory of the fight which three European powers waged for Europe against the barbarian, which three Christian powers waged for Christendom against the infidel, were still matters of comparatively recent mention on men's mouths. Since those days free Greece has again taken her place among the nations; she has twice extended her borders, once by the gift of England, a second time by the untiring energy of England's chosen leader. And I, who never saw her in her bondage, have seen her in her freedom. The English poet who died in the cause of Greece sang in her days of bondage:

> "The mountains look on Marathon,
> And Marathon looks on the sea;
> And musing there an hour alone,
> I dreamed that Greece might yet be free.
> For, standing on the Persian's grave,
> I could not deem myself a slave."

The dreams of that day have become the truths of ours. I too have stood on the mound of Marathôn;

but it was not to dream that Greece might be free at some distant day, but to rejoice that it was again a free land on which I stood. I stood there to muse, not only on the old deliverance from the Persian, but on the later deliverance which when Byron sang was still a thing of the future. He who now stands on the mound of Marathôn should remember that the plain on which he looks has twice played its part in the struggle for Hellenic freedom. He should remember that the grave of the Persian has been also the grave of the Turk—that if Miltiadês won deathless fame by the earlier victory of freedom, some roses too may be spared for the less famous name of Gouras, who fought and vanquished on that same ground for Athens and for Greece no less than he. The same poet sang again how

> "A king sat on the rocky brow
> That looks on sea-born Salamis."

And I have looked on sea-born Salamis from another brow, fast by the home of one greater than kings. It is something to have sat beneath the roof of Constantine Kanarês, to have seen and spoken with the last of the heroes, to have touched the hand that lighted the fire-ships, the hand that steered his little boat through the barbarian fire, to have listened to the voice that had shouted in barbarian ears the old war-cry of New Rome, the war-cry of Victory to the Cross. And it was something too to stand on the Athenian akropolis, on the highest point of the fallen temple of so many creeds, to hear from below the sound of a gathering multitude, to see the people of Athens gathering round the palace of their king, and to learn that what the voice of the people

called for was that, in the hour of need, personal and party jealousies should be cast aside, and that the hero of Greece should again be set to steer the bark of her destiny. Since then the last relic of a mightier time has gone to his rest; but we may still hope that when the day of trial comes, the race of Kanarês, the race of Botzarês, will be found to be not wholly dead. And in other lands of that wide peninsula the line of the old heroes beyond all doubt lives and thrives. If we can no longer sing how

> "On Souli's rock and Parga's shore
> Exist the remnant of the line
> Such as the Doric mothers bore,"

yet on the heights of Tzernagora, amid the rocks of Herzegovina, beside the inland sea of Cattaro, the Slave has ready stout hearts and strong right hands for whom we may trust that Greece too, in her hour of need, may again find worthy yoke-fellows. Seven years they went forth, as in the war-song of the earliest of Crusaders, "with the praises of God in their mouths and a two-edged sword in their hands, to be avenged of the heathen and to rebuke the people." And now Greece free and enlarged, Montenegro again stretching to her own sea, Servia free and enlarged, united Roumania placing a royal crown on her prince's brow, two Bulgarias in only nominal subjection to the oppressor who still works his will upon the third,—all these are changes, changes every one of them done in my day and in the day of much younger men than I. And all that has been won makes us only look on to what has still to be won. We need no longer cry, as we cried six years back,

> "Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints whose bones
> Lie scattered on the Balkan mountains cold."

The doers of the deed of Batak have been slain and banished by one another's hands. But for the land where Lord Salisbury rejoiced over all the Christian flesh that he had handed over to pagan teeth every Christian may still hear the voice of old, "Come over into Macedonia and help us." And in the heart and centre, the roof and crown of all, the barbarian still defiles the throne of the Cæsars, the infidel still profanes the most glorious of Christian temples. There in the New Rome, in the city of Constantine, the mournful psalm may still, after four hundred years, be sung, "O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance; thy holy temple have they defiled, and made Jerusalem an heap of stones." Four years back, a Christian army, an Orthodox army, stood in arms within sight of Saint Sophia, and, at the bidding of military discipline, marched back to their homes. The next Christian and Orthodox host that marches in their path may lie under no such hard necessity. To me, to speak once more of mine own self, the Old Rome is now familiar ground. But I never saw it till it was set free from the yoke of the priest and the stranger. And I have never found it in my heart to make my way to the New Rome, bowed down as it still is beneath the yet heavier yoke of the barbarian and the infidel. Yet I have seen so many changes that I dare to hope that, without reaching any patriarchal age, I may live to see other changes which may enable me to tread the Rome of Constantine as well as the Rome of Romulus, without seeing matter for sorrow at every step. I should indeed be able to sing my *Nunc dimittis* should I ever live to see a Christian prince enthroned on the seat of Leo the Isaurian and

Basil the Bulgarian-slayer, should I ever live to see the church of the Divine Wisdom swept clear of its defilement, with the mosaics of its spreading cupola blazing again like Ravenna and Palermo, and the incense of Christian worship going up once more at the crowning and anointing of the first of a new line of Christian Emperors.

THE END.

00036955

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 05 October, 2018